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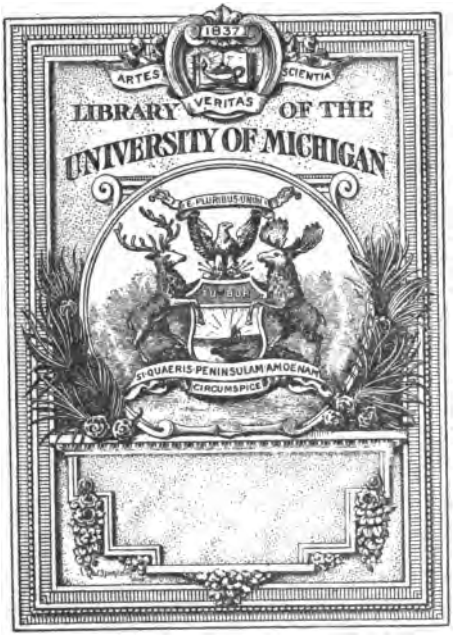
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THE

MUSSULMAN.

BY R. R. MADDEN, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF

"TRAVELS IN TURKEY, EGYPT, NUBIA, AND PALESTINE."

"the face of Mussulman
Not oft betrays to standers by
The mind within, well skill'd to hide
All but unconquerable pride." *Bride of Abydos.*

"And indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my after rumination wraps me, is a most humorous sadness." *As You Like It.*

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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THE MUSSULMAN.

CHAPTER I.

Look to the bark : I'll not be long before I call upon thee.
WINTER'S TALE.

"I'LL not get up," cried Stephenaki, turning himself on his carpet, "for any man living, at this time of night. Take your hand, I say, from my shoulder, whoever you are, and let a man have his lawful rest."

"Dog of an infidel," said Mourad, shaking him with still greater violence; "rouse yourself this moment, and leave off your muttering. The morning is dawning, and we must be away before the day lightens more. There is no time, I tell you, for yawning; stretch your lazy limbs when you are in the boat."

"Ma, to theo," exclaimed the Greek, "it is a hard case a man cannot have a night's sleep. Where do you want to go, (throw me that antery,) at such an unseasonable time? Well, I am getting up; what would you have more? I cannot go to sea without my sherwals. Not half an hour's sleep, before I am shook as if a squall had capsized the house. I say, I am ready to go; but I'll not be called a dog by any Turk breathing; infidel, indeed, Heaven knows which of us. You need not stand frowning at me—did I call you an infidel?"

"No," replied Mourad, "you dare not say so; but whatever you think, for the sake of the prophet, (I mean for the sake of your ancestors,) hurry on your clothes. If I have disturbed you, I will pay every hour I have curtailed of your repose. That's a brave fellow, that countryman of your's whose tomb you showed me on the promontory of Sigeum, as you called it; he would

be ashamed of his descendant, were he to see him rubbing his eyes when he was ordered to march."

By this time Stephenaki was equipped, the luggage was packed up, and they were on the point of starting for Suda, where the boat was hauled up on the dry land, when Mourad remembered he was leaving the Armenian's widow in an awkward predicament, without money or friends, in a strange country. He had promised her assistance, and he was now in a better condition to fulfil that promise than when he made it. He enclosed a dozen sequins in a scrap of paper, and, directing the package to Miriam, he deposited it on the divan, trusting to a casual visit of the lady for its reaching her hands, as well as to the honour of Hassan, whom he had liberally paid for his lodging the preceding evening. The sun was just kissing the cold white brow of Mount Ida, as they reached the bay; it was a dawn for a Zabian to worship his glorious planet on the peak of that mountain, which still bears the name of the father of all the gods, "the mountain of Jupiter." There might "the child of the sun" behold the grand luminary in all his gorgeous splendor, slowly emerging from his ocean bed, and brightening as he arose from sea to sky, till his beams, no longer bounding the horizon, streaked the high clouds with burnished gold; and, lighting up the heavens, irradiated the joyful earth. There might he have beheld his new-born idol dispensing light and beauty on the world beneath, adorning the valley with glittering dew-drops, and clothing the rugged sides of savage rocks with streaming light, and purple floods of liquid beauty.

There might he look down on the masses of gloom, marking the various towns and villages which speckled the coast here and there, and wonder at the insignificance of mosques and mansions, diminished to the size of mole-hills. As the brilliant god towered in the heavens, he would behold the gray mist of the morning rolling over the tops of the houses, and structure after structure shining more distinctly, as the white walls became more dazzlingly conspicuous.

There, as he bowed down at the altar of light, had a Moslem refuted the error of his faith, and pushed con-

viction home at the point of his scimitar, the poor Zabian might have sought the palliation of his idolatry in the effulgence of his planet, and have pointed for his excuse to the glittering corruscation of the morning diadem, which adorned the pre-eminent luminary.

"A morning like this," said Mourad, as the little skiff was set afloat, "is the omen of a prosperous voyage. It cannot be other than a propitious hour for our departure."

"It's unlucky to praise the weather," replied the Greek, "at the beginning of a voyage. I would sooner hear a landsman whistling on the poop, in the midst of a hard gale. Now, Effendi, the luggage and provisions are stowed away, get aboard in the name of God, and help me to push off her head there from the beach."

In a few seconds she was all alive in the water, as tight a little bark as ever danced over the jolly waves. The sail was set, and away she went before a spanking breeze, clearing the harbour in noble style, and keeping under the lee of Candia, in fine smooth water.

"Effendi," said the Greek, "as I hold the tiller, perhaps it would be as well to tell me what port I am to steer for."

"Perhaps it would," replied Mourad, smiling; "but till we cleared the bay, I had resolved not to let even the fishes, deaf as they are, hear of my destination. Keep her head to Scanderia and Inshallah, we shall get there in safety."

"Scanderia!" grumbled the Greek, "and in an open boat? it is a long voyage in a wide sea."

"Have we not seen," replied the Moslem, "a large ship go down, while this little bark lived amidst the waves, because we were destined to survive a host of dastardly infidels? Does not the same Providence watch over us in this wide sea which preserved us ashore? Is it more difficult for Allah to keep these planks under our feet, than to prevent the floor of our chamber from falling, or the roof from tumbling on our heads? Allah Wakbar, God is every where, and every where he is, goodness is abundant."

The Greek could not help observing how unusually buoyant were the spirits of his master; his eye was all

revelry, his lip all laughter, and it seemed as if the liveliness of the boat was in unison with the levity of his bosom, and that his soul was influenced by the same joyous impulse which set the feet of the small spray twinkling in the merry tide.

"For one who has been up so early in the morning, Effendi," said Stephenaki, "you are wonderfully good-humoured; and while I fancy I can trace the shadow of my own frowns on the poop of this cockle-shell, I see you smiling on the waves, as if their bosom was the beautiful widow Miriam herself, in all her fulness. There you sit, enjoying the freshness of the breeze, with all the hilarity of a young muscle aspiring to the affections of an oyster."

"Or rather, you should have said," replied Mourad, "with all the sprightliness of a pig-nosed porpoise, scudding before the wind, from the advances of an importunate shark; our friend Hassan might not find the simile so poetical as yours; but he would allow it to be more correct. I confess I do feel exhilarated—unusually so; but who would not be joyous on a fine blue sea, just rippled by the breeze; and who would not feel a day's delight after such a glorious spectacle as we beheld this morning in the heavens? but, independently of sea or sky, I see no reason why you, or any man, should be sad, who glides down the stream of life in a well-trimmed boat, with prudence at the prow and discretion at the helm. So long as health is in the hull, and hope over head, the waves of adversity may thunder on the sides, the hoary billows of age may roll under the keel, without damage or danger. You may smile, but my words are no less true; the haven of prosperity is open to every man, who has the courage to make for it through the difficulties which surround him. He who is not happy in this world, deserves not to be so."

Here Stephenaki, who was not the most polished of the descendants of Themistocles, laughed outright.

"Ma to theo, Effendi!" he exclaimed, "these are the words of a Theriaki. None but the brains of an opium-eater ever harboured the opinion, that every man who struggled to be rich was wealthy, and every poor devil,

who deserved to be prosperous, was happy. Look at the world—who are its magnates? who its bankrupts? —the proverb of your countrymen informs you—'affluence is not always the portion of the active: wealth flows abundantly to fools, and fortune looks with coldness on the clever man.'

"Alas! Effendi," continued the Greek, "if our deserts made our success, many a rayah might be seated in the presence of a proud Effendi."

Mourad affected not to understand the drift of the observation; he was on too good terms with the world and himself, to be easily annoyed.

"You speak like a foolish man, Stephenaki," said he, "the lazy and the weak-minded ever lay the fault of their adversity at the door of destiny; but the summit of prosperity is approached by a path too rugged for their foot-steps, and is only to be attained by those who have ardour enough to support them in the ascent. By the beard of the prophet, I think it would be an easy matter to draw tears of gold from the peering eyes of a miser, with skilful words—to wring a purse from the soul of an Imam by soft discourse—and to win the protection of the mufti's wife without a shawl or a necklace. Yes, by the soul of my father, I think it would be possible with the money of the one, and the patronage of the other, to reach the high post of Reis Effendi, if I only set my heart on the office. Nothing, Stephenaki, in this great world, is wanting to ambition, but sufficient boldness, continually instigated, and perpetually encouraged by enthusiasm."

Stephenaki shook his head. "Well, well, Effendi," said he, "I dare say you think so now you are a young man; but in ten years' time, you will think very differently."

Four days after they had lost sight of Candia, the coast of Egypt hove in sight; a low, sandy wilderness, dreary and desolate as far as the eye could reach, with a sultry vapour, rolling over the plain, and obscuring the yellow shore.

"Allah, wakbar!" cried Mourad, "is this the garden of the world, the fertile valley of the Nile, the granary

of the universe, the land overflowing with plenty, celebrated from the extremities of Rei and Rum, to the confines of China; for the wonders of Pharoon and Salheddin? Soul of the Sultan! can this be the country of Haroun el Raschid, the most polished of the children of light, the government of Mohammed Ali, the giaour pacha, more famed for generosity than the prince of princes, Hatem Tai."

"The desert before you," said Stephenaki, "is Egypt; a small strip of it is watered by a river, which fertilizes the soil, on either side, for four or five miles of its whole extent. The pestiferous city of narrow lanes, which is called Grand Cairo, was the seat of government of that Haroun el Raschid, who plundered his peasants to make princes of his poets, and is now the store-house of a great dealer in beans and cotton, who monopolizes every thing in the land, from a grain of rice to a mountain of manure; who drives a bargain with a Jew, on the throne of Salheddin; and who, surrounded by sordid counsellors and knavish Europeans, exhausts his revenues in building ships he does not want, and maintaining armies he is persuaded are to rival Buonaparte. I speak of this Hatem Tai of modern times, 'the prince of princes, Mohammed Ali, the hucksterer of hucksterers.'"

They now discerned a dark object a-head, a couple of leagues distant, which proved to be the pillar of Pompeii; but it was not till they were close under the land, that they could recognise any object. The coast of Egypt is so flat, that the land is barely to be seen before the vessel is in shoal water.

"Now, Effendi," said Stephenaki, "we may say our voyage is completed; in a few minutes more we shall be over the boghass at the mouth of the harbour. It was an adventurous voyage in such a pitiful craft; that sack of money in the bottom was enough to swamp her.

"Gold, is it not, Effendi? I am sure nothing else could weigh so heavy."

"I thought," replied Mourad, "I told you I never suffered people to ask me impertinent questions; whether it be gold or silver it matters nothing to you; 'tis enough to know that I am well satisfied with the service

you have done me, and mean to reward you handsomely for it."

"May your kindness increase, Effendi," said the Greek, "I never doubted your liberality. In serving you faithfully so far, I have only done my duty. But I trust to give a further proof of my attachment to you and your noble race, whose rayahs we are, to show you how much we respect you, superior as you are to us in every thing. Ah! yes, Effendi, we are poor, I grant, and oppressed, perhaps, a little too much, but still we have much reason to be grateful for being permitted to live and breathe. Alas! we have nothing but our faithful love to offer our masters, our honest affections, and devoted loyalty."

"Stuff, man," replied Mourad, "do you think you are talking to the Stamboul Effendi, or the Mufti, about your character:—enough of that!"

"As you please, Effendi," replied the submissive Greek; "we are now passing over the boghass; but the wind is coming to blow so freshly off the land, that it will be impossible to make the harbour before sunset; yonder little cave, with the narrow entrance, is a diminutive port, frequented by craft like ours; it is about six miles from the harbour of Scanderea; and those caves in the rock, on the side of it, are the famous baths of Cleopatra. We will just enter the little port, and get down the sail, if you desire it; we will try and pull up to the harbour, but it will be a tiresome job."

They entered the little creek, and when the boat touched the shore, our hero could not forbear jumping out, and stretching his cramped limbs on the much-wished-for land.

"These excavations in the rock are the baths I told you of," said Stephenaki; "it was here the beautiful queen of Egypt was wont to lave her immortal form. I must go in and have a peep at them myself, when I take down the sail, and just take a run to yonder yawning caverns, the celebrated Catacombs, whose gloomy entrance you see above there."

Mourad was no antiquarian, but he could not avoid entering the baths, as they were called, of the queen of

Egypt; had they been the king's, very probably his curiosity would not have led him to them. He saw no vestige of the immortal bather in the first chamber; he observed a passage to a second—he explored it likewise, but the sight of four bare walls was all that repaid him for his trouble. After bathing his hands and face in the clear water which half filled the apartment, he returned to the creek.

"Angels of Paradise, who guard the four corners of the tent of the Apostle, defend me from treachery," he cried, gazing on the spot where he had left the bark, and where it was no longer. "Stephenaki!" he exclaimed, in the wild accents of terror, "where is the boat? Answer me, villain, where have you got to?"

Still calling on the name of Stephenaki, he rushed down to the beach. Gracious powers! what was his horror at beholding the boat, with full press of canvass, flying before the wind, in the direction of the boghass, and already at gun-shot distance from the shore.

The first impulse of madness brought him knee-deep in the surge, with both arms outstretched, as if he would have grappled with the traitor. He stood gazing on the bark—his eye-balls starting from their sockets—his mouth unconsciously open—and his heart fluttering in his bosom.

Not a syllable escaped his lips; there he stood transfixed with horror, the death-like statue of despair.

CHAPTER II.

Yes, Sir, the rascal's drunk; you have hurt him on the shoulder.
KING HENRY VI.

THE dearly-earned plunder of Suleiman and Achmet, for which life had been risked and reputation ruined, in the clap of a hand was lost for ever. The treasure of gold and jewels, which was large enough to make a competency for existence—to purchase the possessor rank

and honour, was snatched from his soul ere he had leisure to count the glittering items. Whatever was the crime by which they had been acquired, the unlooked for bereavement, the sudden deprivation, was a thunderbolt to the loser—a death-blow to the prospect which a youthful imagination, warm and ardent, had pictured to itself of opulence and aggrandizement—of house and harem—embroidered suits—richly caparisoned horses—slaves and servants—and all the paraphernalia of the divan. In a moment of time, all these were within the reach of the dreamer, and he only awoke to find himself a beggar. Vain was the haste with which he approached the walls of the city, breathing no earthly sound as he hurried along the shore, but the unceasing cry of fool! fool! fool! On reaching the gate of Mahmudie, he ran to the sea-side, and, accosting an Arab boatman, he demanded his bark, to cross the boghass; threats, entreaties, promises, followed in succession. The word boghass was the only one the Arab understood. The flurried manner of the Moslem, and the impetuosity of his speech, so unusual in a Turk, surprised the boatman, but when he heard talk of the boghass, whose perilous bar no pilot in Scanderia would attempt at night-fall, he began to think the young Effendi was either mad or drunk, or perhaps both. Instead of replying to Mourad, he laughed at his application.

"Dog of a kafir!" cried the enraged Moslem, springing at his throat, and dashing him to the ground with such terrible violence that the blood issued in torrents from the mouth and nose of the unfortunate poor wretch. "There, son of a pessavink!" he exclaimed; "let that teach you how you laugh another time at the beard of a Turk: better, you dog of an Arab, that you had played with the mane of a raging lion."

The poor boatman lay stiff and motionless, covered with gore; a mob of his companions collecting around him, and jostling and hooting the assailant, but not daring to resent the assault on their associate by any actual outrage.

Mourad had never heard or read of such a thing as a rabble of swarthy Arabs daring even to wag their tongues

at a Stambouline Osmanli. He bore with their insolence but for a very short period; they talked of the pacha, and the governor, and the courbash; the threat stopped there, for rushing in amongst them Mourad spread universal consternation, laying around him right and left. Happy were they who were able to fly fastest, ill-starred the poor wretch who came within his blows. He finished the conflict by seizing the last luckless fellow who limped behind, and raising him bodily by the small of the back, he dropped him down the side of the wharf and turned away. The victory was incomplete. The foe was routed; but the guard was at his elbow. Ere he had time to collect himself he was surrounded by a score of soldiers, and without the ceremony of a question, was marched off to the police-station at the corner of the next street. There sat the magistrate soldier who decided cases of assault and battery, extortion and petty larceny. Mourad was dragged before him, charged with beating one man, throwing another over the wharf, and maltreating a host of inoffensive boatmen.

"A serious charge," said the justice, depositing his pipe by his side. "Are any of the people injured?"

"Yes, Effendi," said a soldier, "one man is almost killed."

"Allah illah!" exclaimed the justice, twisting his fierce mustachios: "this is a head affair: the Cadi must have this case. Are you drunk, man? Speak, madman."

"If it please you, Effendi," replied the culprit, "I am not drunk, neither am I mad."

"What!" cried the justice, "neither mad nor drunk. How came you then to make war on all the boatmen in the harbour? Who gave you leave to lift your hand against true-believers?"

"Am I not a Turk? cried Mourad, with more vehemence than he had yet exhibited; "and are not the dogs who insulted me Arabs?"

"Wallah Magnoun!" cried the justice: "as Allah lives the man is mad. How long have you been in Scanderia that you are yet thinking of Stamboul, that you know not the least of the fellahs of the Pacha's people is more precious to his highness than a swaggering Os-

manli like you. Away with him to prison! away with the Delibashi, the prince of madmen."

"Throne of the prophet! cried Mourad, in a voice of thunder; "is this justice? will you not hear me before you send me to a dungeon?"

"Away with the wine drinker," roared the man in authority; "his senses are stupified—he knows not what he says. If he resist, give him the courbash; but the knave is too drunk to-night to receive the punishment of intoxication: he should have the forty stripes on the spot: it will do to-morrow. Away with him to prison."

The culprit was thrust out of the apartment, and dragged to the dungeon, a gloomy vault beneath the guard-house. As he entered the horrid place, the lamp of the jailer showed a group of squalid wretches huddled together, the victims of crime and poverty. He shuddered at the sight; but the appalling view was soon taken away: the iron-cased door creaked on its screaming hinges, the massy bolt was again drawn on the outside, and the last gleam of light was gone. It was the first time our hero was thrown in the miserable company of low-lived vice; and though he shrunk from the contact with deferential horror, communication was unavoidable; wretchedness became known to him he never dreamt of, wickedness that had never entered, before that night, into the imagination of his heart with all its errors. Disgusted as he was, his ear became insensibly familiar to the sounds of vulgar infamy; his soul became imperceptibly accustomed to the contemplations of squalid misery, accompanied, as it ever is, by base-born depravity. That most fatal of all knowledge to the young and the ill-directed, he gained that night—that of the degradation of human nature. From that dark knowledge the picture of life received a hue sombre as the subject of mortality itself, and while he gazed on the gloomy figures of the group, he became familiarized with the objects he lately loathed to look upon. In the language of an Arab poet, "Shame and sorrow had become his guests; he perceived not their entrance, but

he had to weep over their acquaintance with bitterness of heart."

"Well, companion," said one of the prisoners to Mourad, as the jailer barred the door, "what are you here for?"

"Reptile!" cried the new comer, "who do you call companion? Dogs seek their companions in the kennels"——

"And thieves," replied the inquirer, "look for theirs in the dungeon. But I suppose you are a proud rogue, who did business on a large scale, and despise poor devils of petty stealers like us. One who praises the prophet's beard, (blessed be his memory!) because he is not a paltry pilferer; who says the namez five times a day because he plunders by the purse, while we filch by the para; who wipes his mouth with a golden napkin, and says Allah is propitious, because he robs on the high road at noonday, while we sneak into houses by twilight, and are thankful enough for an amber pipe. Allah be good to us! not call you companion; what brings you here if you are not one of us?"

"Let daylight," exclaimed Mourad, "but give one gleam into this infernal place, and I will scatter every dog of you piecemeal about these hungry walls."

There was a dead silence for some minutes in the dungeon. At length the same impudent knave, who ruffled the temper of our hero, again addressed him, but in an humbled tone.

"Wallah hawadgi," said he, (a term equivalent to the Turkish Effendi,) "I did not mean to offend you; I only desired to know your profession, whether murder, or sedition, or only simple robbery. But since you choose to be silent, kef hawadgi, have your pleasure. I dare say some of my other companions will consent to pass away an hour on a floor where one dare not sleep for the rats, with some accounts of the unpropitious events which brought them here. To set a good example, I mean to commence.

"I never stole," said the prisoner, "as much as a pipe of tobacco before I was twelve years of age. I was na-

turally honest; and as long as my parents had bread to give me, I was naturally dutiful. But they became poor, and I became disrespectful. I felt the pinchings of hunger, and very soon afterwards I felt a propensity to steal bread. I ascertained in a very little time, that a man who can steal bread can likewise steal meat. I began with a skewer of kibad—I ended with an entire sheep. My parents, good people, gave me all the encouragement I deserved: they buried the provender I stole in the sand; they dressed what we wanted every night, and sold the surplus to the neighbours in the morning: our family became the fattest in the village. I confined myself exclusively to the provision line; and our business augmented daily. My poor father (to whom God be merciful!) when I first commenced trade, used to pat me on the cheek and say, 'yah nooni! yah ahihi!' 'my eyes, my darling:' he was then thin faced and yellow, but when he grew fat cheeked and ruddy, he became saucy and unreasonable. He asked me why I did not steal sheep instead of lambs, and when I brought home sheep he talked about calves. 'Inshallah, father,' said I, "if it please Allah, you shall have calves too, but beware how you make light of my industry. In two days' time we had a couple of calves. 'Ah, my son,' said the old man, 'a calf's a calf, but an ox is a beautiful animal; his eyes stand out with fatness, and there is a fine flavour in his flesh; any fool can steal a calf; but would to Allah you had the wit to drive home a bullock.' 'O! father,' said I, (in my anger) 'have I deserved these words? by whose wit have your lean ribs been clothed with fulness? Allah Wakbar, this is too much to put up with;' and seizing the old man by the girdle, I struck him as I spoke. I was sorry for what I had done the moment I released him. I heard him curse me as I passed over the threshold; and the sound of that curse is ringing in my ears even now. I must make my peace, said I, with my poor old father; I will steal a fine fat camel fit for immediate slaughter, if I cannot procure an ox; and all will be well. The apostle, honour and praise to him and his noble family, gave success to my good intentions; I rode home on a dun camel, in noble condi-

tion, who had been fed in a sugar factory on treacle and sugar-canes. 'O propitious stars,' said I, 'what a delicate morsel for my poor old father,' as I entered the house. 'Behold what I have brought you; the flesh of this animal is more delicate than the ox Balaam; milk and honey have been his food; I stole him from a sugar baker.' 'Why did you not steal a buffalo?' said the old man, gruffly; 'a buffalo's offals are worth more than a stall full of camel's flesh.' I felt my face getting hot, the veins of my neck swelling, my eye-balls rolling like balls of fire. 'Since nothing contents you,' I exclaimed, 'let this, you old fool, bring you to reason;' and seizing on the window-bolt, I struck him thrice over the head: the last stroke sent the old man to the earth—he never rose again.

"I was confounded at the sight. 'Good heavens!' I cried, 'surely the old man cannot be dead; I had no intention of murdering him, Min Allah!'—but murdered he was; and before I recovered from my astonishment, I was in the midst of a hundred screaming women. The sheik of the village was soon in the house: it was almost a relief to be sent to prison, to escape the fury of my own family. When I appeared before the Cadi, I had nothing to say in my defence; but my mother had scraped together a hundred piastres, and had given them to the Cadi's wife, so that my head was left on my shoulders, but my feet were mangled. I received six hundred blows. I was turned out of prison on the wide world, without money or character: to be an honest man was now impossible; and the flogging I had received made me so hardened, or heroical, that I looked upon myself as a martyr, who was persecuted for no other reason under heaven but because he was poor.

"I betook myself to my former calling; but the curse of the old man has followed me incessantly. I have been bastinadoed nine times the last twelvemonth; and to-morrow I shall probably get fifty stripes more, merely for stealing a plate of boiled rice out of a cook-shop. But Allah is merciful—I must not repine."

The parricide having finished, another criminal commenced his story.

"The earliest fete I remember of my youth," said he, "was beating a rogue out of the village, who had robbed a chicken-oven: I was so incensed against the fellow, that I verily believe I should have killed him, had I a sword. 'Blessed prophet!' said I, 'how is it possible there can be such rogues in the world; is it not pleasanter to eat one's own bread than that of another? And is it not safer to live by industry than by knavery? These rogues must have different natures to mine; they must surely be of another race altogether.'

"My father having died, I succeeded to all his property; I need not tell you, it was acquired under the Beys; for, since Mohammed Ali has been our pacha, no man has been able to make money, much less to keep what his father made for him. I farmed twenty feddans of the choicest land in the Faioum, from the lord of the soil, the mighty pacha. I turned up the earth, and beans and rice came forth in abundance. Praise be to Allah! said I, what a happy world is this! But the soldiers came round, and said, 'Where is the produce of the pacha's land?'—and coming into my house, they found a pillau of rice on the floor. 'Allah,' said they, twirling their mustachoes, 'here is a pessavink, who has the audacity to eat the grain he grows—down with the presumptuous knave, and up with his feet!'

"In the twinkling of an eye, their thick sticks were belabouring my soles; and when they were fatigued with the operation, and I half dead with the pain, they bade me rise. 'Kafir,' said the chief man of them, 'did you imagine your soil was your's, in the land of Mohammed Ali, that you dared to eat his rice? Did you not know, that you were the slave of a generous master, who took the produce of the soil at his own price?'—And with that they measured the stock, and carried it away, giving me an order on the Miri for the sum they were pleased to allow me. It barely paid the expense of cultivation; but when I went to the haznahdar, he gave but a fourth of the tuskaree in money, and a cheque on a merchant for the remainder. The merchant told me I must take half the amount in cloth and cottons. I was obliged to do so; and having sold

these in the bazaar for half what they cost me, I returned home half ruined. It is better, said I, to throw up the land at once; another good crop would utterly destroy me!

"I went to the casheff who governed the district, but he laughed at my beard when I told him my intention: 'Give up the land, indeed,' said he; 'are you mad enough to think the pacha will permit you? go home and dig the canals, and be sure you water your rice grounds well; for if your cultivation be not better than it was last harvest, you will be surely flogged.' I went home with a sorrowful heart; I tilled the ground; I irrigated it from morning till night; the grain sprung up, my heart died away at the fertility of the soil; the crop was more abundant than ever—I was completely undone. There was no salvation for me from the curse of such a plentiful harvest, except in flight, and accordingly I fled the most unfortunately fertile district in all Egypt. I began to think the man who robbed the chicken oven must have been a farmer of the pacha's.

"'The peasant cannot help stealing,' said I, 'if the prince be an oppressor.' I remember having heard a learned man say, the prayer of the oppressed was to be dreaded, even when the arrows of the tyrant had drained the blood of the poor man, that his supplications were not to be suppressed. I thought it would be a good thing to rob the public granaries; I procured employment in one of them; I began with a handful of beans, and ended with a sack full of opium and indigo. I was at length discovered, and I suppose it is needless to say, when I was thrust out of doors I had not a leg to stand on. 'Why should I confine my depredations,' said I, 'to the substance of Mohammed Ali; he is not the only oppressor of the poor fellah, the hard working peasant. Every one who is rich, is the poor man's enemy; therefore to plunder him can be no crime.' I accordingly commenced with a Jew banker; I slipped into his house at dusk, and left it with a dozen amber mouthed chibouques. I increased in adroitness with the magnitude of my attempts; at last I carried away a bale of tobacco from the store-house of a merchant of Bar 'el Cham—

the prophet was not with me; I was seized at my own door, and beaten till further blows were deemed unnecessary. It was written, I was not to die just then. I recovered shortly, and the first use I made of my returning strength, was to plunder a mosque of five Persian praying carpets. [Here there was a general murmur of disapprobation among the prisoners.] I could not help it," continued the sacrilegious felon, "the pacha's oppression made me a rogue; the contempt and uncharitableness of the world made me a villain, and the frowns of my unpropitious planet, and the loss of the prophet's patronage, made me a kafir; and therefore I robbed the temple of Allah; but I did not prosper. I sold the plunder to a Greek priest, who was on his way to Elcods, the holy city of Jerusalem, for three hundred piastres. I returned home, delighted with my sale. I looked at my money; I counted it over and over; a piece fell on the floor: a clod on a cold breast could not give a duller sound. 'Beard of the prophet!' cried I, 'here is treachery.' I examined the other pieces; every coin of them was base money. 'Allah Illah,' cried I, in my desperation, 'there is no faith, no honesty in the world; the very priest cheats the robber of the church. I must put this money off,' said I, 'in the best way I can;' and then, cursing the mother of the Greek priest with becoming fervour, I sallied forth. It occurred to me that there was a deaf jeweller in the bazaar. I proceeded to his shop, hoping, as I had been deceived by the sight of the money, so might he. From the sound I had nothing to fear. Having purchased a quantity of goods, I paid down the money. There was no one in the shop but a blind muezzin from a neighbouring mosque. The merchant examined the money: 'It looks good,' said he, 'and I suppose it is so; if the poor muezzin was not blind, I would get him to examine it likewise.' 'Thank Heaven,' said I to myself, 'that he is blind, 'otherwise it would go hard with me.' I was on the point of leaving the shop, with my purchase under my arm, when the unlucky son of darkness groped his way to the counter, and bade the merchant jingle the pieces on the money trough. I was ready to sink into the

earth. Piece after piece was jingled and condemned. I endeavoured to escape, but the merchant laid fast hold of me—and here I am, covered with crimes, which Allah, in his justice, will lay at the door of the poor man's oppressor, the pacha of El Masr."

The victim of oppression having ended the narrative of his crimes, another felon began his story.

"I have often thought," said he, "that poverty being the father of guilt, the heaviest punishment should be inflicted on the parent. And, accordingly, we find that the poor are invariably visited with the worst of all punishments, contempt, while the guilty are treated with anger only, which is a noble sort of passion enough, and leaves no sting behind, when the pain of the stripe is over. I was born a thief; I had no option, no alternative. My father was a thief before me, and it would have been as unnatural in me to have been an honest man, as it would have been in the son of the Mufti to be a reputed rogue.

"On the death of my revered father, whose injured reputation was my only inheritance, I set up in business on my own account. The last advice of my poor parent the night before he suffered, was on these terms: 'Remember, O my son, that no crime is so unpardonable as poverty; therefore make money, or take money, which any fool can do; but keep it, my son, difficult as it is to do so; for, when you are in such an extremity as I now am, a purse or two to the Cadi's wife may save your neck.'

"I lost no time in robbing my uncle of a hundred piastres, which he refused to lend to bury his favourite brother; and having performed the last pious duty, I commenced business in a regular way. My poor mother was an excellent woman, but she had one little defect; she loved going abroad too much, and rumour said I owed my origin to her roaming propensity. She certainly visited the harem of the village barber oftener than was beneficial to her reputation; and it is equally certain I bore a greater resemblance to the knave the barber, than I did to the thief my father. I had naturally an inclination towards justice, though not towards honesty, two things very different; and I can safely say,

and with a clear conscience, that I never robbed a man who had not injured me, or who ought not to have served me. In brief, I never plundered any but bitter enemies, or bad friends.

"Having robbed my uncle to bury my father, I resolved to plunder my mother, to put myself in the situation of buying a wife. If what half the world said of my surviving parent were true, I ought to have felt no remorse in depriving her of the fantasia she only made a show of after my father's death, to gain admiration; neither did I. One fine morning I made a bundle of all her clothes and trinkets, and quitting the paternal roof, I left my amiable mother destitute.

"As long as I had a bauble to bestow, I was surrounded by profligate fakirs, and licentious almes—they praised my spirit—they commended my wit—they compared me to Hatem Tai for generosity—to Rustum for courage. But when money and baubles were gone, they gave me little of their company, and less of their commendation. They frowned when I came—they laughed when I went—and 'scurvy companion' was too good a term to give me when I addressed them in the street.

"How I cursed my poverty! The barber who played the Shitan with my mother's reputation was rich—some said he was my father—I was poor, and had need of his assistance—I asked it, and he called me an insolent beggar. That night I climbed up the shop window-shutters, and got into the dwelling-house, (heaven forgive me if I thought I heard my mother's voice in the harem,) but I had sufficient grace to take my ear from the key-hole, and to prefer having the suspicion, rather than the certainty of the injury to avenge. I carried away as many silver coffee tasses as I could cram into my bosom, and, by way of retribution, I set fire to the mattresses of the divan as I quitted the apartment. It was not so much to consume my mother for the dishonour she was bringing on the family name, I fired the house, as to burn the barber (for calling me a beggar) out of house and home. I soon had the satisfaction of seeing a volume of flame issuing from the windows—I was the first to cry 'Yan genvar!'—'Fire! fire!'—but, loaded as I was with the

spoil of the house, I did not think fit to await the arrival of the guard.

"I just took a parting peep at the conflagration, as I turned the corner of the street, and had a glimpse of a number of people issuing from the house, as little encumbered with amsaks and sherwals as the houris in Paradise, whose vesture is a web of sunbeams. I could not help thinking what a glorious sight was a conflagration at midnight, and what a propitious hour for robbing a house! From that night I date the origin of a propensity which time has only strengthened; namely, that of burning houses. 'Tis true, I have only set fire to those of persons who have in some wise offended me, either by slight or scorn; and therefore one can conceive the gratification; but, independently of that consideration, there is an inexpressible pleasure in witnessing the magnificent work of one's own hands, in beholding, at a little distance from the astonished populace, a noble mansion, vomiting forth flame and smoke, and putting the light of the pale moon to shame, with the pre-eminent splendour of the burning roof and rafters. In short, the business of an incendiary is extremely agreeable, and often profitable. I had the pleasure of burning eleven houses with my own hand, before I was unfortunate enough to be taken up.

"On that melancholy occasion, I received seven hundred blows, and was worked like a gamous in a powder-mill two long years, in irons. I have only had my liberty three days. The first day of my coming out, I felt an irresistible longing to set fire to the house of the Cadi who condemned me; but I got the better of the weakness of my heart. I resolved, if possible, to burn no more houses for a month, at least; but, unfortunately, the following morning, as I passed through the court-yard of the Okella, or Khan, where I lodged, smoking my pipe, I observed a load of chopped straw in the middle of the place. 'O, Allah!' said I, 'what a beautiful conflagration would this not make;' my feet glided towards the combustible mass; my hand which held the lighted pipe, was involuntarily extended in the same direction; in a moment, the whole mass was in a blaze, and I was

supremely happy. But a confounded urchin unluckily saw me in the act of applying the red-hot ashes of the pipe, and though I escaped for the time, the guard soon found me, and here I am. As there was no damage done, but the loss of the camel's provender, I hope to get off with fifty blows, at the utmost.

"I ought not to receive one, but the Cadi never listens to reason, so it would be in vain for me to tell him that I was born a thief, and could not help it; that I was schooled in wickedness, and became an incendiary because I had no other employment, and because the device of idleness is the devil's occupation."

The house-burner finished his narration, the first rays of the morning were making their appearance in the dungeon, through the bars of the narrow loop-hole, and many other fellows, of cut-throat aspects, were anxious to tell their stories. Your thorough-paced thieves are the most communicative members of society, luckily so much so, that they can never keep their own counsel.

But the approach of day, and the anticipation of its events, damped the spirits of the whole party a good deal, and a deep silence ensued, unbroken, till the step of the jailer was heard in the passage. When the door was opened, there was a general commotion in the dungeon. Mourad alone was summoned forth; he followed his conductor to the guard-room, and from thence to the private apartments of the justice-room, which he had seen the preceding evening.

CHAPTER II.

Aleib. How came the noble Timon to this change ?
Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to give ;
But then renew I could not like the moon,
There were no suns to borrow of.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

MOURAD was no sooner ushered into the presence of the captain of the guard, than the "operatives" of justice left the apartment to prepare their sticks : the prisoner, they had no doubt, would be sentenced to the bastinado, and as the infliction of the punishment is an agreeable task to the performers, they lost no time in returning with their weapons. But, to their astonishment, on entering the divan, they found the culprit sitting before their master, relating such parts of his history as he thought proper to disclose, and palliating his rashness by the account of the robbery which had just been committed on him, and the madness which his misery produced.

The captain listened attentively to the young Moslem, and after smoking his pipe, he addressed the prisoner : "So sure," said he, "my young Delibashi, as you are the prince of madmen, or my name is Aslan, if you were sent before the governor, you would leave his presence without a leg to stand on. The Pacha thinks more of one of the fellahs who dig the soil, than he does of ten Effendis from Istamboul. But I am disposed to make some allowance for a young hair-brained Osmanli, who is fresh from the capital, and thinks he can kick and cuff Arabs, as if they were so many rayahs on the shores of the Bosphorus. I was once young as you are, and as inexperienced ; as ready to shuffle every passenger who wore worse clothes than mine, and to strike every kafir who stumbled on my path, for not keeping a better look out. But my first six months' residence in El Masr cured me of all this folly ; and, as you look like a man of discretion,

I trust a shorter period will do as much for you. Go home, perform your namez, make your ablutions, and eat your dinner, and thank God it has been your good fortune to have fallen under the hands of Aslan Captan."

"I do thank Allah, Effendi," replied Mourad, "that it has been my fate to have been taken before so compassionate a magistrate. I will go home, Effendi, and say my prayers, as you have ordered me to do; but to eat my dinner is the only command your poor servant is not likely to obey."

"What, man!" said Aslan, "have you no money to buy food? have you been robbed of all your substance?"

"Of all, Effendi," replied Mourad, with a groan.

"Allah karim," said the captain, "God is most merciful; but you are wrong to say you lost every thing; surely the robber has not deprived you of youth, he has not stolen your health; and having left you these, you have reason to thank God that you are not without hope. Here, young man," he continued, taking a handful of piastres from his money-bag, "this will enable you to dine for a few days, if you have no other resource; when it is gone you may come to me again."

The man who had plundered two haznahs blushed to the eyes at the idea of receiving assistance from a kind-hearted man, in the time of extremity. His proud bosom swelled, as he extended his hand to receive the alms which none but a beggar, he thought, would deem acceptable, who was unable to wring the sum from the rich man's grasp in the shape of a forced contribution.

Aslan understood what was passing in the young man's mind: he sought to relieve his embarrassment by telling him he was to consider the trifle he gave him as a loan, and might repay it when fortune was more propitious to him. He would hear of no thanks; he pushed the young Moslem gently to the door, and requested him, as he departed, to beat no more Arabs for some time to come.

Mourad returned to his lodging, where he eked out his miserable means for some days, oppressed with wretchedness, and driven almost to madness, by the

unceasing torment of his reflections. A few days ago he was the master of wealth sufficient for the maintenance of a high station in the world; he was now in abject poverty, and the "veriest wretch that lived on common charity was happier than he." He found himself in a bustling city, filled with a heartless people, who appeared to look coldly and contemptuously upon him. He had no friend, no acquaintance in the place, and in a few days he was literally in want of the common necessaries of life. He passed his wretched days in his gloomy chamber, dragging on existence by the daily disposal of his effects. One of the few remaining articles he had not yet disposed of, was a ring he had received from Zuleika; and the idea of parting with it was almost as bad as that of death. He had sworn never to let it out of his sight, and he thought no earthly motive could have broken his determination; but the pangs of famine pleaded too powerfully to be resisted; it was sold for the fourth part of its value, and the paltry sum for which he bartered it, was barely sufficient for the subsistence of a few days.

To a desperate man like Mourad, the most obvious suggestion on acquiring a few piastres, was the folly of procrastinating the day of absolute ruin, which must arrive at last, whether it come a little sooner, or a little later, it mattered not; come it must, and the irresistible temptation of the moment was to squander his new resources all at once, and to sink the gloomy prospect of the future in the enjoyment of the present hour.

The same reckless sentiment which hurries the vulgar profligate to the tavern, carries the desperate man in Turkey to the coffee-house of the opium-eaters, or that of the smokers of the intoxicating hashis. And in one of the former haunts, the wretched Mourad spent at a single sitting two thirds of the sum, the acquisition of which had cost him so much anguish.

The conduct of the desperate man is never too inconsistent, nor too improvident, to be deemed unnatural.

He soon had an opportunity of knowing, that a crowded city is the worst place in the wide world for

a distressed Effendi; for nowhere is there so much importance attached to the outward man. Better is it to be seen associated with a knave, or to be suspected of a misprison of dishonesty, than to be seen a-breast of a man in a shabby garment. It is less ruinous to his reputation in society to be accounted a rogue, than to be called a poor man. The mark of poverty seemed to have been set on Mourad's forehead, for his friends hung back at his approach, with a sort of deferential horror. The merchants in the bazaar regarded his attire with a supercilious glance; the swaggering soldiers elbowed him as they walked by, and the haughty passengers gathered up their flowing garments to prevent their coming in contact with the pauper's; and yet his clothes were not absolutely bad; it required all the delicate scrutiny of a Stambouline eye to detect the imperfections in his beneesh, to discover the threadbare texture of his sherwals, or to observe the ravages of time in his papoushes. There was only one individual, with whom he had formed an acquaintance, who looked on the alteration of his circumstances with an unchanged eye; and strange it was, that this individual was one against whom he had long felt an unaccountable antipathy, and which had only partially worn off by recent intimacy.

Zadig was altogether of an opposite character to Mourad; there appeared to be no feeling in common between them; and, at their first interview, Mourad could hardly repress the repugnance he felt at forming an acquaintance with so unpromising a companion as Zadig. It was one of his errors—and a common one enough, of persons of sanguine temperaments—to consider the first impression which flashes across the mind, to be an emanation of truth, the force of which is only weakened by deliberation. He believed that ten minutes' conversation afforded as sufficient an opportunity of ascertaining a man's character, as ten years; and that the first opinion was always a correct one.

He was not aware that the most apparently oppo-

site and unaccommodating spirits not unfrequently coalesce, and that the union is not the less complete, because it is the meeting of extreme sentiments.

He was sauntering, one morning, through the bazaars, in a melancholy mood, pondering on his present ills and gloomy prospects, when Zadig accosted him; the cordiality of his greeting was more marked than usual; Mourad observed it; he attributed it solely to his friend's ignorance of his distress. Impressed with this idea, his pride forbad him to undeceive him, for he believed, had he done so, he must have forfeited his esteem. He had read in the Sufi poets, that there is an inherent hatred in our nature to poverty, and that, to sink not in the estimation of a friend, it is necessary to conceal any unfortunate alteration that may occur in our circumstances. "The wise man," says one of them, "discovers not his poverty, for poverty is the source of every evil."

He was in want of bread, and yet he abstained from asking Zadig for the loan of a single paras. The idea of being indebted to the kindness of a friend for a trifling sum, was revolting even to him who had forfeited all claim to the character of an honest man; but, with that obliquity of principle, which is one of the peculiarities of the ill-directed mind, at the very moment his false delicacy forbad him to make known his wants, had the purse of his friend fallen in his way, he would have made it administer to his necessities.

He parted with Zadig, and from that time he purposely avoided the places where he was likely to meet him. When inevitable ruin stared him in the face, when absolute hunger was preying on his vitals, he kept out of his path, and felt a savage triumph in thinking that he had withheld his humiliating history from his only friend, and that no human being was acquainted with his misery. All day long he wandered through the streets, and every where he went he fancied that the passengers eyed him with contempt; and when he returned at night to his sad dwelling, he

imagined that the people of the khan looked on him with distrust.

Day after day his landlord applied to him for money; and, at length, the horror of his perpetual importunities became so intolerable, that he quitted the house with a determination of returning to it no more. He strolled from street to street, till he found himself without the city gates; he had tasted no food for the last four-and-twenty hours, and though oppressed with famine and fatigue, he still continued advancing with rapid strides, till he found himself amongst the ruins of Canopus, some miles distant from the city. There was nothing but desolation around him; its horrors were in unison with his dreary prospects; he believed himself to be the most unfortunate being in existence; that he had nothing further to expect from his fellow men, and that Providence had withdrawn his protection from him.

The malediction of some injured being seemed to have alighted on his head. The transitory gleam of prosperity which had brightened on his path, had disappeared; the bud of hope which he had gleaned in the garden of beauty, had withered ere it blossomed; and the accents of friendship, which but lately shot across the gloomy heath of life, were now lost in the interminable space.

He sat down amidst the ruins, exhausted in mind and body; but he had scarcely been seated, when he was startled by the sound of several voices at no great distance. The ruins concealed the persons of the speakers from his view; he climbed up the mouldering wall of a dilapidated building, which had formerly been a bath, and on the other side of it he beheld a party of Levantines seated on the ground, with a plentiful repast before them. Several empty wine bottles were strewed around, and the volubility of the convivial party was easily accounted for. There were five persons present, three of whom were women, and their merriment was no less loud than that of the two gentlemen.

Mourad did not lose much time in reconnoitering

his victims, (for such he destined them to be) the rusty sword, which he had been unable to dispose of, was soon in his grasp, and in an instant he was in the midst of the terrified Levantines. The shrieks of the women, and the cries of the men, half stupified with wine, were the prelude to a scene of confusion and disorder which baffles all description; the appearance of a Turk, with desperation in his looks, brandishing his sword, and threatening destruction on all around, was a terrible spectacle to the timid Levantines: the women hid their faces in their hands, and screamed out the names of every saint in the calendar; the men rivetted their eyes on the gleaming sword, but they had not the courage to look the robber in the face; and when they called for mercy, their tremulous Imaun was doled out with averted looks. "Dogs of unbelievers!" vociferated the robber, "throw down your purses—instantly let it be done; a moment's delay, and your heads shall be rolling at your feet."

There was no necessity to repeat the command; the well-stocked purses were thrown down, and while the robber was stooping to take them up, the two Levantines scrambled on their legs, and fled with all the speed which fear inspired. The poor women were left to shift for themselves—terror forgets all courtesy; and Levantines, under any circumstances, are not remarkable for their gallantry.

Mourad's eye was glaring on the viands which were set before him; the occupation of his attention gave the women an opportunity of escape; they attempted to rise—in the violence of their hurry they defeated each other's efforts, and pulled one another down as fast as they arose. Two, at length, by super-human exertions, contrived to get away, and only one remained, who had either fainted, or had a stronger motive than fear for remaining motionless. After a silence of a few minutes, during which time Mourad was busily employed in tearing to pieces a cold roast fowl, a groan issued from the lips of the unfortunate woman; the robber had the charity to go to her assistance; he threw up her veil, and gazed on her fair features;

had an apparition from the grave met his eyes, astonishment could not have been written in more legible characters on his countenance.

"Beard of the prophet!" he exclaimed, "it can be no other; if the widow of the Armenian be in existence, this woman is surely her."

"Ah, Mourad," cried Miriam, recovering very opportunely from her faintness, "is this the way we meet—has my preserver become a highway robber—has the dear friend I so much respected been reduced to such an alternative? Ah! dear me, why did I not die before this dreadful hour? But still, to see you at all, to find my preserver in any shape, is a consolation to my heart. I have often thought of you—oh, very often, Effendi; and I prayed for our meeting; but would to Heaven it had occurred under any other circumstances. What unfortunate event has driven you to this extremity?"

"Alas, Miriam!" replied Mourad, "misfortune has been busy with me since I last beheld you; I am ashamed to look you in the face; misery has made me mad, and famine has urged me to the commission of this rash act. That villain of a Greek who accompanied me from Candia, robbed me of every thing in the world, and earth has not a beggar on its surface more destitute than I am."

"Well, thank Heaven!" said Miriam, "it is no worse; if it be only your necessity which has driven you to the commission of this crime, I am able, I trust, to rescue you from the danger of another temptation of the sort. I owe my existence to you; and when I was in a strange country, and wanted money, I was indebted to your generosity; it is now my turn to assist you, and, thank Heaven! I possess the means of doing it. I trust my kinsmen have been too much terrified to have scrutinized your features, and when you have changed your garments for others more befitting your rank, I have little fear of their recognising you. One of the purses you have taken, ought to be well filled, for its owner is a wealthy merchant; but lest it should not be sufficient for your present wants, take this," continued the generous widow, putting her purse into his hand.

The robber had the delicacy to decline the offer, but it was pressed upon him with such earnestness, that he found it impossible to refuse it; in common courtesy he could not do less than salute the fair hand with his lips which was extended towards him; and if he did so with more fervour than poor Zuleika might have thought necessary had she been present, it was no doubt the excess of gratitude which prompted so warm a demonstration of his regard.

"When you have purchased other attire," said the widow, "you must call upon me: to-morrow evening, an hour after sunset, I shall be alone: the first house to the right in the Okella Inglis is mine, and, come to it when you will, you shall always be welcome. You must not stay here any longer: my kinsmen will be sure to return with the guard. I would not for the world they were to find you."

Mourad was greatly inclined to taste some of the good things which were left untouched before him, but the widow would not hear of his remaining another minute; and after telling him to return by the opposite gate of the Mahmoudie, she insisted on his immediate departure.

Mourad returned to the city without meeting any interruption; he proceeded to the bazaar, where he equipped himself in a splendid suit of Mamaluke attire; no one who had seen him two hours before, would have imagined it possible that such an alteration could have taken place in so short a period. His glittering sword, and splendid pistols, attracted general attention; the pipe which he carried was a cherry-stick, the mouth-piece of amber, of the most delicate straw colour. As he walked along he thought every body smiled at his approach; he wondered how he had wronged so many good-natured people, by thinking them cold-hearted and contemptuous; it was impossible to find more amiable looking people; their obliging looks, their kind regards, delighted him amazingly. Instead of sneaking through the bazaars as he was wont to do, with his diffident step and stealthy pace, he walked through them like a proud Effendi, who had money in his purse, and was therefore justified in swaggering through the crowd, bearded like a

pard, and accoutred like a bandit, to the great terror of the humble wretches who strove to get out of the great man's way, before they got rapped over the heads by the long sticks of his attendants. Mourad strutted with great dignity through the streets, his head erect, his chest expanded, and his shoulders squared; and as he threw out his legs from side to side, like a man of fashion, the passengers could not help admiring the figure and fashion of the young Effendi. He was as good a style of man in a bazaar, as the colonel is in a drawing-room, who hebdomadally graces Hyde Park. He was a fop, but yet he was a manly one; there was nothing finicking in his vanity.

The following day he visited Miriam. The interview appeared to be interesting to both; it lasted long, and they had ample time to talk over the various perils they had passed. Nothing endears two human beings to each other, so much as the encounter of a common danger, and the subsequent discussion of its horrors. Mourad became a daily visiter at the widow's abode; he bought a horse, he furnished a house, he hired several servants; from whatever haznah he drew his resources, they were liberally supplied. The number of his friends increased; they smiled when he approached; they listened when he spoke; they applauded when he ceased; they praised his dinners, and they only laughed at his beard when he turned his back. He was the happiest of men. At length the daily visit to the widow interfered with his engagements; he went every other day, and when his appointments accumulated, it was sometimes a week before he darkened the threshold of his benefactress.

His intimacy with Zadig had been revived. Zadig was a Sufi, and he presided over the orgies of a nightly assembly of his sect, in a coffee-house adjoining the Shoonah of the Mahumidie. He was the son of an Arab Sheik; his mother was a Turkish woman, and from her he derived that constitutional indolence bordering on apathy, which is the characteristic mark of Turkish breeding. This apathy of the Turks is equivalent to the *nonchalance* of English fashionables. In the upper classes it is a grace, the affectation of it is a nuisance in

the plebeian. Apathy is commendable in an Effendi; it is odious in an "unwashed artificer," as much so as the *nonchalance* is endurable in Park Lane, which is intolerable in Russell Square.

Zadig's was the real imperturbable apathy which distinguishes the slaves of fashion in all countries; which gives stillness to the features of the stripling; imparts a sombre hue to the purple light of youth; bestows on boyhood the premature maturity of the medlar, which is rotten before it is ripe; on manhood the appearance of age without experience; and on middle life the *blazèe* look of passion without enthusiasm, and pleasure without enjoyment. He was never energetic in his manner, except when he talked of the poets of his country; on that topic he spoke with warmth: his apathy, in short, was more of a physical than a moral nature; for his most extended idea of human happiness was a state of muscular repose. He hated people who bustled when they walked, and the only fault he could not pardon in Mourad, was his rapid mode of exercising his locomotive organs; he had a sovereign contempt for a man who walked fast in the street, and no man, he thought, was deserving of the name of an Effendi, who manifested any apprehension of being run over in the bazaar, by a camel, or a horse.

He undertook to introduce Mourad into the society of the choice spirits over which he presided—to initiate him into the mysteries of Sufi science.

Mourad accompanied him to the café, which was the temple of the disciples of Hafiz and Ferdousi; there the worship of the Sufis was daily celebrated; the waters of Rocnabad were daily quaffed, and "the poignant liquor, which the zealot calls the mother of sins," was freely indulged in. The shouts of laughter which burst on the ear of Mourad as he entered, he thought not becoming the gravity of men who pretended to the name of Moslems; he took his seat in a window, while the place of honour, on the corner of the bench, was allotted to Zadig, who was received with loud demonstrations of regard by all the party.

Our hero had never been in the company of such a set of hair-brained fellows; they laughed and talked like

so many Christians, without any sense of dignity; and what surprised him more than all the rest, was to see Turks and rayahs mingled together, without any distinction. There sat a young Osmanli beside a Levantine giaour; an Armenian infidel beside a true believer, and an impudent dog in a Frangi costume, who was the son of a Hebrew merchant, was seated on the right hand of Mourad himself. Never was there a man so shocked as our hero.

"Allah defend me!" he exclaimed, loud enough almost to be heard by his neighbours; "the world is surely coming to an end; kafirs and true believers smoking and talking together in the same coffee-shop, as if they were the children of the same father; this is an impiety that Heaven will surely punish. God grant the roof of the house does not fall on my head!"

He was not a little astonished to observe, that one cup of coffee was no sooner swallowed than another was brought, and that no smoke issued from the beverage. The man who sat next him asked him if he would drink a cup of cold coffee? Mourad turned up his eyes.

"Heaven forbid!" he replied; "whoever heard, in a country of true believers, of cold coffee?"

He was requested to taste it: he begged to be excused: he was again entreated, and at last consented to put it to his lips. The first drop he tasted, the cup dropped from his fingers; he made wry faces; he threatened the life of the caffigibashi. The cold coffee turned out to be Cyprus wine. The profligate Sufis laughed at his distress. Mourad was at first enraged; but their laughter continued, and he began to be ashamed of their ridicule. Zadig reproached him with the folly of refusing generous wine; his comrades encouraged him with the assurance that no Imams were present to see him drink; no cadis amongst them to punish him for the pleasure. Their arguments were not convincing, but their ridicule was irresistible. He cried out for wine in a loud voice. In the words of Hafiz he exclaimed, "Bring the wine, boy; the season of roses is come, and, like the nightingales, let us repose on a bed of roses." A thousand plaudits followed these words; the words of a Sufi poet, in the mouth of so

grave an Osmanli, was something unexpected. The ice was broken; a glow of excitement came over the cheek of our hero; he called for more wine.

"Suffer me, like Tarafa, my comrades," said he, "to drench my brains in wine, lest, having drank too little here, I should be thirsty elsewhere."

"Bravo!" cried the dissolute revellers, "this is a brave companion; he is a man after our own livers; he has been on the banks of Rocnabad; he has drank the sweet waters, which gave inspiration to Shemseddin; he is worthy of being called a Sufi. Who but the Sufi knows how to relish the pleasures of life? Who but a Sufi is independent of rank and riches, lives like a philosopher, from hand to mouth, putting his trust in the morrow's razkallah, and is not disappointed of his daily bread?"

"True!" replied Mourad, "who but a Sufi knows 'the joy of that moment, when the self-sufficiency of intoxication renders a man independent of the prince and his ministers?' who, but a disciple of Hafiz, knows the advantage of 'selling our praying carpet on which we have pained our knees, and purchasing wine?'

"Allah ya oulad!" cried the Sufis, "you are a second Ferdousi. What a wonderful conversion have we not made this evening; but a few minutes ago you would not taste the mellow waters of Rocnabad, and now you quaff the cup with all the zest of a son of Shemseddin. What will your friends say to this sudden change?"

"They will say," replied Mourad, "with Nazami, 'that it was my bad ascendant, that I was ill-starred, and was destined for the dwelling of profligate kalendars.'"

"What," said Zadig, "does wine make men satirical? Generous wine, that opens the heart of man and delights his senses; that makes sad men merry, and the morose good-natured—how is this?"

"Have you never heard," replied Mourad, "that a serpent by drinking milk increases his venom? You had better give me no more wine, if you would not spoil my humour."

Mourad was glad of an excuse to leave off drinking: it was his first essay, and the feeling, after a couple of hours' excess, was not the most agreeable one in the

world. He prevailed on Zadig to accompany him home, and, as they went along, the latter gave him an account of the worthies he had just quitted.

"I suppose," said Zadig, "you never saw a set of merrier paupers than these Sufis; and doubtless you imagine they are well off in the world, because they wear good clothes, and smiles on their faces; but they are all beggars: one half of them are bankrupts, the remainder are discarded profligates of various sects, who think of nothing on earth but wine and love songs. You have seen how happy they were to-night, and yet, I will venture to say, two-thirds of them have not a paras in their pockets, after paying the wine-bill, to buy bread to-morrow. And yet they will all eat bread and drink wine to-morrow, without troubling their heads with a thought of where the razkallah is to come from."

"This is wonderful!" cried Mourad, "how, in the name of Allah, do they find the means of going on in their debauchery?"

"Easy enough," replied Zadig; "they live by their wits—they are shrewd fellows. In every large city there is a certain proportion of rich fools, who exist for no other purpose but to be the razkallah of indigent knaves."

"Allah is most bountiful!" cried Mourad; "Time is truly the father of Knowledge; till this blessed hour, I knew not for what purpose fools were suffered to grow rich."

CHAPTER III.

'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see;
The name and not the thing.
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

SEVERAL months had passed over since the change in Mourad's circumstances; he still continued to visit the widow, but of late his calls were "few and far be-

tween;" so far nothing could be more angelic than his visits, but reproaches and recriminations took away a good deal from their celestial character. Secretly as their intimacy was carried on, rumour was not idle with their names. The kinsmen of the lady were not ignorant of the visits of the young Moslem to her harem; but his title to her gratitude, and the circumstance of the widow's being left wholly independent of her relatives, sufficed to prevent any interference on their parts. One member of her family only ventured to remonstrate with her on the impropriety of her conduct; and the influence he had over her was such as to give very great importance to his advice. This person was a cousin of Miriam's: he was in the church, and had the reputation of being a zealous priest. He represented to her, in strong terms, the evil consequences of her intimacy with Mourad. He succeeded in rousing her conscience to a full sense of her indiscretion, and warned her of incurring the censure of the church, by continuing in her errors.

Miriam hinted at the possibility of a private marriage with the young Moslem. She was acquainted with his history. "He was born a Christian," she said, "and his father and mother had been Christians; therefore he could not be altogether considered a heathen. Besides, El Masr was not Stamboul: the pacha was not a prince to cut off a man's head for taking a Christian wife; he had one in his harem. So long as such a marriage was not dragged before the public, there was nothing to be apprehended. It was her interest to keep it a secret, it would be likewise Mourad's; he dare not disclose it. It was for the tranquillity of her conscience she desired the marriage: it would be a great cruelty in her cousin to refuse performing the ceremony. She wanted no witnesses: all she desired was, the satisfaction of knowing that the words were read over, to quiet her troubled conscience."

The priest seemed to be astonished at the proposition; he doubted if the widow entertained it seriously; and when he found she was perfectly in earnest, he declared such a thing was impossible. She pulled a glittering purse from her anteree; she laid it on the divan, as if

by accident, and said, she had a great many more arguments than she had yet adduced, to give in support of her demand. (She no longer talked of entreaty.) She repeated over again, that she did not ask a formal marriage in the presence of witnesses; the words were all she desired to have read over, for the comfort of her reflections, both past and present.

The priest began to treat the matter in his mind as a pious fraud of the widow, to cheat her own conscience, which it was useless to detect or expose. She kept dangling the purse by her side; and every time its contents were jingled, a new light seemed to come on the mind of the reverend gentleman, on the subject of the request; and he finished at last, by promising to comply with it next morning, on the condition of inviolable secrecy. The qualms of the good man on the propriety of fulfilling his promise, were set at rest, by an earnest of the sum she meant to give him on the completion of the ceremony. One difficulty was removed; the next, and the most difficult, remained to be gone through.

The following day, when Mourad entered the harem, there was something in the regard of the widow, which gave him a suspicion that all was not right. He was no sooner seated, than Miriam took her place in the corner, and addressed the astonished Moslem in these words:

"For these many months, Mourad, I have given you repeated proofs of my affection; I have endeavoured to repay the debt of gratitude I owe you, for the preservation of my life, with my whole heart—with all the wealth of my haznah. I loved you, and do still love you; though I have much to complain of which might be fatal to the affections of another woman; but you have promised to amend, and I cannot do otherwise than believe you. I have sacrificed much for you: I have given up the society of my friends, provoked their anger, brought sin and shame upon my head, and for this I demand the only atonement you can make me. You stare, Effendi—but nothing less than marriage can restore my peace of mind, or enable me to continue our intimacy a day longer."

"Woman!" exclaimed Mourad, "are you mad?—

have your senses vanished into smoke?—am I not a Moslem, and are not you a Christian woman? How then, in the name of the apostle, can a true believer be married to an infidel?"

"By an accommodating clergyman," replied Miriam. "You are a true believer; what was your father? Was your poor mother a true believer? Have you more reason to call yourself a Moslem, than a dog would have to boast of being a jackall, because he was dragged into the society of the latter?"

"Miriam," exclaimed Mourad, "I will not listen to this language; this is downright treason against the law of Islam."

"Very well, Effendi," said Miriam, with great coolness—"if the words displease you, you have only to leave my house. But whatever you are, Moslem or Christian, married I must be, if our intimacy be to continue—I mean, privately married, in the presence of heaven and the priest. You have nothing to apprehend, whatever I may have to fear from the disclosure. The priest is my cousin; for his own sake he will be silent: and as you are a true believer, the ceremony will be only to you a mummery; and the few words that are repeated, you will not understand. If you would know my motive, hear it—the satisfaction of my mind. The marriage will not enable us to live under the same roof—that must not be; but when I do see you, it will take away the sense of guilt from our interviews. Make no reply, I will not listen to a single objection. Hitherto, I have supplied your wants; if I am to do so after this day, it rests with yourself. If you know any thing of my character, you will not seek to alter my resolution—it is taken, and earth has no power to move it. To-morrow, you will be here at sun-set, or never! The priest will be in waiting at that time; and I will receive you as my husband, or not at all. By the soul of my mother, I will be obeyed; or your shadow shall never fall on the floor of my harem. Remember, I have said it!"

The imperious widow flung out of the room, leaving the astonished Mourad to "chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancy" as he best could. He remained in the

apartment for some time, utterly lost and surprised: when he recovered a little from that emotion, rage took possession of his breast; he was on the point of committing a thousand extravagances: one moment he was about to demolish every article of furniture in the room; the next instant, he was tempted to break into the apartment of the women, to which the widow had retired, and to terrify her soul into a renunciation of her capricious project; but he felt the latter would be a vain attempt, he knew the obstinacy of the widow's temper, and that all the world could not alter her determination.

He cursed her capricious madness in his heart, and left the house.

The tavern of the Sufis had become his favourite haunt; its orgies were the only escape from the reproaches which the recollection of Zuleika continually called forth.

The gentleness of her disposition, the purity of her affection, the delicacy of her beauty, and, above all, her confidence in his truth, were ever present to his mind, and were the themes of many a contrast, which filled his heart with repugnance to the woman on whose bounty he depended. Day after day he resolved to break off his intimacy with her; but his poverty suggested itself to his mind, and all the horrors of the penury he had endured, of the pangs he had suffered, when in squalid misery he was covered, like the Ashab, with the garment of contempt, forced themselves upon his recollection, and made any degradation preferable to the misery of the rich man's scorn, and the proud man's coldness.

The reflections on past misery were followed by the gloomy anticipations of future wretchedness. He gave the widow's proposition a calmer consideration. He began to think that a marriage, which was not binding, was no marriage at all; that as the law recognised not a contract between a Christian and a true believer, he might set the conscience of Miriam at rest without any prejudice to his liberty. He made up his mind, at last, to go through the ceremony. He endeavoured to banish the remembrance of Zuleika from his heart; and in order to sustain his resolution, he had recourse to the society of his dissolute companions, and with them he passed the

night preceding his nuptials. The wine cup circulated freely; the songs of the profligate Sufis commenced; the excitement of the impassioned music of the Arabs, and the glowing poetry of their bards, was visible on Mourad's cheek; his imagination became heated. He talked of an absent mistress, the splendour of whose face surpassed the moon's, whose great brilliant eyes were more beautiful than the antelope's, whose dark ringlets were like bunches of dates clustering round the head of a palm tree, whose smooth ankle was like the stem of a young plant bending over a rivulet; and whose gentle bosom was a Guslistan, a bed of roses. He filled the cup to the unmentionable fair one; he quaffed a second, and then a third; and Hafiz had never more reason to vaunt of the joy of that moment, when the self-sufficiency of intoxication rendered him independent of the prince and his ministers. When the morning dawned, Mourad was perfectly independent of the priest and the widow. No Effendi could be more joyfully self-sufficient than he was. He talked of exterminating the whole race of the infidels with his individual arm; he abused the viceroy for not making true believers of all the Christians in Scanderia; and he talked of rallying round the sultan and the sanjak, as gentlemen in the Freemason's tavern sometimes do after dinner, of "supporting the altar and the throne,"—two very pretty words in the mouth even of a brawling politician. He took another cup, and asked who was afraid of killing a consul—was he not a kafir, like the rest of his people, a wine-drinker, and an eater of swine's flesh?

But the Sufis did not seem to relish the proposition of killing a consul; they thought the Pacha was likely to be displeased; they said it would be imprudent to go so far; but before they had time to state their reasons for recommending their friend to think the matter over, the following day, Mourad was stretched on a bench, in a state very far from befitting a happy bridegroom.

It was noon before he awoke; the fumes of the wine were in his head, he seemed ill at ease, his temples throbbed, and his limbs still tottered. The exhaustion of the morning was hardly compensated by the excitement

of the evening; he had recourse to the rakkee bottle, and it was only after two copious draughts of the cordial, he sallied into the street, and proceeded to the widow's house. A more unpromising bridegroom never appeared in the nuptial chamber. He reeled into the apartment, to the great horror of the priest and the lady, who were awaiting his arrival. The former said it was impossible to perform the ceremony, the man was in such a state of intoxication.

The widow replied, his state was no impediment; it was better to come tipsy than not at all; he had probably been overcome by the heat, and had taken a little rum-and-water too much. She desired the priest to proceed with the ceremony.

"Are you ready to be married, my good man?" said the clergyman; "if you are, stand up."

"Does any one dare to say I am not ready?" stammered out the drunken man.

"Nobody, Effendi," replied the priest, "has dared to say so; stand up, I pray you, that I may perform the marriage."

"I will not stand up for any man," cried Mourad, "I must be married sitting."

The priest turned up his eyes; the widow sighed, as well she might; and the bridegroom, in a determined manner, doubled up his legs, under him, and swore he would be married sitting down.

"It is in vain to reason with him farther," said Miriam; "for heaven's sake, marry him to me, in any posture he chooses! the sooner it is over, the better."

The ceremony was performed—the bridegroom dozed: before it was finished he was fast asleep, and when he awoke the following day, he had a faint recollection of a man with a book, and a woman without a veil. He remembered something of a ring being pulled off his finger; he had some idea the man was a priest, and the woman a widow; he began to suspect she had become his wife; and in a little time he had the full overpowering certainty of the completion of his conjugal felicity. He was a married man! He took the earliest opportunity of leaving the house; he visited the tavern; the society of the

Sufis became his refuge from double "blessedness," and only three days after his marriage, he was as dissolute a man as any of his companions.

The evening of the third day succeeding his nuptials, on entering the café, the man of the house put a letter into his hand, which he informed Mourad had been left for him the preceding evening by a dervish. The man, he said, was a stranger in Scanderia, and had been for two days endeavouring to find him out, but without success, and it was only by accident he heard of him in the café, as he was on the point of sailing for El Masr. He said, the letter was of great importance, and he regretted much not seeing you before his departure—but he talked of returning in two or three weeks; and in the mean time, he asked me for a bottle of rum, which he requested me to charge to your account; and said you would not refuse to pay for it, if you were the true son of his old friend of Bournarbashi.

Mourad was a good deal puzzled when he opened the letter, to know who the dervish was; he had never known any of the name of Ali. But a word or two removed the difficulty, and rivetted his attention on the contents, which ran thus:—

"Ali, a poor servant, and of all men the most needy of God's pardon, a dervish of the orthodox sect, and a wanderer over the earth by the permission of Allah, sends these words of intelligence, accompanied by many greetings, to the pre-eminent amongst his cotemporaries; a planet amongst stars, a tower of felicity to his followers; a pattern of rare munificence to his friends, a lord of high excellence and virtuous qualities, the sure refuge of the distressed, and the supporter of the true religion —Mourad Effendi, the reputed son of Suleiman of Bournarbashi—On the morning of Wednesday, the 20th of Teshrin the first, having resolved on turning my face to the country of El Masr, I went down from Istamboul to the place of the two castles, and from thence to Bournarbashi, where I had promised to visit a friend of mine, whose acquaintance I made in the vicinity of the Arsenal, many years ago. We were bound together by the chain of friendship; and when he was torn from me, I

would have willingly followed him, but circumstances unfortunately prevented me from doing so. I told him, if ever I was in the neighbourhood of his village, I would surely visit him; and when the propitious star of my destiny led me from Stamboul to the Dardanelles, I proceeded to the place of my friend's abode.

"Chance led me to the khan of the Aga, where I had an opportunity of displaying my astrological science, in the presence of Suleiman, and of establishing myself in his favour, not only as a professor of Elm al Nogioum, but also as a hakkim.

"It happened, at the period of my visit, that the goddess Beltha having descended upon the earth, and taken possession of the shrine of beauty in Suleiman's harem, was suffering from the effects of a journey through the heavens, and was less brilliant than usual. In short, Effendi, the fair Zuleika was sick, and I was requested to attend her.

"I was an astrologer, Effendi, and had gazed on the beauty of many planets; but when I left the presence of that maiden, I felt no further pleasure in gazing on the heavenly bodies. I had seen the brightest of them, notwithstanding her beauty had been partially eclipsed.

"I was not long in attendance before I discovered that the seeds of the maiden's malady were sown in the deep soil of her bosom; and that the sickness sprung from the hebett al calb, the very grain of the heart.

"Had Enoch, the first astrologer, been present, or Sheik Daoud, the prince of physicians, they both would have been puzzled to have discovered a remedy to have cured her affection; she was in love, Effendi, and physic was of no avail. I told her I had consulted the stars, (the beautiful ones of her eyes were twinkling on me as I spoke,) and had found out her disorder, and that the hour was a propitious one for reposing confidence in a hakkim.

"The patient did not appear to be of my opinion; I therefore abstained from pressing her to disclose her secret, and talked on indifferent subjects. In the course of our conversation, I mentioned the name of my friend Michelaki, whom I had come purposely to see, and ex-

pressed the concern I felt at hearing of his death: from that moment I possessed the confidence of my patient. I learned the particulars of my poor friend's fate, and the history of his son. I was informed that you were in El Masr, and I was charged with a commission, which I had hoped to execute in person; but, for the present, am unfortunately prevented from so doing.

"I was directed to tell you, that your place had been long empty in the heart of your mistress, and that absence had done no injury to her love, however its grief might have impaired her health; that she was still attached to you, by every tie which bound her to existence: that she knew you had not ceased to love her, and that you never would forget the vows of constancy she had so often heard from your lips.

"She bade me likewise inform you, that the affairs of her father had not been prosperous; that another Aga had been appointed in his stead, and that the harem was already breaking up; that Yussuf's mother was going to her son in Smyrna; and that she was to remain with her father for a little time, and then to go to El Masr, where a kinswoman of her's had offered her an asylum, when her father was no longer able to afford her one. And she added, that the hope of her existence was the prospect of beholding you, knowing, as she did, that you still loved her, and had given the property she possessed in your heart to no other woman.

"It was the last time I saw her, she bade me tell you these things. When I visited the khan a day later, I found all the servants in confusion; the Aga was invisible; but a Tartar had brought bad news from the capital. The successor of the governor was to arrive that evening. I did not wait to see his entry into the village; the vessel I came in had taken in a cargo of wine at Tenedos, and was to sail next morning; so I quitted Bournarbashi, and arrived at Scanderia four days ago.

"I have thought fit to write you these things, lest my stay at El Masr should be longer than I thought. May the intelligence be pleasing to you! I pray Allah to guard your happiness in perpetuity; to preserve your constancy in the zenith of perfection, for the sake of that

poor maiden, who pines for you in secret; and may the genius of Amiran one day or another shed his propitious light on both your heads, and make you happy!"

Mourad finished reading the last word of the letter: his eyes remained rivetted on the scroll, as if its contents had transfixed his soul with anguish. For several minutes he gazed on the letter without moving a feature, or uttering a word: he manifested no emotion, but his breast was torn with remorse and sorrow.

A week ago, that letter would have filled his breast with rapture; but now it occasioned nothing but regret. The flower he had long gazed on with delight, whose beauty had been the food of his heart, whose fragrance had been the perfume which regaled his senses, was now placed within his grasp, but at too late a period. For, when its possession had been impeded by an intervening space, he abandoned "the rose garden of Nishapor" for the banks of the stream where the blue water lily wantons in public, and courts the hand of every passenger.

CHAPTER IV.

How many a fool has prospered in the world—how many a philosopher has died of disappointment!

THE LAMJA.

THE loss of self-esteem makes the profligate a bankrupt in principle. Mourad was now living in abject dependence on the woman he loathed—the last degree of degradation a man can submit to. Reflection became intolerable, and the society of his dissolute companions more than ever necessary to his existence. He was more intimately acquainted with Zadig than any of the others: he was a more refined debauchee, and was not destitute of all the good qualities to which his companions were strangers. He had often promised Mourad to recount his history to him, and one evening that his friend was more than usually dejected, he thought the

narrative he had promised might tend to divert his melancholy.

"From the beginning of the world," said Zadig, "children have been born and become men, have flourished to a certain age and then declined, and after a few years' dotage, have died and been buried. This was precisely the history of my father. I am not acquainted with a single circumstance connected with his life worthy of relating, except that of his leaving me his blessing to begin the world with. It was a poor fitting out for a man embarking in life, and one, too, more remarkable for his indolence than his industry; but it was better than a fortune to me. I was successful in whatever I attempted, while my neighbours ran about the bazaars, and bustled through the streets to gain their bread, I took the world easy, walked leisurely through life, never suffered myself to be put out of the way by any untoward prospect, and yet my daily bread seemed to fall into my mouth without any exertion on my part. I verily believe it came from Heaven. While the poor wretches round me were toiling from morning till night for a miserable subsistence, I enjoyed my repose; and when I was weary of it, I turned my hand to business, and every thing I did prospered.

"My repugnance to bodily exertion induced me to make choice of various sedentery employments. I set out in life as a tailor. My master died before I was six months in his service, and, as he had the reputation of dying poor, the servants and journeymen quitted the house, and even his wife did not think it worth while to make a lamentation over his remains. I sat on the shop-board, giving my fingers a holiday, and enjoying the silence that prevailed around me, interrupted only by the noise of the rats and mice beneath the boards I sat on. I thought I occasionally heard a sound like the jingling of money, as the rats ran backwards and forwards. I raised the planks, and, to my great astonishment and delight, I found the treasure of the tailor deposited between the rafters. I lost no time in taking out the money, and replacing the boards; and, as I did so, could not help thinking how fortunate it was that I was not a man

of activity, who, on the death of one master, would not have lost a moment in seeking employment with another.

"I had often envied the schoolmasters I had seen seated in the stalls of the bazaars, rocking their bodies all day long, without moving from their places, except to flog the shrieking urchins around them.

"I set up a school—the brats told me I was mad. 'Who,' said they, 'will send their children to a stranger, whom they know nothing about? How do you mean to get scholars? Have you any plan to make yourself known?' 'None in the world,' said I. 'God knows me, and that is quite sufficient. I mean to sit in my stall till it is filled with scholars, and Inshallah! that will happen before a fortnight.'

"My expectations were realized. In a little time, I had more scholars than I could teach. I was obliged to divide the system of education into two branches—the teaching and the flogging departments. I reserved the former for myself: I hired a porter for the other. Every thing went on well with me, till the house unluckily tumbled about my ears, and I was buried in the ruins. It was the most fortunate accident of my life. Before the awful crash, the wall had been seen giving way for several minutes, before it actually came down. My neighbours ran with terror in their looks to inform me of my danger: my urchins took to their heels, delighted beyond measure at the prospect of a holiday, while I sat deliberating on the urgency of the danger, preparing to make up my mind to walk out of the house; but before my resolution was formed, down came the roof about my ears, and for the first time in my life I felt somewhat disconcerted. A beam had luckily fallen transversely across the stall, and beneath this I lay, without sustaining any injury. I heard the groans of a person near me. 'Who, in the name of Allah,' said I, 'groans so piteously?'

"'Oh!' replied the person who was addressed, 'for the sake of the nine wives of the prophet, help me to get out of these ruins. I am the rich widow who lives on the first floor. I will give you half my fortune, if you only enable me to rise from the dust that is smothering me.'

"'Ah! my good woman,' said I, 'though you had all the riches in the world, you are a poor woman, because you have no patience. Can you not wait quietly a few minutes, till the neighbours dig us out? And if the dust is troublesome, had you only taken the precaution to have put on your amsak, you would not be incommoded, as you now are, by the rubbish.'

"The tranquillity of my tone encouraged the widow very much; but she still besought me to help her to rise, and in consideration of half the fortune she promised for my assistance, I thought I could not do less than have the humanity to drag her from the suffocating heap of ruins which encompassed her. She was a large woman, and it required almost superhuman exertions to disengage her from the mass of lath and plaister under which she lay. I had to put every muscle of my body in requisition, before I succeeded in getting her under the beam, where we both remained, till an aperture was made over our heads, and we had the good fortune to escape.

"Any other man would have been ruined by this accident. My school was broken up—the furniture of my stall was demolished. Before ten days I was married to the widow, and before two years she died, and left me all her money.

"I felt a strong inclination to become an Imam: it was a lazy life, and it was a genteel state of idleness. I turned my attention to the mosque, but I found I had to read ninety-nine commentaries on the first passage in the Koran. I felt my vocation did not lie that way.

"I had placed my money in the hands of a Jew banker—ill fortune to all his tribe!—the plague arrived from El Masr—my knave of a seraff was the first to catch it; he died, and left his affairs in a deranged state. The creditors ran to his house to seize on whatever they could lay their hands on. I staid at home; they had the trouble of seizing the effects, and got the plague for their pains; in three days' time they were all in paradise.

"There is no profession requires a smaller capital

than that of a hakkim; and none, perhaps, whose attainment demands a smaller outlay of intellect. Two qualities are essential to him—the first is impudence, the second is just so much knowledge of human nature as is sufficient to humbug humanity. You need not stare at the assertion. Did you ever know a man of any modesty thrive in the profession? Did you ever hear of a patient who was so reasonable in infirmity as not to make deception incumbent on the hakkim, Staffer Allah?

"I set out for Damiat: a doctor is never esteemed in his own house; he has no reputation in his native city. I found an innumerable faculty in my new place of residence. A fool would have despaired of success; I was delighted with the prospect. Do hakkims, said I, congregate where there is no sickness? Do they swarm where there are no patients? I sought out the quarter of the town where the greatest number of physicians lived, and was lucky enough to find a house situated between two doctors' abodes. They were at war, of course, so they had made various attempts to poison each other, but neither of them succeeded. Each endeavoured to induce me to espouse his quarrel; I affected to do so, and became the friend of both. One said, 'Ah! my dear colleague, your neighbour is a disgrace to the faculty; he knows nothing of his art; he says a fever in the blood is a cold disorder, and professed to think so, because the first symptom of the malady is a fit of shivering. Does such a wretch deserve to live?"

"'Undoubtedly not,' replied I, 'the worst poison in your pharmacy is too good for so impious a physician.'

"I visited the other; he gave Allah thanks for affording him the acquaintance of so distinguished a disciple of Avicenna.

"'I pity you from my soul,' said he, 'to have such a knave for a next-door neighbour. Would you believe it possible? he actually asserts, that fever is a hot disease, and the only argument he can adduce in support of his opinion is, that, as a horse cannot gallop

without being heated, the blood cannot course through the veins with the rapidity of a dromedary, without becoming *suknè kitir*, very, very hot. Did you ever hear such an absurdity? Would to Heaven the Cadi had the power of punishing a doctrine like this, which strikes at the root of all morality.'

"'I thought,' said I, 'the interests of medicine were all that suffered by its propagation; but, no doubt, both are intimately connected, and it is impossible for a bad physician to be a moral man.'

"'Perfectly so,' replied the hakkim, 'why, therefore, should he be permitted to live, to the detriment of religion and humanity?'

"'Why, indeed, should he?' I exclaimed, 'on what fitter subject could the effects of a new remedy be tried; every physician is of necessity an experimentalist, and though the lower animals of the same species do not prey on one another, men do; and as for hakkims, they mangle one another without mercy.'

[Had Zadig been a giaour, he would not have been puzzled to have found out the *unde derivatur* of a doctor's title; he would have traced it, of course, to hack him.]

"My words," continued Zadig, "afforded the physician great comfort. He began to reflect that doctors, as well as patients, are made of penetrable stuff, and that he might find the means of prescribing for his rival."

"'But tell me, my good friend,' said he, 'your opinion of fever; do you not coincide in opinion with me? You are, of course, aware, that every doctor in Arabia and El Masr, from Abou Sina down to Sheik Daoud, has written a treatise on fever, and each has propounded a doctrine of his own. Some say the disorder is in the blood, others in the nerves; pray what part do you think is the seat of the disorder?'

"'If I must speak my mind on the subject,' said I, putting on one of my most solemn looks, 'I must declare I am unanimously of the opinion of both, and believe fever to be a nervous, as well as a sanguineous malady.'

"I had generally found the medium, in conflicting opinions, the vantage ground in a discussion; I therefore made it the rule of my life to avoid extremes, and this is the secret of all my success. The doctor had never dreamed of a man siding with both the opponents in a dispute; he looked at me with surprise.

" 'But tell me, I beseech you,' said he, 'what do you think of the nature of the disease? You surely cannot agree with both; it must either be hot, or it must be cold?'

" 'On that point, my learned colleague,' said I, 'I do not coincide with either: it does not follow that a malady must be cold, because it is not hot.—(The hakkim stared.)—No such thing. I believe the disease is neither one nor the other—I hold it to be—lukewarm.'

" The doctor was utterly confounded. I saw the rage of an outraged theorist swelling in his throat. He tried to be calm.

" 'And the cure, Effendi!' he exclaimed, 'how, in the name of the prophet, blessed be his memory! do you accomplish that? There are but two classes of remedies, hot and cold. Tell me, by the soul of your father, which do you employ?'

" 'I do not employ either of them,' I replied; 'I am nature's nurse-tender, and not the slave of art.'

" 'Why, then,' cried the doctor, "do you call yourself a hakkim? if you administer no remedies, you can do no good to your patients.'

" 'I do not try,' said I; 'my object is, 'to avoid doing harm; and I have the satisfaction to think, that no one can accuse me of killing my patients, as my only drugs are bread pills.'

" 'Beard of Mahomet!' cried the hakkim, 'do you not let them die? and is it not all one whether they go to eternity on bread pills, or the most approved prescriptions? But now that we have discussed the theory of fever, its seat, the nature of its symptoms, and its treatment, perhaps it would be as well to inquire, what is fever?'

" This was rather an important question, and my opponent thought it was a poser. I pushed my turban off my forehead; I took a draught of water; I gave a pre-

paratory hem, and I delivered my sentiments on the subject in these words:

"'What is fever!—I thank the apostle for you; for he of whom you have asked the question, has made the disease the study of his life; he has read every volume of the twenty thousand books which have been written on the subject; he has conversed with every doctor of eminence, who has observed the disorder; and if there be a physician in the universe capable of enlightening your mind on the topic you have started, I am he.'

"The hakkim cocked his ears; he put the hollow of his hand to the lobe of each, lest he should lose a sound. 'Know, then, Effendi,' I exclaimed, 'that the question you propose is one which has puzzled the faculty for three thousand years, and here, for the first time since the very beginning of the world, is it about to be solved.

"'A fever, Effendi, whatever the million of fools, who are called physicians, may say to the contrary, is nothing more nor less——'

"'Speak, for the love of Allah,' cried the hakkim, almost breathless with impatience.

"'Than a fever, Effendi,' I continued, 'you may take my word for the fact.'

"I heard a groan uttered as I concluded my definition; I did not wait to hear a second; I gathered up the skirts of my beneesh with great dignity, and quitted the house."

CHAPTER V.

Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprights,
And show the best of our delights;
I'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform the antique round;
That this great king may kindly say,
Our duties did his welcome pay.

MACBETH.

ZADIG, having refreshed himself with a cup of the sweet waters of Roknabad, continued his story.

"My friends, as usual, interfered with my projects. They said I was mad to sit down as a practitioner, between two physicians whom they were pleased to consider the two old stools between which the new comer was to fall. The stools gave way, but I contrived to keep my legs, and in a little time I had all the patients of both my neighbours. I used no foul means to inveigle them from my rivals. On the contrary, when they hunted the coffee-houses daily for invalids, I staid at home; and though it was long before a patient came, and instead of getting a fee from the first, I was robbed of my watch, which happened to be on the divan, I still despaired not. I knew that the novelty of my doctrines must ultimately attract attention; and, in order to give them more weight, I affected an eccentricity of manner, and a brusqueness of expression, which imposed wonderfully on the well-dressed rabble. My address was the very reverse of the common obsequiousness of the faculty. I was rough; nay, I was rude; and, when I thought it necessary, I was brutal; and every body was delighted with my originality. The most delicate ladies in Damiat were charmed with the frankness of my demeanour; they talked of me; I made my fortune.

"Some evil star threw an Arnaout soldier in my path: he consulted me about a pain in his head. I told him not to bother me about his head, but to speak of his stomach. He knocked me down at my own door. I crawled into my house as well as I was able, but he was at my heels.

I entreated of him to go about his business, but he refused to budge till I remunerated him for the trouble he had had in chastising my insolence. I went with a heavy heart to my haznah, and took some bergoots from my money-bag. He snatched bag and all out of my grasp, and made off with his plunder.

"I had unfortunately walked all my life, and had never been guilty of so ungentlemanly an act as running. I therefore walked after the robber, calling out, 'Thieves! thieves! as I went along; but he was out of sight. I thought it useless to fatigue myself further. I returned to my habitation. I saw soldiers running in all directions. As I approached my dwelling, I beheld my neighbours flying before them, calling for mercy. An insurrection had broken out, the Delhi soldiers had mutinied for their pay, they had pillaged the district, and for three days the quarter I resided in was delivered up to their fury.

"The Pacha sent troops to repress the disorder, the Delhis were put down, but they were suffered to depart with their plunder. When I entered my house, I found it completely gutted. I went to the governor's house to make my unavailing complaint, and the first soldier I beheld standing before the Aga was the very Arnaout who had stolen my money-bag.

"'O, Effendi,' I exclaimed, 'a robber of the viceroy's subjects is standing in your presence; this man has robbed my haznah; search him, I beseech you, and if you find a bag containing gold on his person, with my name written on the outside of my sack, punish him, I beseech you, and give me back my substance.'

"A long discussion ensued—the man protested he had never before beheld me—he was ultimately searched, and my property restored, with the exception of a few mahmoudies.

"I had great reason to be thankful for not having pursued the robber, as another man would have done, and thereby recovered it. Had I done so, it now would have been in Barr al Cham.

"I lived in the most perfect state of earthly happi-

ness for two years, that is to say, of perpetual repose, till my fortune was spent, and I was compelled to turn my thoughts to some new occupation. My old one had become intolerable since the day I had been beaten by the Arnaout—that awful event had sickened me of the healing art.

"From medicine I turned my attention to magic—it was a natural transition—and I had every reason to believe that a man who had been successful in one science, was likely to flourish in the exercise of the other. Of the different sorts of magic practised by the Arabs, the Elm el kef pleased me most; and that sort of chiromancy which the serpent-eaters practise appearing to me to be attended with the least trouble in attaining the knowledge of, I made choice of it. I took lessons for a week from one of the professors, and at the expiration of that time, I was initiated into the mysteries of the sect of the Psylles. I attended their assembly, which was held in one of the ruins without the walls of the town. Their chief gave me an encouraging reception; he was dressed in a long white robe, painted over with the forms of snakes, and other venomous reptiles. Having deprived me of my outer garments, he addressed me on the sacred duties of the profession I had the felicity to attain; but I never could learn what the sacred duties were, though I was threatened with all sorts of horrors if I dared to divulge them. The ceremony of my initiation terminated by the chief's spitting into my mouth, and ordering the feat of handling the serpents, and afterwards of eating them, to be performed before me. The leather bag containing the serpents was produced, the reptiles were taken out, and irritated with sharp points till they hissed, and coiled themselves round and round, and stood erect. I remembered the proverb, 'that a serpent which is covered with a skin needs no slippers for his feet.'

"The chief now approached one of the reptiles, and began to throw about his arms, and to distort his features, and to utter unintelligible expressions, in a wild, incoherent manner, till his body after a short time became violently agitated and convulsed. Then, in his

pious fury, he seized hold of the serpent, whose gums had been previously beaten with a hammer, and caressed it, and suffered it to wind about his person, and then taking it in his hands, he commenced biting the animal, and tearing it with his teeth. At length, exhausted with the violent convulsions he had thrown himself into, he sunk on the floor, and after a little time came to himself.

"The same ceremony was then gone through by two of my companions, and lastly by myself, but not before each of us demanded of the chief to breathe upon us; and when we were exhausted, we were only restored by another application of his breath.

"I forthwith provided myself with a bag of serpents, and commenced business on my own account. I had associated myself in trade with a Zinganee woman, who passed for the greatest serpent eater in Egypt; she had moreover the faculty of speaking with two voices, an endowment which I resolved to turn to a profitable account. I instructed her in the doctrines of the sect of the Munasahee, whose disciples believe in "the pilgrimage of souls." I informed her that many of the most learned men in the empire were Munasahees, and asserted, that when a man departs this life, his soul immediately enters the body of that beast whose nature resembles most the disposition of the deceased. That the soul of a brave man was to animate the breast of a lion—that of a coward, the body of a hare—the spirit of a generous man, the breast of a horse—and that of a lascivious man, the form of a goat.

"I carried the pilgrimage of souls a step further; I taught the Zinganee to believe, or at least to affirm, that the spirit of the celebrated Sheik Abdallah had taken possession of her bosom, and had endowed her with the gift of prophecy. I was a partisan of the Beys who were at that period opposed to Mahommed Ali; and as the Mamalukes had many friends in the country, I thought it would be a profitable speculation to stir up the rabble to a revolt, by causing the Sheik Abdallah to vent his disaffection and discontent, through the lips of my little Zinganee.

"Having given her a lesson in the art of conjuring up the dead in a dark room, and practising ventriloquism at the same time, I set out with her on her prophetic mission, and in a little time the fame of the female saint was spread over the country. The Pacha at length heard of her wonderful prophecies, and he saw through the drift of them. He repeatedly expressed a wish to have the supernatural woman brought before him, in order to consult the Sheik Abdallah on an affair of importance, but I took care to keep her out of his way. I feared, though all the people of El Masr were persuaded of the sanctity of the prophetess, that the sceptical viceroy had no faith in her mission. The event which I long feared at length happened—a chiaous conducted both of us to the citadel, where we were ushered into the presence of the Pacha, before a multitude of soldiers and attendants, who all firmly believed in the supernatural powers of my companion.

"'My good woman,' said the viceroy, addressing the prophetess, 'the fame of your superior sanctity has reached my ears; your reputation as a predictor of future events is well known to me. I would fain have a conference with you, and a conversation with the Sheik Abdallah, whose spirit I understand not only animates your breast, but whose body you have the power of raising from the dead, and of giving the touch of his five fingers to the awe-struck individual who consults you. I am longing to hear the voice of this poor Sheik who is shut up in your stomach—give me some proof of your sacred character.'

"Not one of the attendants appeared to relish the profanity of the viceroy; and when he commanded her to stir up the Sheik, before he had the trouble of doing so with his sword, every countenance expressed the horror of its owner at the impiety of the Pacha.

"My poor Zinganee was so overcome with terror, that she was unable to speak. I trembled for the consequences; but I still had the presence of mind to step forward, and endeavoured to make the viceroy forgetful of his purpose, by addressing his highness, in the jargon of the magicians, on the impossibility of com-

pelling a spirit to appear, without the necessary privacy, and preparatory abstinence, mortification, and watching, which was essential to the first degree of initiation in magic.

"'Is it so, friend?' replied the viceroy. 'You have probably yourself only gained the first step of knowledge: you look like a man who deserves to be promoted: I mean to qualify you for the last: for privacy, there is no place like a dungeon; for abstinence, there is nothing to be compared to a jail allowance; for mortification, there is nothing to equal the bastinado; and as for watching, a mat on a stone floor is the most appropriate couch in the universe. Look to him, soldiers,' continued he, 'while I proceed to another chamber with this inspired woman.' He then bade her follow him, and left the room. When he got to the private chamber adjoining the divan, the poor Zinganee prepared for the awful performance she had to go through under such unpromising circumstances.

"'You must suffer me, Effendi,' said she, 'to close the window shutters, for it is only in utter darkness the spirits of an obscure world make their appearance upon this. Heaven grant that your highness will have the courage to encounter the terrific vision of the Sheik! Heaven grant that the appalling accents of the deceased Abdallah may not so horrify you as to deprive you of reason! And oh, Effendi! if it so happen that the spectres which sometimes attend on my familiar spirit, should arise from their reeking graves, and stand before you, hideous corpses as they are, more horrible to the sight than the two livid angels who visit the sepulchres of the dead! for the sake of the apostle, Effendi, endeavour to support the sight with courage; and though the gibbering gouls dance round them as they rise, seize on their victims, and begin their foul banquet in your presence, still must you endeavour to look on with firmness: for some, Effendi, have gone mad with terror, and never recovered their wits after the appalling spectacle I presented to their eyes. Are you ready, Effendi, to undergo the trial?'

"'Proceed,' said the Pacha, 'I am quite ready: could

you not allow a very little bit of the window-shutter to be left open. In utter darkness, as we now are, it will be impossible to behold these gouls and spectres which you speak of.'

"'Fear not, Effendi,' replied the Zinganee; 'their flaming eyes will throw light enough around them.

"'Now, in the name of Enoch, the father of magic and with the divine half of Golam Tohal, the child of Saturn, I call on Giafar, the master spirit of Nogioum el kef, to obey my bidding. Arise, Giafar, prince of magicians, from the seventh story of the abode of Eblis! come to me in the shape of the fiend of darkness, with the horrible star of the Acadtein on your forehead, with the head and tale of the infernal dragon on its disk! Arise, Giafar, in the name of the patriarch Suleiman, the father of the Edheemi, who conversed familiarly with the birds of the air, and the wild beasts of the field; instantly appear, and by the power you possess over the dead, call forth the spirit of the Sheik Abdallah, whose dwelling is in the breast of the Zinganee.'

Whether the invocation of the demon was followed by the appearance of Giafar, or not, the Pacha was not suffered to ascertain; but the voice of Abdallah he heard distinctly calling on him by name, to listen to his words. It was a deep, hollow voice, whose sepulchral tones terrified even the stout heart of Mohammed Ali. 'Hearken to the words of the Sheik Abdallah,' were the first sounds it uttered; 'and if you are wise despise not his warning. Beware of treachery! blood will have blood! the cry of the murdered is not to be suppressed; even when your sword has drained his heart, his supplications to Heaven are not to be restrained. Beware of treachery; for so sure as the hand of Abdallah is now placed on yours, in confirmation of his words, perfidy will one day place your soul in peril.

"The Pacha suddenly seized on the hand of the Sheik Abdallah; he called in the attendants; at the same time, the window-shutters were thrown open,

and the hand of the trembling Zinganee was found in the Pacha's grasp.

"'Behold,' said he, as he dragged forth the impostor, 'the spirit of the Sheik Abdallah; behold the magician, whose fame is spread from one extremity of El Masr to the other: observe the confusion of the sorceress, who has had the ability to make fools of the greatest philosophers in my dominions. By the beard of the prophet, there is but one man in Egypt, who possesses a grain of common sense.

"'Soobagi, I say,' bring the sack and a strong cord immediately; the sorceress shall have a bath, and a cold one it shall be; the spirit of the Sheik Abdallah is in no danger of being drowned: if she be a magican, the woman can save herself; but if she be an impostor, so holy a man as the Sheik never suffered such a wretch to be the kebla of his soul's pilgrimage. Away with her, Soobagi; throw her into the river: on the peril of your life, see that it be done forthwith.'

"The sack was brought in; my poor companion was thrust into it before my eyes; the Soobagi lifted his burden on his shoulders; the suffocating shrieks of the poor girl rung in my ears; the motion of her struggling limbs was still visible, when she was carried out of the room; and in a few minutes the poor Zinganee was at the bottom of the Nile.

"I was ordered to receive five hundred blows on the bare feet, and to be kept to hard labour in the powder mills for two years. My heart died away when I heard the latter part of the sentence. I petitioned for a remission of my punishment.' 'By the glory of your house, Effendi,' I exclaimed, 'let me have a thousand lashes; but spare me the torture of the two years' labour.'

"'Kef,' said the viceroy, 'let him have his pleasure; give him a thousand lashes, and let the marass go. What have you got there in that leather sack? Let us see the contents.'

"One of the servants took the bag off my shoulders; my serpents were exhibited, and the Pacha, who a minute ago seemed almost choked with rage, was now convulsed with laughter.

"Well, kelp of a juggler!' he exclaimed; 'let us have a proof of your skill: talk to your serpents, and tell me what they say of the fate of your companion.'

"I instantly commenced putting the most adroit of my reptiles to his evolutions. I caused it to wind round my arm till its head was close to my ear, and then I commenced our private conversation, which of course, was not audible to those around us. After a little time, I informed his highness of the communication that the serpent had made to me.

"'Oh, most illustrious of princes,' said I, 'from the beginning of the world, the serpent has been the most sacred of animals. He was the favourite of Howa, amongst all the animals of the field; he was a god in the land which now has the blessing of your government: in Ethiopia he was the emblem of eternity; in the country of the Roumi he was the effigy of health: amongst the people of the Yahoudi he was the object of idolatry; in all times he has been worshipped for his wisdom: and even now he has given a new proof of his sagacity. He says, there is one man in El Masr, who deserves to be called a Moslem; and that man is Mohammed Ali: and there was one woman who stood in his presence within this hour, and she deserves to die, because she was an impostor.

"'Wallah el nebi!' cried the Pacha; 'it is a brave serpent and it speaks wisely; it would be a downright shame to bastinade the owner of so inspired a reptile. Go, kafir, and buy a new bag for it to dwell in.'

A hundred piastres were put into my hand, and I was thrust out of the palace.

CHAPTER VI.

I mean to write a book in prose,
And print it too, as I propose,
In quarto, with a long description
Of things outlandish and Egyptian,
Concerning consuls; it shall be
Called "Dogberry's Grand Jubilee,"
Or "Man dressed in a little brief
Authority" run mad; each leaf
Shall have a sketch quite Asiatic,
In Cruikshank's manner most emphatic.

THE BARBARESQUE.

"I RETURNED to Damiat to disinter the wealth which had been collected by the industry of my poor companion; and the only consolation I had for her loss was the reflexion that the dissolution of our partnership was followed by no division of the profits—I pocketed all.

"During my residence in El Masr, having associated much with the dissolute infidels of that place, I picked up a tolerable knowledge of Italian, which I now resolved to turn to account. The Levantine rajyah, you are aware, are the consuls for the Christian nations in Damiat. The one who represented the French was in want of a dragoman, and he was in want of money, and he was very willing to give the office to a man who had a dozen purses to lend him. I became a dragoman, and in a little time I was plunged in a labyrinth of intrigue and jealousy, such as I never heard, read, or dreamt of, before I became an interpreter to a Christian consul. There were four giaours of them, English, French, Austrian, and Russian; they were all at war, and would have willingly cut the throats of one another, to have shown their respect for their different bandieras. The consul who had most flags on his house top, had the most honour; a consul of three flags took precedence of one who had only two; and he who had only one, moved heaven and earth together, to purchase a new bandierae.

"The warfare of the four great powers kept the unfortu-

nate governor in perpetual perplexity; the animosity between the French and the English had been the most violent of all, and the most fatal in its consequences.

"At the period of my entering into the service of the French, my master had just lost his Levantine secretary, who was supposed to have been poisoned by the Greek who filled the office of grammatikos to the English.

"My predecessor was in prison for splitting open the head of the janissary of our antagonist; in short, the servants were so involved in the quarrels of their masters, that it was impossible, in any part of the Turkish empire, to have a livelier sentiment of the insecurity of human life.

"A few days after my commencing the duties of my office, I was summoned to the divan of the consul. I found all his kinsmen and 'subjects' collected round him, with looks of such importance, that I had very little doubt but that the news of a revolution had arrived, or that a war was on the eve of breaking out between the sultan and the infidels.

"'Yes,' said the consul, as I entered the room, in a slow and solemn voice, 'to-morrow will be a day the most eventful that ever dawned on the interests of our bandiera: to-morrow will decide the important question, whether the snow-white flag of France, or the detestable jack of Britain, is to triumph in Damiat; to-morrow, my friends and subjects, will settle the awful question of precedence between France and England, at the divan of the governor.

"'Come forward, Zadig,' he continued, 'and give your opinion on this momentous subject; much will depend on you. Were it only possible for you to keep the grammatikos out of the way, during the ceremony, our success would be certain. You must know, Zadig, that the Russian consul (confusion to his flag!) has lately purchased a new bandiera from the consul-general of Spain, who represents his nation in Scanderia; and to-morrow is the day for reading the firman in the presence of the governor; for firing the one-and-twenty guns, and dressing the flag-staffs of the different consulates. We are all to assemble at the governor's divan at noon;

and the grand question to be decided is, which of us is entitled to the highest place on the divan. Hitherto our arch enemy of England has managed to take the upper seat on every public occasion; he had six flag-staffs on his house. I was but a consul of five nations, and was forced to yield the place of honour to him of Britain; but, thank Heaven! I have succeeded in purchasing the pope's flag, so that I am now on a par with my antagonist; and when we assemble to-morrow at the door of the governor, he whose friends muster strongest—he whose dragoman is the most subtle—he whose janissary is the most audacious—and lastly, he whose gold is most liberally lavished amongst the servants of the Aga, is the consul who is destined to carry the day, and to take the upper seat. That devil of a grammatikos is the opponent I most dread; that he poisoned my secretary, I verily believe; and that he would endeavour to do as much for you, I am sadly afraid; God grant I may be mistaken; but if it were possible by any means to get rid of his annoyance, it would be a great blessing. How long, pray, my friend Zadig, did you tell me you had practised medicine? It is a great pity we have no skilful doctors in Damiat. Have you relinquished your profession altogether?'

"'Not altogether, Effendi,' said I; 'if a patient do stumble in my way, if it were only out of humanity, I cannot refuse to prescribe for him. This grammatikos is not sick, therefore there is no possibility of physicking him. A Greek, Effendi, is the most cautious sick man of all the sons of men; he hates physic, but he loves money; and a bribe is an argument which he is unable to resist. Did it never occur to you, Effendi, to try to get this fellow to betray his master; or, if you did make the attempt, are you sure you offered enough to come up to his price?'

"'It is a noble thought,' exclaimed the consul; 'it never entered my head to make the attempt you speak of; but if you think five hundred piastres would do any good with the villain, they are at your disposal.'

"'Make the five hundred a thousand,' said I, 'and I

will undertake to purchase all the souls of the whole tribe of the grammatikos.'

"'Be it so,' replied the consul: 'I leave the matter to your management; but remember, I conjure you, that the honour and happiness of my existence depend on the result.'

"I lost no time in informing myself of the haunts of the grammatikos; I found him in a wine-shop, in the neighbourhood of his master's house. My person was luckily unknown to him, so that I had an opportunity of entering into conversation with him without exciting a prejudice against me at the very outset of my attack.

"'There will be great fantasia in the town to-morrow, howadgi,' said I; 'do you mean to be present at the reading of the firman at the divan? As usual, I suppose there will be a scramble among the dogs for the first bone; which do you think is likely to get it?'

"'God knows best,' said the Greek; 'my master ought to get it; and if it be not for the new dragoman of the enemy, who I understand is a more determined and troublesome knave than his predecessor, we should be sure of victory.'

"'Is there no means,' said I, 'of bribing the fellow, if his opposition cannot be otherwise disposed of? I think I would undertake for a thousand piastres, to buy him over to your master.'

"'Hang him,' replied the grammatikos; 'a thousand piastres indeed—a thousand grains of poison rather, for the kafir.'

"'Ten, Effendi,' replied I, 'might answer all the purpose. I wonder what he would say to you were he to hear your kind intentions towards him? I will tell you what his words would be: grammatikos, he would say, you and I are strangers to each other; we have had no quarrel—we have no flags to fight for—no bandieras of our own to brawl about. We are the dogs of two unbelieving masters, and it is the height of folly for us to worry one another in the porch, because our owners happen to be at war. It is downright stupidity to be spoiling our tempers and murdering our peace, because our masters are continually squabbling. Better is it, my

friend, to turn their bickerings to our profit. For example, to-morrow they are preparing for a mortal conflict, and the matter in dispute is a ridiculous point of etiquette. They both confide the management of their intrigues to us—they know there is no perfidy to be planned that must not be executed by us. Suppose I were to persuade my master that a thousand piastres would be sure to buy you over to his interest, and that you were to do the same, in my regard, we might pocket the bribe, and then sell our joint influence with the Aga and his people, to the Austrian consul, and divide a thousand piastres more between us. And when our French and English masters are struggling in the anti-chamber for the honour of the first entry, let the Austrian slip in between them and terminate the dispute.'

"'A beautiful thought,' exclaimed the Greek, crossing himself devoutly, 'by the intercession of the Pania, the preserver; by Saint Simon, the seaman; by St. George, the rider upon sea and land, and by St. Nicolo, the wonder-worker, this is an exquisite stratagem; would to the Madonna that the dragoman of our adversary had the grace to think or speak as you do.'

"'Set your heart at peace, my friend,' replied I; 'I am the man you talked of poisoning just now; I am the dragoman of the French consul. Here are a thousand piastres, which my master has sent to bribe you: you ought to have no difficulty in procuring as many from your employer; and, if you are at leisure, you will lose no time in seeking an interview with our brother of Austria, and if we only act to one another like honest interpreters, we shall be able to betray the interests of our masters with great advantage to ourselves.'

"The grammatikos was a very reasonable sort of man. In the course of half an hour we understood each other perfectly.

"We succeeded with the Austrian, and we returned to our respective masters. I persuaded mine that I had gained over the enemy, the grammatikos did as much with his, and both the poor consuls went to bed in sweet security, and dreamt of the triumph, of which they no longer had a doubt, till morning.

"The awful hour at length arrived for attending the divan of the governor. My consul was dressed in a new suit of Levantine apparel, splendid beyond any king I had ever seen; but, instead of a turban, he wore a three-cocked hat, of extraordinary dimensions, a privilege which no rayah, except a consular one, is allowed. You cannot imagine how ridiculous he looked; he was neither like a Frangi nor a Levantine. His vice-consul, a poor wretch, who had famine in his looks, was deprived of his tattered djebee and sherwals, and attired in a grenadier's coat and a naval officer's hat, and had a sword of inordinate length dangling between his legs, which threatened to lay him prostrate every moment. I followed next, then came the janissary, and lastly, the subjects and relations of the great man.

"The procession of the representative of England was somewhat similar; but, if possible, more grotesque.

"From his consulate to the divan of the Aga was hardly twenty paces distance; yet the consul, and five of his friends, who were typical of his five bandieras, arrived on horseback, and were followed by a terrible multitude of Ionian and Maltese sailors, who shouted at every step, 'Long live the English consul! a thousand years' happiness to the consul of five nations!'

"We had no sailors to shout for us, and this gave a great preponderance in public opinion to our adversary.

"The other consuls arrived without any acclamations. The gallery leading to the ante-chamber was the important pass which, being too narrow to allow two persons to walk abreast, gave a decided advantage to the party stationed next the door.

When the English consul alighted, he was detained for several minutes at the door by a host of Levantines, who thronged round him to kiss his hand, and to manifest the high respect they entertained for his person. This delay gave us time to ascend the stairs, but we had not reached the landing, when the English consul and his followers rushed up after us, and in their endeavours to get before us, they completely blocked up the narrow passage.

"I had leisure to observe the singular costume of the

consul of six nations, as he was pre-eminently called; it was the strangest attire I ever beheld. The consular uniform of the representative of England's majesty consisted of a scarlet coat, with an enormous pair of epaulets, manufactured under the consul's immediate eye. The coat, I was informed, was such as huntsmen wear in England, and had been sent out to the poor consul by some wag of a traveller, who had described it as a field-officer's uniform. His pantaloons were of sky blue cloth, fitted closely to the legs, and braided up the seams with gold lace. Like his rival, he sported a cocked hat, but his was surmounted by a plume of ostrich feathers, which waved at least two feet above the head of the little person of the consul. A broad-sword was girded round his loins, and a large pair of English pistols were peeping from the side pockets of his coat.

"The grammatikos was dressed like a Frangi, that is to say, he wore a small brimmed hat, beneath which his bushy locks fell over his shoulders in great profusion. His long-tailed coat had an extraordinary effect, when observed in conjunction with a pair of wide Turkish trowsers; being the only part of his original costume which he still retained.

"A Maltese captain had furnished him with a cutlass, which he assured him was the same as the officers in Malta wore at court; and, altogether, he made a better figure than the vice-consul himself, who was accoutred in an American uniform, which he had procured in Scanderia, from a vessel of war of the United States.

"There could not have been less than from eighty to a hundred persons crowded together in the passage leading to the divan, obstructing the way altogether, by their endeavours to precede each other. The rival consuls did not fail to regard each other with looks of deadly animosity, while they remained blocked up in the entrance. The servants and followers of both, manifested their hate by less equivocal signs of enmity; they elbowed, jostled, and even spat upon one another; and when the chiaous of the Aga came at last to endeavour to force an entrance, a scuffle ensued, in which the belligerents were prevented by their proximity from deal-

ing any mortal blows, but they clawed one another's faces in a pitiable manner; and the unfortunate representatives of the four great nations came in for their share of the violence, both of their adherents and antagonists. Some malevolent knave contrived to extricate his arm, and deal such a blow on the three-cornered cocked hat of my poor master, as completely buried his face in the crown.

"Our vice-consul's coat was ripped up the back the whole length of the seam; I saw the grammatikos tugging at one skirt of it, and his janissary at the other pulling in an opposite direction, till it was entirely slit up. For my part, I kept my eyes on the gold epaulets of the English consul all the time of the scuffle; and when I had an opportunity, I made a desperate pull at one of them, but unfortunately, the tailor had stitched it so firmly, that I found it impossible to tear it off; but I still kept my hold, and I found it drawing out to an interminable length as I dragged it, till at last the shreds were several feet long; and despairing to overcome their tenacity, I relinquished my grasp. I made a fruitless attempt on the other, but it was attended with the same result.

"I was so enraged at my disappointment, that I took my snuff-box from my bosom, and flung the contents in the eyes of the consul and his people. This was a master-stroke of policy; the enemy was completely blinded. I gave a wink at the grammatikos, to discharge another box-full in the face of my party. My poor master did not require it, for his face was still buried in his cocked hat; so that we had now no difficulty in thrusting forward the heavy body of Austria into the divan. One wedge or two taken out of the dense multitude, enabled the mass to move onward; and in a few minutes they were all thrown into the presence of the governor, in a state of terrible disorder.

"I endeavoured to disengage the head of my consul from the tight crown of his beaver; but in the attempt, the point of his nose got entangled in the lining, and it was only by a gentle rotatory motion, that I suc-

ceeded in disembarrassing him at last. The grammatikos was employed in throwing water in the eyes of Great Britain; while our janissary was endeavouring to keep the two portions of the vice-consul's coat in apposition.

"When something like order was restored, the two rival consuls pressed forward towards the divan; but the bone of contention was picked up. There sat Austria in the place of honour, as tranquilly as if nothing had happened; while the astonished rivals looked daggers at the usurper, and at one another, and then took their places on the divan. They endeavoured to restore the dignity of their looks, and the decorous disposition of their garments, but it was a vain attempt. Even the grave Aga did violence to his features, and smiled at the ridiculous appearance of the infidels.

"After the firman was read, and the consul was felicitated on his acquisition of a new bandiera by every individual present, from the governor down to the last soldier, each of whom expected to be paid for his congratulation, the Aga ordered the second cup of coffee to be presented to the guests, an act which was equivalent to a general dismissal.

"The consuls took the hint: after being overpowered with expressions of friendship and affection for their respective nations, they took their leave. As we left the door, the English functionary mounted his horse, and came galloping in the direction we were going. The street was exceedingly dirty, and in that part where we had drawn up to let the horsemen pass us, the puddle was ankle deep. When the insolent cavalier got close abreast of us, he set his horse curvetting in the mud, till my master and his cortege were splashed all over in a most pitiable manner. He then galloped away, leaving us to shower maledictions on him and his six nations.

"We returned home. Every clerk in the cancellerria was set to work to write depositions of the outrage committed on the consul. Four-and-twenty were duly sworn to and attested, touching the insult the French nation had sustained at the hands of England,

and magnifying the splashing affair into a deliberate pelting, not only of the consul, but even of the bandiera. On that one point I had to procure no less than nineteen perjuries, and after making protests and counter-protests, statements and counter-statements for six months, the cause came on before the consul-general in Scanderia, and our adversary finally triumphed.

"All this time the grammatikos and myself were enriching ourselves at the expense of our masters. Every day there was somebody to be bribed, or some falsehood to be sworn to, and there was nothing to be done without money; and as it passed through our hands, our palms became like sponges, parting by drops with what we imbibed by seas.

"After pocketing twenty thousand piastres, I grew tired of the diplomacy in Damiat. I laughed in my sleeve, like every other Moslem in Egypt, at the consuls, their squabbles and intrigues; and, bidding adieu to my master, I set myself down in Scanderia.

"I heard nothing more of the grammatikos for several months; I presumed he was accomplishing the ruin of his master by slow and certain steps, and I was not deceived. He had very nearly completed that object, when he had the misfortune to be taken up for coining base money; and was sent to El Masr, where he was subsequently hanged.

"Since I gave up the diplomatic line, I have lived on my fortune—it will support me in idleness, with proper management, for ten years to come; and if I live to see the last paras of it, I will sit down as becomes a child of Islam, and wait with patience, till it pleases Providence to send me my raz rallah, my daily bread; and if it comes a day later than I expected, I will not repine; I will say, like a good Moslem—I have been rich, and am now poor! Allah karim! I had bread yesterday, and have none to-day! Allah karim! I had friends when I did not want them, and I have none when I am in need of them! God is most clement! Allah karim!"

With these words, Zadig concluded his story: Mourad had been napping during a great portion of it; and

when he heard the last sentence, he gave thanks to the apostle for endowing his breast with patience; and returned to his wife's abode.

CHAPTER VII.

I have not presumed to recommend one receipt, that I have not previously and repeatedly proved in my own kitchen.
THE COOK'S ORACLE.

IT was some days since Mourad had been at Miriam's. He had numberless occupations to plead for his absence; but none were likely to be received on the festival of her patron saint; a day which is generally devoted by an Armenian woman to every sort of fantasia, but more especially to the enjoyment of eating and drinking!

Armenian ladies are very generally of Doctor Johnson's opinion, that one who does not mind the stomach, will hardly mind any thing else. No women are fonder of the enjoyments of the table than they are. An Armenian soirée is little more than an academy of gastronomes, where neither the merits of novels nor millinery are discussed; but where the excellence of a kid stuffed with chesnuts, a wild boar seasoned with mint and honey, and such other delicate dishes, form the interesting topic of conversation.

Grisnod de la Reyniere, who gave the world the multifarious almanack des Gormands, or the great Gonthier, who, in less than ten years, invented seven culisses, nine ragouts, thirty-one sauces, and twenty-one soups, cannot for a moment stand a comparison with a Levantine artisté in the multiplicity of her dishes. Every lady is duly instructed in the culinary department at an early age. La science de la gueule is her first study; but it is only when she becomes a matron, that the theory of the art is reduced to practice, and that the magnificent scale of

her beauty becomes the envy of all the Turkish women in her neighbourhood.

The beauty of an Armenian lady is of a most terrestrial character, solid, substantial beauty, sicklied o'er by no pale cast of thought, nor spoiled by any air of sentiment, nor rendered too puerile by any sportive sun-beam of romance—nothing of the sort. There are neither sylphs nor seraphs amongst them; they are all full grown cherubs, like the Cavalier Bernini's at the entrance to Saint Peter's—emblems of mortality, chubby and inanimate.

Miriam's tutelary saint was the mother of St. George. Whether the avocation of the son of her patroness had any thing to do with her choice, is not quite certain; but it is probable enough, that the saint having been a butcher in his youth, the same circumstance which made him the patron of a land of beef-steaks, caused his mother to be revered in a country of kibabs.

It was on the festival of the latter, that Miriam put all her stew-pans in requisition, and superintended the cooking of a dinner which would have done honour to any artiste, from the days of Patroclus, who dressed his own olla potrida, to those of Catherine di Medici, who, history informs us, "recovered sauces from oblivion which had been lost for ages."

Mourad and his fair lady sat down to a dinner, which might have served in France for a table of fifty covers. But the quantity of onion and garlic which prevailed in the viands, would have sufficed Beauvilliers for ten repasts. Miriam was not at all of the opinion that the dispensation of garlic in the hands of the cook is a matter of the nicest judgment; that garlic in the hands of a cook is like Prussic acid in the hands of a doctor, and becomes a poison or a panacea, according to the skill with which it is administered. On the contrary, she thought too much garlic could not be employed; and as she loved its flavour, she had no idea of another person having an objection to its excess.

Mourad, at the commencement of the dinner, was silent and sombre. He not only thought it beneath the dignity of a man to sit at the same table with a woman,

but considered the refinement of Levantine cookery "did rather mar than make good meat."

But it is impossible for any length of time to withstand the enlivening influence of a rich repast; to see dish after dish set down and removed with delightful rapidity, without feeling the excitement of sociality stealing over one's spirit; so that by the time the thirty-first course was sent down, the Effendi felt a little less triste than when he spread the embroidered napkin over his knees. Miriam was more than usually agreeable. She picked out the choicest bits with her own fair fingers, and placed them before her lord. She filled up the interval between each remove, with the most spirited observations on the excellence of the various dishes; and the delicacy of her sentiments, on every subject connected with the business of the table, was frequently manifested.

"Ah, Mourad," said she, as she buried her beautiful fingers in a kid stuffed with chesnuts; "what a pleasing recreation is a good repast; it is the paradise of all the senses; the eye is delighted with the exquisite hue of a saffron-coloured pilau; the palate is feasted with sauces so judiciously blended, that the honey is lost in the vinegar, and the garlic is overwhelmed in the richly-flavoured oil of the Sesame; the smell is regaled with the fragrant odour of kibabs and stewed onions; while the ear is ravished with the soul-melting sounds of the hissing joints, as they are brought from the oven."

If the pleasure of life consists in a rapid succession of enjoyments, Miriam must have been entirely content; the senses were given to be gratified, and she allowed them to suffer no privations; and if Mourad was unreasonable enough to imagine that she was more indulgent to them than became a delicate lady, it was, probably, because he had never heard that such an infidel as Jean Jacques Rousseau had existed, and had described his heroine as a gourmande, in order to render her the most fascinating of her sex.

When the last dish was removed, the amiable Miriam wiped her fingers in her embroidered napkin, and

thanked the Madonna for having made a good dinner. The repast was finished with the customary concluding draught of cold water; and the mistress of the house having at length arisen, Mourad followed her example, and both took their places on the divan.

The ceremony of ablution being performed, pipes and coffee were brought in. Mourad, after smoking a little, relapsed into his melancholy mood; he answered the questions of his spouse by monosyllables, then by nods; and finally turned his face in the direction of the door, and smoked his chibouque, without regarding the lady who sat by him. This was exceedingly unpolite, and Miriam felt that it was so.

"Effendi," said she, "you did not turn your back on my dinner; therefore I trust you will give me the pleasure of your regards while you remain. It is not often I have the felicity of seeing you of late, and when I have that happiness, you are too much occupied with your reflections, to give me any of your attention."

"I did not turn my back on you," said Mourad: "I was occupied with some reflections of a painful nature; but they are past, and I will endeavour to be more cheerful."

"If it be a troublesome endeavour, Effendi," replied the lady, somewhat piqued at his answer, "do not give yourself the fatigue of making it."

"I did not say it would be a troublesome endeavour," said Mourad; "but if you choose to misinterpret my words, I cannot help it."

"You do not mean to quarrel with me, I hope, on my saint's festival," retorted Miriam; "you have not come to my house, I trust, on a day of rejoicing, to throw a gloom over my heart."

"It is your own doing," cried Mourad; "I did not want to quarrel with you, but you want to force me to do so."

"I do not!" exclaimed the lady.

"You do!" cried the Effendi.

"'Tis false!" vociferated Miriam.

"You are a fool!" said Mourad.

This was the climax of rage with both.

The mother of Saint George was greeted, on her feast day, with a fray of domestic strife, surpassing in fury, any that had yet occurred between this amiable couple. Like all domestic broils, it commenced with a gentle breeze—it blew into a gale—it became a tempest—thunder and lightning followed, and, then there was a pause—some rain drops tumbled, and all was calm as ever.

"You should not use me thus, Mourad," said the lady, wiping her eyes as she spoke: "you know how much I love you, and when you speak to me in this way, it breaks my heart! I am sure I will not be able to eat a morsel of dinner for a week to come."

Mourad thought the camels suffered nothing from their abstinence, when they laid in a stock of provisions for a long period.

"Indeed, Mourad," she continued, "I am unequal to these scenes. My nerves are too debilitated, my health too delicate, to bear up against the shock. It goes to my very soul to see you stamping like a madman on the floor, and rolling your eyes about as if you were bent on murder. For the sake of your mother's soul, use me with more gentleness; I cannot bear brawling in my harem, and what is more, my dear Mourad, I will not."

The breeze was again about to freshen. Mourad pricked up his ears at the sound of the last "I will not."

"What!" he exclaimed, "is this language to hold to a man; do you take me for a dog, a slave, a servant? You will not, indeed! Mashallah; these are fine words!"

"The last time you were here, Mourad," replied the wife, "I forgot to give you a few hundred piastres you asked me; pray take this purse, and don't elevate your voice; you will find five hundred piastres in it."

"I am sure," replied Mourad, in a tone of great mildness, "I never elevated my voice; why should I when you talk to me like a reasonable woman? I would be the most ungrateful of men to give you offence. Min allah, God forbid! I always had too much respect

for you. Have I not always told you I loved you?—you cannot deny I did so. Have I not always mentioned your name with affectionate kindness?—you cannot contradict me. Are you not convinced that I have always been the truest and best of husbands to you? I know you are, therefore let us have no more of these unpleasant differences. You have no reason to doubt my love. You know you have not, therefore I trust you will not speak to me so unkindly as you have done. Could you not make these five hundred a thousand, my dear eyes—my darling soul—my sweet yahnooni—my little yahabib."

"Ah! Mourad," replied the widow, "who can refuse you any thing, when you talk like a man of sense: why do you not always talk rationally, in this manner? Here, my heart's flame, take these other five hundred; for the sake of Allah, spend them properly. Beware of the dancers with the rings in their noses; take heed of the alms, I beseech you."

Mourad said he was not a fool, he knew how to take care of his money, and he wanted no advice; and what was more, he would listen to none; and with this agreeable intimation he quitted the house, leaving poor Miriam to reflect on her folly.

CHAPTER VIII.

What wife! I have no wife!

OTHELLO.

Our hero began to think the Locman, with all his wisdom, was a propounder of lying proverbs; and that it was possible for a man to have youth, health, and wealth, and yet to be supremely wretched. He believed himself to be the most miserable of men, and that belief was sufficient to make him so.

Happiness is not made by circumstances, but by one's opinions of them: a little while ago, Mourad imagined

that poverty was the only ill in life: he was now opulent, and was farther from content than he had ever been. He was a dependant on the bounty of a woman whom he loathed, for the very degradation which her abused liberality occasioned.

He was a traitor to the woman whom he loved, and had forfeited all claim to her affections, at the moment the blessing he had despaired of appeared to be within his grasp.

Though his marriage with Miriam was still kept a secret, scandal was busy with the fame of the widow; and seldom as her reputed lover now visited her dwelling, his goings and comings were watched by the neighbours, and well known to her kinsmen.

One evening, on entering her abode, he observed a number of Levantines loitering about the gallery of the okella; but, as they did not appear to notice him, he slipped into the passage, and posted himself behind the door to watch their motions.

He had not been long there before he heard a heavy footstep overhead, and shortly after he had a glimpse of a tall figure, in a dervish habit, descending the stairs. Mourad had a full view of his countenance, as he leisurely approached the door; he appeared to be rather past the prime of life; a rubicund, smooth-faced calendar, whose roguish eye gave something of an absurd expression to the prevailing indolence of his features.

Our hero was not a little confounded at the sight of a stranger quitting the apartments of his wife: the first impulse carried his hand to the pistol in his girdle; the second was one of more prudence, for it sprang from the suggestion that he had a good plea for getting rid of a troublesome connexion. He slammed to the door the moment the dervish was about making his exit, and pounced on him with the fury of a tiger, ere he gave him time to recover from the astonishment which his sudden appearance produced.

"Dog of a Sufi!" said he, "what business has brought you to this dwelling? what secret villany has carried you, at this unseasonable hour, to the forbidden walls of my harem?"

"By the propitious star of your house!" exclaimed the dervish, in a tremulous voice, "I conjure you to take your fingers from my throat; I charge you, by the unlucky planet of my birth, suffer me to breathe, and to assure you of my innocence. By the source of all evil, the implacable goddess Beltha, listen to me, if you are a man of discretion and understanding, and repent of the insult you offered to my robe. If this be your house, the sick woman in the harem must be your wife, and to you I must look for the remuneration of my visits. Allah is most bounteous! but this is not the way to fee a hakkim, who has promised to consult the heavenly bodies for the health of your household."

"Follow me, impostor," cried Mourad, "to the chamber of your pretended patient; you shall be confronted with this sick lady, and in her presence will I know the truth; and, if I find the shadow of a falsehood on your lip, let me see which of the planets will save you from my vengeance.

The poor dervish resigned himself to his fate; he followed with reluctant step, sighing as he went along, and uttering imprecations on the goddess Beltha, and all the planets of her tribe.

"Now, son of a pagan!" cried our hero, entering the apartment of his wife, "make a full confession of your guilt, and I will suffer you to go forth unharmed: fool me with lies, and I will tear you, like a ravening vulture, joint by joint."

"Truth," said the dervish, sighing from the bottom of his heart, "is always commendable, and can never be too highly recompensed. Since I must speak it, close all the doors, and remember your promise; and since you have consented to let me live, I pray you to consider that life is not worth possessing, without the sparkling waters of that spiritual fountain which Hafiz quaffed in the bowers of Roknabad, and which the profane call wine. Money I have none, to buy it; therefore, Effendi, before I commence my confession, lend me half a dozen bergoots; and suffer me, like Tarafa, while I live, to drench my brains with wine, lest, having drunk

too little here below, I should be intemperate in my cups at the pond of the Prophet in the place above."

"Cease, kafir!" cried our hero, "your profligate discourse; speak, and that briefly, of the infamy these cursed walls have witnessed."

"Then listen and be entirely content," exclaimed the dervish, "for I am sure I can tell you nothing worse than what your fancy has already pictured. In our convent in Stamboul, a Hindi fakir once told me, that a wise man's wife was always virtuous; and that a book, a lute, a weapon, and a woman, were all of them useless or valuable, according to the hands in which they fell. The poor fakir had certainly no great opinion of his own wisdom, for he spoke disparagingly of his wife, and admitted that a bright-eyed woman is never satisfied with lovers, no more than fire is satisfied with fuel, the sea with rivers, or death with victims. Now, Effendi, there may be some doubt as to the insatiable disposition of bright-eyed women, but there can be none at all as to the probability of the wise man's wife being well-conducted and discreet. If I know any thing of the star which sheds its propitious light over the solemn mysteries of Aniran, it is this; that a bad husband is in the bosom of his poor wife, as a dead body in the abode of the living; an object once loved, next lamented, and ultimately loathed. Allah forbid that I should say you are that bad husband! the Prophet defend me from accusing you of having been a cruel, a capricious, an indifferent, or a neglectful husband! or of thinking, even if you were such, (which God forbid,) that the constancy of your wife, therefore, ceased to be a virtue. I only say that constancy in woman is not the natural consequence of coldness in man."

"Insolent kafir!" cried Mourad; "beware how you trifle with my patience; though preaching be your trade, and drunkenness your occupation, think not to impose on me; your profligacy is privileged in the world; but here, were you the father of all the dissolute fakirs in the universe, it shall not go unpunished.—On one condition I have said," continued he, in a low tone, "you may secure your safety; namely, by a full confession of your

guilt, in the presence of your pretended patient. I have my own reasons for letting you off so cheaply; dispute them not, if you have any regard for your life."

The door of an inner apartment flew open, while Mourad was yet terrifying the soul of the dervish with his threats, and in walked the mistress of the house, with the slow and dignified step of an insulted queen, awing the offender into silence, as she advanced with a look whose glance was lightning, and whose duration gave time to anticipate the thunder of abuse that was to follow.

"Now, dervish," exclaimed our hero, "speak the entire truth, or my sword shall rip it from your heart."

The eyes of the dervish were fixed on the earth, to avoid the encounter of the soul-subduing glance of the Sultana. He stammered out something about its being a propitious hour for making an avowal of errors; when the indignant Miriam, no longer able to control her rage, let loose her tongue, and opened the campaign with a volley of invective, which would have done honour to one of Homer's heroes. Stepping up to Mourad, she cried, in a voice of fury, "What words are these I hear in my own house? Has the beast I suffered to crawl over my threshold gone mad? or is the beggar in his drink, that he dares to spit upon the hand which gave him bread? Mother of Saint James! have I deserved this shame at the hands of a wretch whom I fed and clothed, when his condition was below that of a famished fellah? Soul of the Patriarch! have I merited this insult from a broken bankrupt, whom I fostered in my haznah, after scouring the highways for a living? Shadow of the Madonna! is the insolence of such a monster to be endured? No, dog of a Sufi without faith! I have borne with ill usage too long; but Allah is stronger than the Shitan; your reign over me and mine is at an end. So, you would tamper with the honesty of this poor hakkim, and offer him a bribe to calumniate my honour! So, you would terrify this pious dervish by your threats into a confession of infamy, which his soul disclaims as well as mine! Fear not, my good dervish; my servants are within call: let him but lift a finger to do you hurt,

and I will have him dragged to the next guard-house. Let him fume and rave, and stamp on the floor till he is tired; his rage has no terror for me. Let him beware of mine; the thread of his existence is in my grasp; the sword of justice is in his, whose right hand reaches from Candia to El Masr."

Mourad became more tranquil: beckoning to the dervish to draw back, he addressed the mistress of the house in a low, but earnest tone.

"Are you wise, woman," said he, "to talk after this fashion; to call me opprobrious names in the face of your paramour; to publish me to the world as a beggar, and a bankrupt, a robber, and, what is worse, a dishonoured husband? Is this your gratitude for the preservation of your life? Was I a beggar when I snatched you from the watery grave, on whose yawning brink you stood imploring my pity? Was I a bankrupt when I supplied you in a strange land with the means of returning to your country? Fool that I was for doing so! but what words can express the tenfold folly of expecting gratitude from a woman, and, above all, from a Christian!"

Had Mourad finished here, his words might have made some favourable impression on the tender-hearted woman; but unluckily he proceeded to address the inconstant wife, and the wind of wrath was only momentarily hushed, to break out into a tempest.

She clapped her hands with such violence, that every servant in the house was in a moment at her command; a loud knocking was heard the same instant at the outer door. "Run, slaves," cried the mistress, "and give free admission to whoever enters; if it be any of my kinsmen, let them take this drunken man to the guard-house."

"The first of your kinsmen," exclaimed our hero, "who enters this chamber, will be soon glad to leave it;" and baring his right arm as he spoke, he posted himself in the doorway, like one prepared for immediate action.

Meantime the kinsmen of the lady (for such they were who sought admission) rushed up the stairs; half a dozen were already on the landing, when the appalling appari-

tion of the Turk in the doorway came on their vision all at once, and filled every soul of them with dismay. Gladly would they have retraced their steps, but Mourad cut off their retreat. To the dervish, who seemed the most unconcerned of the spectators, it was an amusing sight to see a host of shivering Levantines shrinking from one single arm, whose only weapon was a pipe-stick. The war-whoop of the women commenced; the first missile was a water-melon, which came from the hands of Miriam, and was aimed at the head of Mourad, but it unluckily took effect on the broad cheek-bone of the dervish; had Beltha herself flung it, her devoted victim could not have received a greater shock. The flakes of the shattered melon, which hung about his features, he believed to be his brains oozing through a wound; his roars predominated over the screams of all the women.

Our hero thought it time to commence a general attack; the women were already harassing him in the rear with showers of coffee-pots, pipe-bowls and bardacs; half a dozen water-coolers were already shattered on his person; but as the assailants fled at every discharge, and returned to the attack under cover of a half-closed door, Mourad chose not to pursue the fugitives, and thus suffer the Levantines in the passage to escape before he had punished their intrusion. The turbans of the latter were soon flying in the air, their auterees and djebees demolished in the twinkling of an eye; their own pipe-sticks broken on their heads; in short, the conflict was at its height, when a loud tramping of staves and footsteps was heard on the stairs, and up walked the captain of the guard, followed by a dozen of his soldiers.

Mourad had already been in a dungeon; he therefore knew how to respect men in authority: he bowed submission to the mandate of the chief officer to throw down his weapon; he looked in his face, and recognised his old acquaintance Aslan.

He thought he perceived a suppressed smile on his countenance as he addressed him. "Am I always," said he, "to find my young Delhibashi breaking people's heads for his recreation, disturbing the peace of the whole town for his amusements? Allah Illah! this fantasia of yours

is becoming too frequent an enjoyment; we must get the governor to send you to the Pacha, to give you some employment, if it please his Highness to leave your head on your shoulders, or to permit you to remain in his country. Take him off to the guard-house. But what strange figure is this in the habit of a dervish, his face covered with the fragments of a pastek, and one side of his countenance three times bigger than the other? Who is he, I say, that keeps up this horrible howling, and sits wringing his hands there, as if he had received some mortal injury?—Can no one answer for him?"

"Effendi," cried the dervish, in a melancholy whining tone, "I will answer for myself. My hours are numbered; I am a dead man; that infernal bullet which just now thundered on my jaw, has done the work of a cannon ball; my head is broken, my brains are spattered over my face, my evil planet has prevailed, the implacable Beltha has triumphed; it is written, I was to be slain by a woman."

"What!" exclaimed Aslan, "was it not this young madman who assaulted you?"

"No," replied the dervish: "I am a dying man, I must speak the truth—it was the woman let fly the fatal ball at my head; the young man was not to blame."

Here, luckily for our hero, about twenty Levantines, men and women, commenced altogether their various versions of the brawl, and of the causes which led to it. In the confusion of so many tongues, it was impossible for the chief officer to distinguish any specific charge; the widow, however, (who had been afforded a moment of reflection) took upon herself to explain the whole matter in the most satisfactory manner. She took Aslan aside, and slipping half a dozen gold pieces into his hand, she whispered in his ear, "The sooner that young madman is sent from Scanderia, the better for the quiet of the whole city."

Aslan shut his eyes, and gave his head the significant demi-inclination of one who comprehends more than meets his ear, and acquiesces in all that does.

Mourad was marched off without having an opportunity afforded him of giving one parting word of abuse to

those he left behind; while the poor dervish was thrust out of doors, with his jaw-bone yet ringing from the effects of the terrible pastek.

CHAPTER IX.

Authority, though pleasant to those who taste it, is like the poison which is concealed in honey.

THE LAMJA.

MOURAD was conducted to the door of the guard-house; there Aslan bade the soldiers leave the prisoner to his charge, and desiring the latter to follow him, he proceeded to his dwelling.

"Guelh Delhibashi," said he, as he entered his apartment; "come, prince of madmen, though there is no one here for you to beat or bruise, sit down in peace, and let us have a little sober conversation. I want to know nothing of your secrets; were I as deaf as a dog-fish, as blind as a bat, I could not fail to understand the terms on which you have been with this moon-faced widow. But was it essential to your happiness, the moment you fell in love with this Christian beauty, to turn her household upside down, merely because she is an infidel; to break the heads of all her kinsmen, because they are not true believers; and to involve an unfortunate fakir in your quarrel, who has got his jaw smashed, for no earthly reason, but that he was good-natured fool enough to interfere between a Mejnoun and a Leileh?" (Mourad groaned.) "I have already given you a proof of my friendly consideration; 'the old lion,' you know, makes allowance for the intemperance of the cub. I was once inexperienced myself, and thought the great duty of a man of courage was to cuff and kick every pessavink who was poorer and more puny than myself. A soldier, you must be aware, has a better opportunity of gratifying his inclination in this way than any other person, and therefore I embraced the military profession.

I never had cause to repent of my choice; and as I am interested in your welfare, I advise you to follow my example. I have interest enough with the people of the Pacha to procure you employment; the Viceroy wants soldiers, and you do not want qualities to ensure advancement. That fiery temper of yours may gain you honour in the field; here, it is likely one day or other to get you bowstrung. Nothing is more commendable in a soldier than to break heads; and yet nothing is more disgraceful in a citizen: the same occupation, in different situations, gets one man a pelisse, another the bastinado. If you go to El Masr, (Cairo,) you may attain the former; if you remain in Scanderia, (Alexandria,) you are sure to be invested, like the fabled Ashab, with the garment of contempt."

"Effendi!" cried our hero, with great earnestness of manner, "I will be ruled entirely by your counsel; your friendship is now my only fortune; while I possess it, I am the richest of the sons of men."

"Then hear me with attention," continued Aslan, "and hide my words in the secret chamber of your heart. When the waters of public life are troubled with contentious winds, it is only the bravest bark that keeps the sea. Faction at this moment is buffeting the sides of Egypt. The partisans of the late Kourshid Pacha, and the still formidable remnant of the Mamelukes, are struggling with Mohamed Ali for no less a prize than the vessel of the state. Half a dozen years' possession has not fixed the latter with such stability on the poop of Egyptian government, but that every breath of the Beys agitates the ocean, and heaves up the keel of the poor old Pachalik. Whether she founder, or the shallops which beset her, it matters not to you; there will be many a rich prize to be picked up by the discreet spectator who is not born to be drowned: a death I should think you are not at all likely to encounter." (Mourad bowed.) But the probability is, that the Mamelukes will go down in the struggle; they are noble-minded fools, and spread the canvass of credulity to every breath that bears a promise, as if it were the wind of Paradise which came direct from the

throne of the Apostle. In plain Turkish, the times are sick; and when they are so, Imam Ali informs us, that nothing can ease the Prince's stomach, but the removal of all that is honourable and noble. It is fit you should be acquainted with the character of the man who holds the helm of affairs; and after I have given you a brief outline of his history, it will be your own fault if you do not turn the information to a profitable account.

"Mohamed Ali, the present Viceroy of Egypt, was born in Cavalè, a town in Roumelia, the blessed year of the Hegira Eleven Hundred and Eighty-two (A. D. 1769.) His father was chief of the patrol who preserved the security of the public roads.

"At an early age he became a servant to a Choarbagi of Cavalè, who noticed the energy of his character, and the assiduity he unfortunately manifested. In a little time Mohamed Ali was not only in the favour of his master, but, what was of no less importance, in the good graces of his harem likewise. The first act of his public life was one of those well-planned stratagems which we call generalship, and giaours, perfidy; but, whatever be the name, it was one of those plausible artifices which have since formed the principal feature in the political character of the wily Pacha.

"A neighbouring village having refused to pay tribute, Mohamed Ali asked permission of his master to bring the delinquents before him. It was in vain that the Choarbagi represented the impossibility of doing so; of his having no adequate force to send against the village, whose inhabitants were renowned for their audacity. Mohamed Ali was not to be put from his purpose; he demanded six soldiers, and with this number he set out for the village. Having posted his little force so as to excite no suspicion, he entered a mosque, and having performed his namez with great devotion in the face of the Imam, he despatched him to request the presence of the four principal men of the place, in order to communicate something to them of great importance to their private fortunes. The unsuspecting grandees came to the house of God; a signal brought the soldiers to the door; the men were seized, bound,

and carried off, before the Imam had time to raise his townsmen.

"For this feat of valour the young hero was made a Boluk bashi, and in the course of a little time was married to a rich widow, a relative of his master, by whom he has three sons, Ibrahim, Toussun, and Ismael. He now turned his thoughts to commerce, and in the capacity of a tobacco-merchant he frequently associated with the Franks of Salonica, and in their society he acquired those giaour notions which ever after influenced his conduct. In the mean time, the French unbelievers having taken possession of Egypt, the Sublime Porte (glory to its shadow!) took up the sword of Islam, and suffered, in the greatness of its condescension, the infidels who make our pen-knives, to range under the banner of the Faithful.

"The Choarbagi got a firman to furnish a contingent of three hundred men, a command which was executed with no little difficulty. The son of the Choarbagi was appointed captain of the troops; but the privations of the voyage, and the difficulties the army encountered at Aboukir, disgusted the young commander; he quitted the service, and gave up the command to Mohamed Ali, who took the title of Bynbashi (Colonel.) In the first battle with the infidels, the Moslems, of course, had the advantage; notwithstanding, our young hero lost a great number of his men; but he had the good fortune to be observed by the Capitan Pacha in the act of rallying his troop, and was recommended for his bravery to the notice of Kousruf Pacha, and ultimately placed under his orders. Having signalized himself on many occasions, he eventually got the title of Sarè Chesmè, after the massacre of the Beys in the camp of Aboukir, an exploit in which he had his share of honour. The infidels our foes, as well as those our allies, having at length freed the soil of Islam from the abomination of their presence, it only remained to get rid of those Mamelukes whom the Inglis called their friends, and left to the mercy of their foes. Kourshid Pacha was at that time the Viceroy of the country, nominated by the Porte, but only sustained in

his government by a horde of Albanians, one of whose chiefs was Mohamed Ali. With this force, little as the Pacha could rely on it, he kept the Mamelukes without the walls of the city; but they spread devastation in the adjoining country, and pitched their camps without molestation in sight of the citadel. Mohamed Ali resolved to attack them: as usual, he had recourse to stratagem; he wrote to three Beys, Osman, Hassan, and Elfi, to prevent the suspicion of his intention, that he was aware of the wrongs they had to complain of, and that unless the Pacha listened to their remonstrances, he meant to join their side. Duped by this artifice, the Beys were thrown off their guard. Their enemy, a thousand strong, entered their camp at midnight; Elfi was surprised in bed; but the enterprise was so unskilfully managed, that he and his Mamelukes escaped. the baggage and five heads only were carried away by the victor.

"The Pacha presented him with a pelisse, and at the same time with a firman from the Sultan, ordering him to leave the country. He affected to prepare for his departure, which he fixed for that day two months. The Pacha, deceived by his apparent willingness to obey the mandate, overwhelmed him with civilities; and, to rid himself of his presence during the period of his remaining in Egypt, he appointed him governor of Girgeh, for which place he immediately set out.

"To supplant the Albanians, the Pacha caused a corps of Delhis to come from Syria. This measure was so displeasing to Mohamed Ali, that he immediately returned to Cairo from his government, with all his soldiers. He put the Delhis to route who guarded the gates of the city, made a triumphant entry, and demanded the pay of his soldiers under the very walls of the citadel. The Pacha in vain declaimed against his insubordination, and forbade the authorities to hold any intercourse with the rebel; but the rebel was every where felicitated.

"On his arrival in the capital, he had gained a well-earned reputation for moderation, as well as courage,

and the people looked to him as the only one capable of checking the disorders of the soldiery; of the Delhis especially, who ravaged the whole town, and violated even the sanctity of the harem. The people were not deceived; they found a protector in Mohamed Ali; he repressed the insolence of the new troops, afforded protection to the Franks, and even made friends of the Ulemas and Sheiks.

"When Kourshid found he had no intention of obeying the mandate of the Sultan, he procured another firman, appointing him to the Pachalik of Jedda. He invited him to the citadel to invest him with the robe of dignity, but Mohamed Ali was too well acquainted with treachery to intrust himself in the house of his enemy—he refused to go. After some days' discussion, it was agreed that he should meet the Viceroy at the house of a man whose faith he could depend on, and accordingly they met at the divan of Seid Aga, a mutual friend. The firman was read, and the young Pacha of Jedda was invested with the pelisse and kaouk of honour.

"The suburbs of the city were still ravaged by the Delhis: the Sheiks, or chiefs of the people, complained to the Cadi; the people themselves cried out for the deposition of Kourshid Pacha, while the partisans of Mohamed Ali demanded his nomination to the viceregal office. But what proved the address of the young adventurer more than any other circumstance of his life was this, that he was so subtle in persuasion, and tempered resolution with so much moderation, that he gained the hearts of all classes, and for once in the world, the Ulemas and the rabble were heard shouting for the appointment of the same governor. Two of his partisans, Seid Omar Makram and Sheik Abdallah Cherkaouy, assembled a divan, and in the presence of the people, they invested Mohamed Ali with the robe of Viceroy, and proclaimed him Pacha of Egypt.

"A deputation of Sheiks was sent to Kourshid to inform him of his destitution. He laughed at the beards of the messengers, and dismissed them with the assurance, that till it was the will of the Sultan to depose

him, he would never leave the citadel. The citadel was accordingly besieged by the newly-appointed governor, and many weeks passed over without gaining any advantage; at length during the siege, a Capidgi-bashi arrived from Stamboul, bearing a firman, confirming the election of the people in favour of Mohamed Ali as Governor of Egypt, (9th July, 1805.)

"Kourshid refused to acknowledge the firman. 'He was appointed Viceroy,' he said, 'by a hattisheriffe, and by a hattisheriffe only would he give up his office.' In the interim, the Capitan Pacha arrived before Scanderia with his fleet, to second Mohamed Ali; and Kourshid being eventually driven from Egypt, the young Viceroy was left in quiet possession of his throne. The first act of his government was a financial stratagem, which replenished the exhausted coffers of the state, without distressing the people generally. He arrested the chief of the treasury, Gohary, on the pretence that he had furnished no account to his predecessors for the last five years; he demanded an account, the items of which he himself specified, and forced him to refund four thousand eight hundred purses. The Mamelukes were still in possession of Upper Egypt, and even had a camp under the walls of El Masr. The Pacha was justly desirous to get rid of their annoyance. A fool, or a Frank, would think he would have met his enemies in the open field of battle, and in the face of heaven; but, of course, Mohamed Ali committed no such folly. As usual, he had recourse to stratagem, (the Beys said to treachery,) and his plan succeeded. He caused a report to be spread abroad, that the festival of the Kalege, or cutting of the canal which lets in the water of the Nile into the great square of the city, would be celebrated with more than ordinary splendour; and that the public authorities, and all the troops, should be assembled on the spot during the night of the fantasia. He also ordered several of his principal officers to write letters to the Beys, informing them of the favourable opportunity which the withdrawal of the troops from the heart of the city would afford the enemies of the Pacha for entering the town

by the gates most distant from the Kalege; and likewise offering to abet them in their enterprise for a certain sum of money, to be paid on their establishment in El Masr. The stratagem was seconded by a letter from the Pacha's friend, Omar, who represented himself as a disgraced favourite, and a sworn foe to the Pacha. He advised the Beys to surprise the city during the festival, and to make his house their rallying point.

"In open warfare Mohamed Ali was rarely successful; in deceit he hardly ever failed. The night of the festival arrived; the canal was cut; the Mamelukes broke open the gates, and entered the city, unopposed with beat of drum. But suddenly the soldiers of the Pacha appeared on all sides; the Mamelukes were fired on from the roof and windows of every house in the quarter. They fled in the utmost disorder; many were fortunate enough to escape, by abandoning their horses and scaling the city walls, but the greater number were massacred in the streets. Some of the unfortunates, amongst whom was Achmet Bey, sought refuge in a mosque; but no place was too holy for the vengeance of Mohamed Ali; the poor wretches were dragged forth, stripped of their fine Mameluke attire, bound with cords, and dragged before the Pacha.

"The moment he set eyes on the humbled figure of Achmet Bey, whom he had personally known in the days of his splendour, his vulgar features brightened up with satisfaction. 'What!' said he, 'has so clever a man as Achmet Bey fallen into the trap?' The fallen Bey replied not to the question. He begged the guard to bring him a draught of water; his hands were loosened to allow him to raise the bardak to his mouth, but suddenly relinquishing the water-vessel, he seized on the dagger of one of the soldiers who stood near him, and hurled it at the breast of the Pacha. Mohamed Ali escaped the blow by stooping to the earth, and avoided the possibility of another by flying to the roof of the palace, while the unfortunate Bey was cut to pieces by the soldiers, after wounding several of his assailants. The other prisoners were thrown into a

dungeon: the following day, being led into the court-yard of the prison, butchers were sent for, and in the presence of the captives, the heads of their chiefs and companions were skinned and stuffed with straw.

"To-morrow," continued Aslan, "if it please God, I will finish my account of his Highness; in the mean time you will remain my guest, and endeavour to forget the unlucky adventure of the morning."

CHAPTER X.

The fatigue of exalted office hath wrinkled my brow, but above all have I sickened at the necessity of flattering my foes.

EL WARDI.

NEXT morning Mourad begged his host to resume the history of the Pacha, and Aslan, who had naturally a strong affection for the sound of his own voice, very readily complied with his request, in the following words:—

"The day of the festival was a day of mourning in El Masr; the dyke was cut by the servants of the Pacha, but the people took no part in the fantasia—nobody thought about rejoicings, but every one talked of the massacre. Mohamed Ali followed up his victories by sending an army against Ibrahim Bey and his son Marsouk, who were encamped under Gebel Mokattam. But the expedition was an unfortunate one; the Mamelukes behaved with such determined courage, that a third of the Pacha's army was left dead on the field, the remainder fled to Cairo in the utmost disorder. The Viceroy's exasperation was fatal to the unfortunate Mameluke prisoners, who were confined in a dungeon beneath his palace. The state of suspense in which they had been left since the night of their capture, was put an end to by the sudden appearance of their guard armed with naked hanjars. The work of blood began; one after another of the prisoners were cut down, and

the following day, eighty-three heads were stuffed and sent to Stamboul. But all the blood of the Beys could not bring money into the exhausted treasury of the Viceroy.

"The properties of the rich were confiscated, contributions were levied on the Greeks and Copts; and, in Damietta, the Jews were publicly tortured to make them confess their wealth. A new stratagem was tried to get the Beys of Upper Egypt to return to the capital; the Pacha sent presents of great value to the chiefs, and made offers of peace, which were rejected with scorn. In the mean time, seventy Tartars arrived from Stamboul, bearing the three horse-tails of the Pachalik, and a hattisheriffe confirming the Viceroy in his government. After the public rejoicings on this occasion, another army was sent against Elfi Bey, which met with the same fate as the former.

"Elfi, emboldened by his victory, pushed his success to the very walls of the capital. The English infidels called him their ally, and were unceasing in their intrigues with the Porte to restore him to favour. The giaours succeeded. The Capitan Pacha arrived in Scanderia with a numerous fleet, and a force of three thousand Nezam Gedids, to establish the Beys, conjointly with Moussa Pacha, in the Government of Egypt. Mohamed Ali received a firman from the Sultan, commanding him to quit Egypt, and repair to Salonica, of which place he was appointed Pacha. Mohamed Ali kissed the firman, but he showed no alacrity in obeying it. The Capitan Pacha despatched another Capidgi-bashi, with orders to bring the Viceroy, or his head, to Scanderia. The Viceroy refused to see the messenger; but he sent word by him to his master, that he was ready to leave Egypt, but that his troops would not suffer him to depart till he had paid their arrears, which amounted to two thousand purses. The messenger was no sooner dismissed, than he commenced putting the city in a state of defence; he garrisoned the citadel, and provisioned it for a long siege. The activity of his preparations surprised even the Frangi, who seem born to be bustling about continually,

like so many grains of sand in a whirlwind, without any sense of dignity.

"The Beys were expected to second the Capitan Pacha in displacing Mohamed Ali, their implacable enemy; but their disunion and dissensions, frustrated the hope of relying on their aid. Elfi however, with his wonted liberality, sent a present to the Capitan Pacha, worthy of a Mameluke to offer, and a prince to accept: it consisted of thirty Arab horses, richly caparisoned, four thousand sheep, and a hundred camels, laden with provisions, and splendid dresses for the officers of the admiral. The Capitan Pacha sent in return a present of two mortars, five hundred guns, and other munitions of war. Another order arrived from the Capitan for the immediate departure of Mohamed Ali, and an announcement of the pardon accorded by the Sultan to the Mamelukes. When the Viceroy read this imperative command, he turned to one of his confidential friends, and said, 'I have won El Masr by the sword, and only by the sword will I cede it; Egypt is now at auction, and he who gives the last blow of the sabre will be the master.'

"About this period another unfortunate battle with the Beys at Negyleh lost him six hundred men. Had there been any unanimity amongst the victors, Mohamed Ali's ruin was inevitable; but it was in vain the Capitan Pacha waited, week after week, for their general co-operation, till at last, disgusted with their dissensions, he turned over all at once to the side of Mohamed Ali. Having written to the Porte announcing the state of things in the country, a firman arrived, with the consent of the Sultan, to leave the present Pacha in his government, provided he paid four thousand purses for being confirmed in his dignity, supplied the annual caravan of pilgrims with money and provisions, and ceased to make war on the Mamelukes. The terms were accepted. The son of the Viceroy Ibrahim (dishonour to his beard!) was sent to Stamboul as a hostage for the payment of the money; and in a short time after, a contribution was levied on the

wives of the Beys, and on the Christian merchants, of six thousand purses.

"On the rumour of Russia declaring war with the Porte, the fleet of the Capitan Pacha weighed anchor, and Scanderia was left in quiet possession of the Viceroy. One of the bravest of the Beys, Osman Bardissy, died about this time. His death was lamented by all except the Pacha. His servants killed his horses before his tent, and then broke his arms over his tomb, the greatest honour that could be paid to his remains. But Elfi the Great, the most formidable of all the enemies of the Pacha, was taken off shortly after the death of Bardissy, probably by poison: the Pacha has a long hand. The strength of the Beys was now broken; the two greatest of their chiefs were taken from them. The Viceroy became more successful than he had been in every succeeding encounter with them. He found little difficulty in deceiving the chiefs, having bought over the Bedouin troops who guarded their camp: he proposed an armistice, which was partly accepted, when he surprised their camp at night at the head of two thousand horsemen, fell on the sleeping wretches, and slew three hundred of them before a sword was unsheathed.

"The rejoicings for this victory were interrupted by the intelligence that an English fleet of twenty-five sail had arrived in Scanderia (17th of March, 1807;) that five thousand infidels had landed, and taken possession of the city without firing a shot. The inquietude in El Masr was very great, but the next news put an end to the consternation. The infidels, as might have been expected, were beaten at Rosetta by the true believers, and a hundred-and-twenty prisoners were brought to the Pacha. Two regiments of the giaours had the madness to make the attack on El Raschid. They arrived, after a fatiguing march across the Desert; they were suffered to enter the town without opposition; they strolled in separate parties about the bazaars; many of them abandoned their arms, and were reposing in the shade, eating and drinking like intemperate gia-

ours, when the Governor, Ali Bey, at the head of five hundred men, suddenly appeared. In an instant, every house became a fortress, from the windows and terraces of which death was poured on the invaders. Their general was killed, confusion ensued, and in the course of half an hour the streets were strewed with the enemies of the Prophet. Unfortunately, instead of pursuing the survivors, the victorious Moslems commenced cutting off the heads of the slain, and wrangling for the possession of the captives, who were sent to El Masr in the same boat with the heads of their companions—ninety of which were placed on spears, and stuck up in the great square of Ezbekia. What the mad infidels meant by coming in so small a number, and in so disorderly a manner, no one knew—they knew not themselves; the fortress was well-garrisoned, yet they counted on victory as if they had nothing else to expect; the dinner was cooked for the general and his staff in the house of the consul, but it was decreed that Ali Bey and his officers should eat it. The English were not satisfied with their defeat; they sent another army, three times more numerous than the former, against El Raschid. The Pacha sent five thousand men, under Hassan Pacha, to beat them again. The town was bombarded; another battle was fought—we lost a couple of hundred men, but the victory was ours: new prisoners were sent to El Masr; and as they passed through the great square, they had to traverse an alley where four hundred-and-fifty heads were ranged on either side. But, with all this glory, the Pacha had need of repose—the coffers of the state were empty. The Beys were still to be vanquished, and there is no fighting without money.

"He sent a deputation of Sheiks to the Mamelukes, accompanied by a present of great value for their chiefs, inviting them to return to their homes in Cairo, and promising pardon for the past and protection for the future. The offer was accepted, all the principal Beys returned with their numerous followers to the capital, and were well received. The propitious star of Mohamed Ali was now rising in the heavens. The Eng-

lish evacuated Scanderia; the prisoners were given up; their fleet left the harbour; and nobody can tell what they came for. The Beys are in El Masr, under the nose of the Viceroy; they eat, and drink, and ride on fine horses, as if they were masters of their own souls; how long they may be owners of their own heads, time will tell.

"I have now put you in possession of knowledge, which, if you are a wise man, you will profit by; but if you are a fool, I have lost my labour. At all events, I have given you something to think of; and one who can get over the fatigue of using his understanding, will find that much thinking is well thinking. To-morrow I will give you a letter to an old friend of mine at El Masr, Ali Aga, a cousin of the Pacha's; and he, if it please God, will not fail to recommend you to the Viceroy."

The following day, Aslan fulfilled his promise; he counselled his protegé to beat no more Arabs, to wage no more wars with widows and their kinsmen; and giving our hero a substantial proof of his friendship, he pushed him gently out of doors.

CHAPTER XI.

I will give you twenty pounds to be converted.
SWIFT'S LETTERS TO POPE.

OUR hero embarked for El Masr aboard a Maash, or public passage-boat; two commodious chambers astern were reserved for some Frank passengers; a temporary place was fitted up before the cabin for Mourad and two other Moslems, one of whom was an Arab Sheik, the other a teacher of the law in the Medresseh of Barboukeh.

The Franks were four in number: a spiritual Quixote, who rejoiced in the name of Jeremiah Lamb; an

elderly lady, who had the felicity to be called Mrs. Sarah Lamb; an officer in the service of the Pacha, who owned the patrician name of Smyth, and lastly, a Maltese, who acted as dragoman to the party; and who was yclept Paulo.

Jeremiah was the son of a reputable tradesman, who in his dying moments bequeathed a blessing and a copy of the Scriptures to his son for his whole inheritance. Being a youth of a versatile turn of mind, he directed his attention to a variety of trades, and being unable to decide on the adoption of any one, he grew up to manhood without a calling. He had early some misgivings as to the profitable doctrines of his worthy father, and having deposited his remains in the tomb, he thought he had a right to search the Scriptures for himself. The same difficulties pursued him in the adoption of a sect, that he had to contend with in the choice of a profession. But as he had now some experience of the danger of indecision, he lost no time in embracing a new doctrine, which he unfortunately did with so much rashness, that he soon repented of his choice. Change followed change, with every new light which the last exposition of a difficult passage let in upon his mind; in short, in less than two years he travelled through every sign in the religious Zodiac. He had been a Socinian, an Arminian, a Pelagian, an Antinomian, a New Light, and an Old Light, and he was now an Independant Ranter. Jeremiah aspired to the title of a labourer in the spiritual vineyard, but he scorned to qualify himself for the vintage by any preparatory study; and for the human ceremony of an ordination, as he called it, he professed a profound contempt.

The conversion of the heathen was a subject which had engrossed his serious attention for many years; and though he failed in his endeavours, for a considerable period, to persuade any of the communities who have that subject at heart, that he was peculiarly fitted for the mission, he was suffered to attend the meetings of some of their societies as an humble adjunct in the

cause, and by one of them was ultimately employed on the foreign station.

Jeremiah was now on his way to the vineyard of El Masr, full of zeal, and overflowing with the spirit of universal philanthropy. During his stay in Alexandria, he had acquired some knowledge of the Arabic language, and was already giving some ludicrous proofs of his proficiency to the Arab boatmen.

The outward man of Jeremiah was a lamentable epitome of humanity enough: his frame was feeble, his aspect unwholesome; he looked like a man who was ill in the flesh, and uncomfortable in the spirit. His customary suit of solemn black had apparently undergone no renovation for many lustrums, and the dimensions of his nether garments were so inordinate as to render the saving doctrines of Jeremiah somewhat questionable; but his tailor was probably a serious operative, and considered respect for the cloth to be in a ratio with the quantity of the material.

For a messenger of glad tidings to the heathen, Jeremiah was a man of a forlorn countenance. His complexion was that of a matured olive; his features harsh; and the space which nature intended for a forehead was marked by an inclined plane, extending from the crown of his head to the root of his nose: it was a head that Spurzheim might have taken for a Kafir's, had he found it on the coast of Guinea. Jeremiah took a good deal of snuff, and he had a trick of interlarding his discourse with a deep-drawn sigh, "a windy suspiration of forced breath," between an eructation and a moan. He inveighed bitterly against those who paid any attention to their personal appearance. Dr. Kitchener had not written in his day; he was therefore ignorant that clean linen has much to do with a clear conscience: in short, Jeremiah was a filthy fanatic, but he was a good kind of man. He distributed three halfpence a-week to the poor, when he was at home, in front of his own door; he never sent away a beggar who asked for bread, without giving him a tract. In his domestic as well as in his public capacity, he was irre-

proachable. No husband was ever truer to a faithful wife, and no man deserved more credit for his constancy. No lay preacher in London had a greater reputation for giving new readings of old texts, or for holding forth more triumphantly on the degradation of human nature; and as for the terrors of eternity, on that subject "he was quite precious." No Christian labourer declaimed more pathetically against the Pope, or described in more figurative language the wickedness of the scarlet lady of Babylon.

Such was the gentleman who came sidling towards Mourad, as the rope was cast off which held the boat to the pier, and solicited the favour of a spiritual discussion.

Jeremiah's Arabic was not exactly the language of Yemen, but it was sufficiently intelligible to show that no small portion of the vulgarity of his own phraseology was transferred into the foreign idiom.

Our hero was not, at the moment he was addressed, in a mood for discussion on any subject. He examined the uncouth figure of Jeremiah from top to toe; and after puffing half-a-dozen whiffs of his pipe in the face of the Frangi, he turned his back on him, without deigning to give an answer. Jeremiah did not appear at all disconcerted; he was about renewing the attack, when the shrill voice of his lady summoned him to the cabin.

"The heathen is obstinate," said Mrs. Lamb, as Jeremiah entered with his customary sigh. "Leave him to me; I will soon find out if there be any hope of his conversion. Tell the Dragoman to invite him to the chamber, and during the conference, it is better you remain without."

Jeremiah was the most obedient of husbands. He left the cabin to execute the command which he dared not dispute.

His lady was of that "certain age" which is generally supposed to be on the wrong side of forty. Her person was gaunt and ungainly; her features rigid; and her complexion of that green and yellow lurid hue

which enthusiasm is wont to wear. Of her religious opinions it would be difficult to give a description. The leading article of her creed was, justification by faith; and the foremost of her favourite doctrines was, that the Millennium was near at hand. For Jeremiah's understanding she had a thorough contempt, and a corresponding high opinion of her own.

When Mourad was informed that a lady desired to see him in the cabin, he felt not a little surprised. He imagined that he must have made a favourable impression on some tender-hearted infidel, and with this unfortunate impression he followed the dragoman to the cabin. All the romance of the idea was destroyed, the moment he had a glimpse of the fair one; but as the Turks are the politest people in the world, he concealed his disappointment, and seated himself, at the request of the lady.

"For the sake of Allah," said he to the dragoman, "keep a good look-out, and let us not be surprised by her husband, for such I suppose he is, whom I saw just now leaving the chamber."

Paulo's broad grin caught the attention of Mrs. Lamb. "What says the heathen," she demanded, "that provokes your mirth?"

"Oh, nothing, Ma'am," replied Paulo, "that means offence; the gentleman is only afraid your husband should catch him here."

"Wretch!" cried Mrs. Lamb, addressing the Maltese, "this is an impertinence of your own creation. Listen to my words, and render them faithfully to the poor infidel."

"Tell the unbeliever, that my duty obliges me to warn him of the perdition that awaits him, walking as he is like an unfortunate idolater in the valley of the shadow of death! Tell him, with a loud voice, that he is a poor unenlightened pagan, living in the midst of Egyptian darkness; yea, truly, of darkness which may be felt! Tell him, the believer in an impostor is a fool; the husband of four wives, a horrible heathen, the worst of all pagans; and that he and his houries are destined for a place, where there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth, unless they hearken to my words."

The dragoman interrupted the speaker, who was be-

coming every moment more animated. "Stop there," said he; "let me tell him about the darkness and the houries, before you go any further." Paulo accordingly began, like an honest interpreter, to soften down as much as possible the hard words of truth; and, having prefaced the communication with an assurance, that his master and mistress were both mad, he informed the astonished Turk of so much of the speech as he thought proper to interpret.

Mourad was at first inclined to be angry; but when he observed the half-suppressed smile on the roguish features of the dragomon, contrasted as it was with the gravity of the lady's countenance, he could not help thinking the scene was rather amusing than otherwise.

"Dragoman," said our hero, in his gravest manner, "I desire you to thank your amiable mistress for her condescension, (may it never diminish!) and to assure the fair Sultana, that I perfectly understand her motive for wishing me to become a Christian, and that my only anxiety is to know if I have the happiness of addressing a lady whose affections are disengaged."

"For the soul of your father!" exclaimed the dragoman, endeavouring to preserve his gravity, "do not speak after this manner; were I to repeat such words, I should get my head broken for my pains."

"Interpret my words truly," cried Mourad; "or, by the beard of the Prophet, I will bring you into trouble for tampering with the faith of a Mussulman!"

"What reply does the man give?" said Mrs. Lamb; "what has he to answer to the arguments of truth?

"He has answer enough," cried Paulo impatiently; "he threatens me with the Cadi, if I refuse to ask you if he be talking to a lady whose affections are disengaged."

"Insolent pagan!" cried Mrs. Lamb, in a paroxysm of religious fury, "I abandon your salvation to the care of my husband; I renounce the devil and all his works:—miserable heathen! I fly from the pollution of your profane discourse." And with these words she flung out of the cabin.

Mourad would have followed, but that he wished to have his laugh out before he appeared on the deck. But

before he had restored his features to their ordinary decorum, in walked Jeremiah, with a solemn step, and closing the door after him to prevent escape, he commenced the following consoling exhortation, turning up his eyes as he spoke, like a love-sick spinster in a swoon.

"Hell! my dear brother, is the birth-right of the heathen, the sure destination of all like you, who walk in wilful wickedness. Therefore, the word of comfort is a seasonable word, when received in seriousness of spirit. Alas! poor benighted mortal, deprived of the truth, you follow the law of a vile impostor, even—"

"Stop," cried Mourad; "beware how you revile the name of the blessed Apostle; death or recantation is the consequence, and you cannot be ignorant of the ceremony previous to the latter"—(a groan was heard on the outside.)

"Even, I was about to say," continued Jeremiah, disregarding the interruption, "like the Moabites and Ammonites of old, adoring pagan idols. Ah! wretched infidel! renounce your idolatry ere it be too late; away with your sacrifices of goats and buyrams. I tell you, there is no to-morrow for a Christian, much less for a pagan Turk. Turn from your errors; remember your fall, and think continually of the iniquity of this vile world. You are a poor, fallen creature; a miserable human being; a wretched sinner; a wicked mortal!"

"No, dog of an infidel," cried Mourad, unable to control his rage, "you and the offspring of your mother are base and wicked—not I, nor one of my belief!"

"Oh! horrible impiety!" exclaimed Jeremiah, "he denies the fall!—he disbelieves in the iniquity of this abominable world—he has no knowledge of a future state! Ah! my unfortunate brother, turn your ear to the counsel of the wise, who rejoice in righteousness, and who work out their salvation in fear and trembling, and fly while you yet may from the judgment of the wrath to come. I have discharged my duty—I have spoken to your afflicted spirit the consoling words of truth—I have laboured to convert you—you are a poor degraded mortal, living in a wicked world, a hateful, sinful world, filled with scribes and pharisees, and publicans, licensed

by Satan! that same Satan whose fiery gulf is prepared for those who slight the voice of truth and wisdom—even my faint accents. Ah! my brother, my words are not the vain babblings of that corrupt and carnal ministry, whose bishops are clothed in purple and fine linen; of whom it is written, 'The leaders of my people have caused them to err.' Ah, verily, I am not like these; I am called on by the spirit, like Nathan and Amos, to 'reprove the people;' for, 'knowing the terror of the Lord,' I am fit to persuade men. Ah! truly, it was not from the hands of men I sought an ordination, but from the voice of the Spirit I received the inward call. 'Not by the letter, but by the Spirit,' must a man be an apostle; not by a mitre and a sleeve of lawn, by pomp and pride, and by a pampered stomach, though it be covered by a silken apron. Ah! my friend, like these, your stall-fed muftis roll in riches, and feed on dainties, and say, like the prelates, 'we use these carnal things only as temporal lords;' but, let me ask, what is to become of the spiritual bishop, when the temporal lord is sent to the dominions of Lucifer? Oh! unhappy unbeliever! put your trust in the true pastor, who feeds not on the fat of the flock, and be sure to remember there is no justification but by faith. Hearken to the discourse of the shepherd, whose sides are not clothed with the fleece of the shorn lamb; and oh! be persuaded that Shiloh is coming, and the joyful Millennium near at hand. Attend to the preacher who pins not his faith to the pope of the Lutherans, the Calvinists, or even of the Methodists, and 'conclude, therefore,' with the apostle, 'that a man is justified by faith without the deeds of the law.' Give ear to the voice of the illiterate disciple, even to the voice of Jeremiah Lamb, which shall soon be heard in the howling wilderness, propounding to the heathen the universal saving doctrine; but oh! above all things, be sure that the day is not far off when the nations shall dance for joy on the summit of Mount Sion. Oh! what a sweet perfume in the nostrils of the saints is the heavenly song of justification by faith! how do the fragrant sounds of celestial joy descend to earth, and refresh the souls of human mortals!—Oh! my unfortunate brother,

should my words fail to make a soft impression on your hardened heart, should you dare to rely on your good intentions, and, what is still worse, on your good works, what a sad prospect is there for your soul! And, oh! can I ever ring too often the terrible alternative in your ears. Oh! Pagan, believe and tremble, or die like a heathen, and be drowned in lakes of burning brimstone: —A blessing," continued Jeremiah, concluding rather abruptly at the call of his wife, "which I sincerely wish you—Amen—Selah!"

Jeremiah's evangelical whine now relapsed into a colloquial tone, but sufficiently nasal to give the twang of seriousness to his discourse.

"My good friend," said he, "do you feel the spirit comforted by the saving doctrines I have just expounded?"

"Kitir Hawadge," cried our hero, with true Eastern politeness and Oriental irony, "very much indeed, sir! I feel, as it were, refreshed by your words."

Jeremiah inwardly chuckled at his success. It never occurred to him that a Turk seldom gives himself the trouble to contradict what it is difficult to comprehend; a circumstance which has been a fruitful source of delusion to Eastern missionaries.

"You are certain," continued Jeremiah, "that you feel better in the inner man?"

"Much better, thank you," replied our hero, putting his hand on his stomach [he had just been eating an immature melon.]

"Thank Heaven!" said the enraptured Jeremiah, picturing to himself the flaming account he should be able to send home to the astonished natives, of the conversion of the heathen; "the word has been sown in a good soil; I rejoice to leave you impressed with the truth of the universal saving doctrine. But before I go, let me conjure you to remember the great debt you owe."

"I wish," cried Mourad, reading the soul of Jeremiah as he spoke, "that you would not talk of debts; it is a painful subject, and one that interferes with my spiritual reflections. You have reminded me I owe a cursed tailor three hundred piastres."

"Call not the tailor cursed!" exclaimed Jeremiah; "a serious tailor is more likely to be saved than a sumptuous bishop.—How much, friend," continued he, in a cautious tone, "do you say you owe the tailor? Oh! three hundred piastres! it is a large sum; but could you not bury the consideration in oblivion while you are engaged about your soul?"

"No," replied Mourad, "it is impossible; the knave will not suffer me to forget it for a day; but I have one consolation—he will have to answer for my not profiting by your excellent counsel."

Jeremiah responded not: he closed his eyes, he twirled his thumbs, he groaned inwardly; it was evident there was a conflict in his bosom between zeal and avarice: the man was warring with the missionary; the latter prevailed. "You shall be converted," exclaimed Jeremiah, in a burst of theological enthusiasm: "only promise me faithfully to be saved, and I will pay the tailor. I must break the matter cautiously to Mrs. Lamb; but not to-day: our tempers have been a little ruffled by the receipt of a letter as we came on board, from a profligate brother of mine, who pesters me for money for the subsistence of himself and his starving brats, as if I had nothing to do with my substance but to squander it on the improvident beggar."

"Do you not mean," said Mourad, "to send your mother's son a few piastres to buy bread for his famished children?"

"Not a paras," replied the universal philanthropist. "The workhouse is open for all lazy beggars, and it becomes not a labourer in the vineyard to encourage idleness and profligacy."

"Discretion," said Mourad, "is always commendable. I am more than ever pleased with your doctrines, knowing, as I now do, the virtues of the man who expounds them. At El Masr we shall have more leisure to discuss the important subject; but to-morrow, if it please God, I must have the three hundred piastres to set my mind at rest, and take off my attention from the things of this vile world."

"To-morrow," exclaimed Jeremiah, "you shall have

the money, were I to sell the coat on my back. I feel my spirit transported into the heavens, witnessing the joy of the saints for the conversion of the heathen; I behold the cherubs and the seraphim flapping their wings over our heads; I hear the celestial choir singing joyful epithalamiums, to which let us respond in a loud voice, Amen, Selah!"

"Amen, Selah!" ejaculated Mourad, in perfect ignorance of the import of the words; and quitting the cabin, he found Mrs. Lamb stationed with the dragoman at the door. "This day," exclaimed the lady in a triumphant voice, as our hero passed her, "we have rescued a soul from Satan!"

CHAPTER XII.

There is one living and true God, without body, parts, or passions, of infinite power, wisdom and goodness, the maker and preserver of all things, visible and invisible.

FIRST ARTICLE OF THE VEDA.

THE following day Jeremiah, encouraged by his first success, buckled on the armour of controversy, and made a vigorous attack on the faith of the Arab Sheik. After haranguing the old man for two long hours on the errors of his creed, and the excellence of the doctrine of justification by faith, the Sheik put down his pipe and replied, like an ignorant Arab, to the unanswerable arguments of his opponent, in these terms:

"Look you, Hamadgi, all that you have said is very good, if it be true; Allah knows all things. If there be error in the law of Islam, He knew it before I was born; if what you have spoken about faith be comprehensible, He understands it, I do not; I only know that I am a Mussulman, and that my father was one before me. I believe our law is a good law, and I have instructed my child in its precepts; and had it not been written in the great book above, that I was to have acted as I have

done, I might perhaps have acted otherwise. But what is, was written; and what is written, must happen. Therefore, Hamadgi, you see, it would be quite impossible for me to become an infidel, as you are pleased to recommend me; and I hope you will not be angry with me, as I have not pressed you against your destiny, to become a true believer."

Jeremiah was preparing to give a definitive kick to the flimsy arguments of the old Sheik, when the man of the law, who had listened for some time with much impatience to the discussion, turned on Jeremiah with unwarrantable acrimony, and addressed him in the following intemperate terms:

"Whose dog of a giaour are you, who dare to show the Kafir's tooth in the presence of a Moslem? Whose half-famished son of an infidel are you, who have the audacity to throw your filth on the faith of Islam?—Wallah al Nebi! by the Prophet I swear, this insolence shall be punished!—Moslems, gather round; here is a dog who has blasphemed the Apostle; arise, true believers, here is a Christian who has spoken against the law; throw the infidel overboard! away with the wine-drinker! down with the blasphemer."

A terrible commotion ensued; the man of the law and half-a-dozen of the boatmen laid violent hands on the unfortunate Jeremiah; they swore he deserved death, and that drowning was but too gentle a punishment for his impiety.

Mourad was pretty much of the same opinion, but he had not yet received the three hundred piastres; he therefore took the part of the Christian, and assisted the old Sheik, the Franks, and the Reis of the boat, in rescuing the terrified Jeremiah from the hands of the Philistines.

The rage of the Arabs was easily appeased by Paulo's promise of a becksheesh of half-a-dozen piastres; while the fury of the man of the law was moderated by the Sheik's representation of the vengeance that was sure to overtake the slayer of even a common Christian, in the country of the Giaour Pacha.

Jeremiah made no more attempts on the heathen du-

ring the voyage. He and his amiable partner reviled in strong language the perverse Pagans, who had resisted the truth. They felt the indignation which the best-intentioned controversialists approve, against those who have the folly to refuse their good offices. They fell into the common, and perhaps natural error, of hating those who oppose our honest endeavours to befriend them.

Fortunately for the indefatigable zeal of Jeremiah and his spouse, there was still an individual left for their spiritual solicitude. That happy individual was the gentleman with the classic name, Mr. John Smyth. He was any thing but serious, and the attempt to make him so seemed almost hopeless; yet the difficulty of the task carried a recommendation with it to the bosom of Mrs. Lamb. She was of Dr. Johnson's opinion, that great enterprises are always laudable, even when above the strength that undertakes them. She had a few tracts left of a stock she brought from England, for distribution amongst the English sailors; these she presented to Mr. Smyth, with a request that he would peruse them at his leisure.

In the course of the evening, he examined them, one by one. The first was "A pot of precious ointment for the Sinner's eyes," than which Mr. Smyth thought nothing could be more desirable in Egypt. The second was "The history of Grace Goodly, the Dairyman's Daughter, and Tom Christian the Farmer's Son."—"This," said he, "is evidently a rural love-tale; I must look into it." The next was "A Word in Season, by a serious Ploughman:" he threw it down; he had no taste for agricultural essays. The fourth was "The last Moments of Miss Dinah Dobson, who forsook the follies of the World in her ninth year, and was cut off in the blossom of virtue, in her sixteenth summer." "Poor creature!" said he, "I suppose she suffered innocently." The next was "The Miraculous Conversion of Captain Jones, who frequented play-houses and kept bad Company, till he dreamed one night he saw Satan flying away with the playhouse and his associates, from which time he became serious, and avoided female company."—"I would lay a

wager," cried he, "the Captain was on half-pay."—The last was "The New Light of Knowledge, or a Beacon for the Blind;" a work which he thought was more likely to be serviceable to those who had their sight.

Jeremiah was stationed at the door of the cabin, watching the effect of the tracts on the peruser. It was a propitious moment for a discussion, and Jeremiah took advantage of it to inveigh against the obduracy of Turkish fanatics: a side-wind exordium, which was meant to be the forerunner of a right-aft lecture on the obstinate opinions of Mr. Smyth. The latter understood the drift of the observation, and he resolved to escape the forthcoming harangue, by making some remarks which were likely to turn the conversation into another channel.

"Fanaticism, Mr. Lamb, I fear, is not confined to Turkish countries," said Smyth, "though superstition may predominate in them. The former, as you are aware, is the misapplication of religious zeal; the latter, the misconstruction of religion itself. The votaries of both are dangerous to society in different degrees, the infatuation of the fanatic doing much more mischief than the delusion of the superstitious man, who is a sort of religious invalid; whereas the fanatic is a disease in himself;—he is an embossed carbuncle on the surface of religion, and the feebler the powers, the more exuberant the excrescence.

"In our country there is no dearth, you must confess, of fanaticism: civilization has only given it a different turn to that which it commonly takes in Turkey. Our lunatic asylums are filled with the victims to this species of enthusiasm; the commonest hallucination found there is religious madness.

"But with us, the lower classes, and no small majority of females, are the subjects of this insanity, while the very reverse is the case in Turkey; the middle and the educated classes of society who can read their Koran, and comprehend the obligation of exterminating the unbelievers, are the fanatics. It is only the pious Hadgi, who is generally a man of substance, who can afford to make a pilgrimage, which he commences at Medina, by supplicating the Deity to 'destroy the enemies of Islam,

and make the torments of hell-fire their lot.' As to the women, they are not enjoined even the outward ceremonies of the law; and if they abhor a Christian, it is more for the fashion of his garments, than the nature of his creed.

"Now, our fanatics, for the most part, are elderly ladies in a state of single blessedness, and melancholy mechanics of atrabilious aspects.—I am sure, Mr. Lamb, I never set my eyes on a male fanatic of wholesome looks, nor on a female one of any personal attractions. In all of them there is organic derangement of one kind or another.

"If you see a consumptive tailor, a dyspeptic cobbler, or a sedentery sempstress, approach you, look to your faith, you are in danger of a fanatic. These people have no mercy on a man who looks happier or healthier than themselves; it is their vocation to secure his soul, by unsettling his belief, whatever it may be, and, like zealots, they accordingly pounce on their victims, mistaking the vapours of hypochondriasm for the suggestions of the Spirit.

"If the reputed fanatic you encounter have a rosy cheek and an expanded forehead, be doubly on your guard, for you are then in peril of the fangs of a hypocrite, from which Heaven preserve all my tribe! If the fanatic be sincere, he must be sickly; and being so if you wish to reclaim him, restore his health; attempt not to reason with him;—send for a physician; a peristalic persuader will do no more for him than all your logic.

"And, before I conclude, you will suffer me to remark, that the essential difference in the fanaticism of Turks and Christians is in this particular. The Turk belongs to a creed whose doctrines admit neither of doubt nor disputation; he is in no danger of wavering in his faith, for he has no newfangled readings of difficult passages to perplex him. Whenever he is called to his last account, no matter what have been his crimes, he is ultimately sure of heaven; every son of Islam is born to salvation, and the utmost punishment he can endure is seven thousand years of torment.

"These two material points—the certainty of salvation, and the prohibition against disputation and discussion on theological topics—render Mahometans so happy in their fanaticism, that religious melancholy is unknown, and insanity of very rare occurrence.

"But our fanatics order the matter much worse: they are eternally disquieted by conflicting expositions; they have qualms and scruples on every subject; and, at the very moment their breasts are torn with doubts, their greatest anxiety is to shake others in their belief.

"It is one of the anomalies of their sect that while they profess to let all men search the Scriptures, and to interpret them according to their pleasure, they still abjure him as an atheist, and an unbeliever, who differs from them even in the letter. One would think Locke intended to describe them in his characteristics of wrong reasoners. 'Error and truth are uncertainly blended in their minds; their decisions are lame and defective, and they are very often mistaken in their judgments; the reason whereof is, they converse with but one set of men—they read but one sort of books—they will not come within the hearing of but one sort of notions; the truth is, they canton out to themselves a little Goshen in the intellectual world, where light shines, and, as they conclude, day blesses them, but the rest of the vast expansion they give up to night and darkness, and so avoid coming near it.'

"I had a great deal more to say on the subject, but I see, Mr. Lamb, you are perfectly convinced of the truth of my observations; therefore it would be useless to say any more on the subject."

Jeremiah lifted his two hands above his head, and then turning up his eyes, he exclaimed, in a solemn tone; "Oh! Adonai, bare thy right-arm and smite the scoffer of thy people."

Tossing about his arms, and moaning loudly, he fled from the presence of Mr. Smyth, and flung himself precipitately into his cabin.

Next morning the pyramids of Ghiza were in sight, and before noon the passengers were landed at Boulac, the port of Cairo.

CHAPTER XIII.

If chance will have me king, why chance may crown me without my stir.

MACBETH.

THE evening of his arrival at El Masr, our hero proceeded to the house of Ali Aga with his letter of recommendation. As he endeavoured to force his way through the narrow lanes of Cairo "the Grand," at every second step some great man, with his numerous *cortège*, blocked up the avenue; and now and then a Mameluke chief, or his richly-caparisoned steed, rode on through the crowd, threatening the lives of the foot-passengers who were unlucky enough to obstruct the path; the Seys, or the running-footman of the proud cavalier, who preceded his master, crying out, "Reglic! reglic!—take care of your legs!" while his long stick fell on the heads of the people on either side. Mourad was standing at the corner of a bazaar, wondering at the insolence of the haughty soldiers and their slaves, when he received a stripe on the face from the courbash of a passing horseman. "Dog of a Mameluke!" cried Mourad, boiling with rage, "that blow should be your last, were it not for the multitude of menials which encompass you. But let me never sleep under the shadow of the Apostle's tent, if I forget the insult, or fail to avenge it."

The Mameluke and his followers were already out of sight, but his name was still in the mouths of the rabble, and a thousand "Wallah el Nebis" proclaimed the generosity and valour of Osman Bey.

"Were he generous," said Mourad, "as Hatem Tai, valorous as Rustam, I may live to pull down the pride of his house, one day or other."

"You would not kill the Bey, surely?" said an elderly man, with Turkish features, but so closely muffled up in an Arab cloak that his person was totally concealed. His face was vulgar, but there was an ex-

pression of irony about his mouth, a world of activity in his small bright eye, and a general manifestation of benignity in his countenance, which was only rendered equivocal by the peculiarity of his smile. He was rather under the middle size, and so far as Mourad could judge of his person, it appeared to be vigorous, if not corpulent.

"Not kill him!" cried our hero; "and why not, I pray you, if he raise his filthy hand against my head? Am I not an Osmanli? Is he who struck me, without provocation, my Sultan? Allah Wakbar! were the Kafir the brother of Bardissy, and had the thousand hearts of Elfi's house in his bosom, I would tear his soul out for the indignity I have suffered!"

The man in the cloak smiled at the warmth of our hero; his little gray eye twinkled in its orb. He had been standing motionless while Mourad spoke; he was now shifting his posture incessantly; now resting on one leg, then on another: it seemed as if he could not remain still for an instant.

"What! kill a Bey for a little blow!" he rejoined; "slay a Mameluke for a lash of a whip! lift your hand against the beard of the lord of the universe, for conferring the honour of a stripe on your cheek! Wallah! my young Effendi, you must learn to be humble, when you are permitted to walk in the same street which a Bey of El Masr deigns to ride through, and to account yourself fortunate to be trampled under the feet of his war-horse."

"A Bey of El Masr," replied Mourad; "a dog who draws the breath of life on the sufferance of his enemy, trampled on a free-born Moslem! Your words have no flavour of wisdom; a man of your beard ought to know better."

"Ah! but these Beys, my young man," said the stranger, "are not to be lightly spoken of; you surely must know they are the princes of the land."

"I thought," replied Mourad, "Mohamed Ali was the prince of the land, and if he be not, he is a fool."

"Not exactly a fool," rejoined the stranger, "nor altogether a knave; but an ill-served prince, whose

soldiers have eaten up the country, and are become too fat to fight for him."

"Allah Illah!" exclaimed Mourad; "if I were Mohamed Ali, I would send every dog of them into the Desert, to fight the wild Arabs; and had I no other troops, I would put my Etchi-bashi, even my chief cook, at the head of my scullions, and send the menials to make mince-meat of these Mamelukes in their own houses."

"Not in their houses," replied the stranger; "it would be a breach of hospitality: would it not be better to make kibabs of their livers in your own dwelling? But unfortunately for the people, you are not the Viceroy; and unfortunately for the Viceroy, you are not his servant. Had he five hundred men of your way of thinking, he might bowstring all his Delhis, and massacre every Mameluke in the country. You have called Mohamed Ali a fool; perhaps you do not know him; he might prove to you his wisdom, if you sought employment in his service. I would wager my gray beard against the down on your upper lip, that the Pacha would make you his officer, were you to present yourself before him."

"Not he!" said our hero. "I am not courtier enough to make my way to his favour: and were I to win it, it would soon be lost."

"You had better make the trial, however," replied the stranger. "The divan of the Pacha is open to all men, from the insolent Bey down to the submissive beggar."

With this observation the speaker took leave of our hero. The latter proceeded to the house of Ali Aga, a magnificent mansion in the square of Ezbekia, which had formerly belonged to Elfi Bey. Mourad made his way through a host of ill-mannered grooms, who jostled and elbowed him as he passed by without much ceremony. One fellow said his master was in the harem; another, that he was at prayer; a third that he was out; a fourth gave a contemptuous glance at his apparel, and made no reply at all. "I see how it is," said Mourad; "the slaves must be paid for the inter-

view with their lord.—Here, my good friends," said he, "is something to buy coffee. Let me see the Aga as soon as possible."

"Are you seeking the protection of the Aga?" said a disfigured negro; "because, if you are, you must remember that all public favour flows from the fountain of the private chamber. The wife of the Aga will expect a present befitting her rank, and the importance of your demand. If you look for an office of any emolument, you cannot offer less than a Cachemere shawl, of a purse at least, or half a dozen pieces of Damascene silk, of two hundred piastres a-piece. She has taken less, it is true, from poor wretches who had no substance, but an Effendi of your appearance must do the thing generously, or not at all."

"To-morrow," cried Mourad with a groan, "I will provide a present for the harem; in the mean time, accept some paras for sherbet, for the trouble you have had in enlightening my mind on this important subject."

The servants were now all courtesy and politeness, vying with each other in civility as they ushered him into the divan, where the master of the house was seated, surrounded by various supplicants. Having divested himself of his shoes, and modestly pulled the sleeves of his anteree over the tips of his fingers, he took his station in the crowd, fixing his eyes on the ground, and letting all the suitors precede him in obtaining a hearing. But with all his modesty, he had so placed himself as to be within the view of the Aga, and he was fortunate enough not to escape observation. After scanning the submissive figure of the stranger for some minutes, the old man bade him approach and tell his business.

Mourad stepped forward, and pulling out his letter, he bent his head respectfully to the ground, kissed the hem of the Aga's garment, and placed the epistle in his hand. He then stepped a little way backward, while a malim, or secretary, proceeded to read the letter aloud before all the assembly.

"'Tis well," said the Aga; "Aslan and I are old

friends. He says you are an eater of gunpowder; one who loves fighting better than a pilau; is it so?"

"It is as your Excellency desires it to be," replied Mourad, still not presuming to look the Aga in the face.

"Rustam," replied Ali, "was a man of valour, but not of discretion; it seems you are both. A soft tongue is seldom the companion of a strong hand, but when it is, so rare a union deserves to be noticed and rewarded. To-morrow, Inshallah! I will take you to the citadel, and say a good word for you to the Pacha: be here before noon."

Mourad, as he attempted to repeat his salutation of the great man's robe, was condescendingly repulsed; he backed out of the room, with his face to the Aga, till he reached the door where he had deposited his new papoushes, into which it was written he was never again to poke his feet. He had the good sense to make no inquiry for them, but stepped into the best pair that remained.

His polite friend, the negro, again took the trouble to remind him of the present for the harem. "It must be even larger than I told you," said he; "for no man has ever been received by the Aga as you have been. Your fortune is made, but forget not the Sultana. Your head is now in the clouds, but the least touch of my mistress's foot is sufficient to trip up your heels."

"Heaven preserve me from the disfavour of even the little toe of your Sultana!" cried Mourad, as he crossed the threshold, and returned to the khan where he had taken up his abode.

CHAPTER XIV.

A prince, a woman, and a creeping plant cling round whatever stands nearest to their side.

VISHNUSARMAN.

NEXT morning our hero equipped himself in a new suit of clothes, divested of all embroidery; stuck a plain-handled brace of pistols in his girdle; slung a sword over his shoulder, whose blade was a true Damascus, the haft of the finest-polished bone of the Gamous el Bahr, notwithstanding the scabbard was covered with dingy leather, which looked as if it had been cut out of the hide of the dun camel of Aad. The studied plainness of his attire was, however, strangely contrasted with the fineness of his turban, which was made of a Cachemere shawl of considerable value. "I know nothing," said he, "of the soul of the Pacha," as he looked into his mirror, "if the simple fashion of my garments do not prepossess him in my favour, while my turban will show him that it is not from poverty I wear plain apparel."

He found the Aga in readiness to proceed to the citadel. As they went along, the old man gave him a great deal of good counsel for his future guidance. "Mohamed Ali," said he, "is a good friend, but a bitter enemy; a generous master, and therefore a grasping governor; the best humoured of men, but at the same time the most ill-tempered; never cruel but where it would be criminal to show kindness. He sometimes forgives injuries, but never forgets favours. He promotes poor men to high offices; he removes them when they grow rich: they have the odium of extorting the substance of the fellah in paras—he reaps the fruit of the robbery in piastres. If the fools are taken off, what else can they expect? Is not the Prince the tree of the state? Are not the people the root which supplies the trunk with life and strength? and are not the

branches the petty officers, whose exuberance exhausts the sap, and therefore need to be lopped off, from time to time."

Mourad did not altogether see the necessity for the latter operation, but they were already within the walls of the palace, the halls of which were filled with Albanian soldiers, rudely and variously attired; the ministers and chief officers in glittering apparel; the Bedouins of the Desert, in their Arab blankets, parading contemptuously the painted chambers, with their matchlocks slung over their shoulder; the fierce-looking Delhis of Syria, swaggering among the crowd; the Levantine sycophants of his Highness, cringing about the persons of the two Christian dragomen, endeavouring to dispose them favourably in their regard; the hat-wearing merchants of Franguestan, surrounding the interpreters, and offering bribes for their favourable word with the royal seller of beans and barley; the gorgeously dressed young Mamelukes of the court; and the squalid beggars, in their rags, all jumbled together, without distinction of rank.

At length our hero and the Aga were ushered into the presence of the Viceroy. The moment Mourad set eyes on the illustrious person who sat before him, surrounded by a thousand crouching slaves and soldiers, he shuddered as if an apparition from the grave had met his glance.

He stole another look at his features. "By the soul of my father," said he, "I am utterly ruined! it is the very man in the Arab cloak whom I abused for taking the part of the Beys, calling even the Pacha himself a fool in my madness; and, oh! beard of the Prophet, here is the very man on the throne of El Masr."

Ali in the mean time had salaamed his Highness, and was mentioning to him the good qualities of a young Moslem who sought his service.

"Ah," said the Pacha, "I suppose he is like the rest of them, come to eat my bread and grumble for his pay, and pillage the villages when there is no more money in the haznah. Let him approach."

The soldiers retired to let the stranger advance, but, to the astonishment of all, and the especial shame of his introducer, instead of advancing to the foot of the divan to pay homage to the Prince, he stood stock still, steeped to the very eyes in confusion.

Mohamed Ali recognised at once the spirited young Moslem he had met in the bazaar, where he took his daily round in disguise, as he was in the habit of doing. The Pacha enjoyed his confusion; his eyes sparkled with pleasure as he surveyed the downcast features of the fiery-headed youngster, who a few hours ago was ready to eat all the Beys of Egypt without a grain of salt.

Ali Aga observed the eye of the Viceroy twinkling, as he believed, with anger at the awkwardness of his protegé. "May it please your Highness," cried he, "to make some allowance for the excessive modesty of the young man. He has never been at Court before, and the magnificence and splendour of your presence have dazzled his astonished senses."

"Hush, man," said the Pacha; "never tell me of his excessive modesty! I, who never beheld him before, know better. That broad forehead, those elevated cheeks, and that curved cimeter of a nose of his, were never given to a man who was ashamed to speak, or afraid to fight."

A buzz of acclamation ran round the saloon. His Highness had said a good thing, and every fellow present found himself called upon to ejaculate a Callam kebir, a Wallah thaib, a Mashallah, or a Wallah el Nebi,—it is a great word, well said, by Allah! How wonderful is God, O Allah, and the Apostle!

"Guehl Pessavink," continued the Viceroy, in a familiar tone of voice, (one of the Pacha's expressions of endearment,) "come near me, you rascal, and let these knaves see your face. If they don't find the lineaments of a brave man there, there is no truth in men's looks—or they know nothing of physiognomy. Some of you, perhaps, have seen him before, and are acquainted with his spirit; but I, who never set eyes

on him ere this blessed hour, know every corner of his heart as well as if I had it in my hand, (Mourad felt an involuntary palpitation;) speak, young man; did I ever behold you before this hour?"

"Never, may it please your Highness!" replied our hero, in a clear, loud voice, as he advanced a step forward, and bowing to the ground, touched the floor with the back of his fingers, then carried them to his mouth, and then to the crown of his head.

"You are my Chiaous," said Mohamed Ali, "my chief messenger; take that purse to buy yourself the long stick of your office.—Ruah reigle," continued the Pacha, using the only two words of Arabic he knew, "away with you, man! return at the asser, I shall have business for you after the evening prayer."

Mourad went away, in the words of the multitude, a made man. Here was greatness thrust upon him without the trouble of petitioning for it; he was therefore born to greatness, and he accordingly elbowed the crowd as he passed along with all the dignified insolence of a man who was justly proud of his birthright.

His first step was to procure an abode, suitable to his high station, in the vicinity of the citadel; his next care was to send the becksheesh he had promised to the wife of his patron Ali Aga. At the appointed hour he returned to the palace, where he was received by all with the smiles which are ever accorded to the latest favourite of a prince. The Pacha had not yet come out of the harem after his siesta, but the instant the Muezzin announced the hour of evening prayer, he made his appearance, and beckoning Mourad to follow him, he proceeded to a little kiosk in a garden, formed on one of the spacious terraces of the building. The attendant who carried the chibouque was dismissed, and Mourad was left alone with the Viceroy.

"I have given you a proof of my friendship this morning," said the Pacha; "it rests with yourself whether you would have a farther and a better token of my generosity; that is to say, whether you mean to deserve it. Imagine the man in the Arab cloak is still

speaking to you, and tell me your mind freely on the subject I am about mentioning to you.

"That son of a slave who struck you in the street like a dog, is of course hateful to your heart; so is he and all his race to mine. Not one blow have they struck at my house, but five thousand; not one injury have I to resent, but a million. Even now they are plotting against my peace, even in my own capital. The day is come when Mohamed Ali, or the Mamelukes must reign alone in El Masr. The means are to be thought of: I have tried open warfare and stratagem, without success; secret measures must now be resorted to. Look you, young man, I think you are worthy of confidence, therefore have I conferred with you on a subject which no other ear has heard discussed. My only counsellor heretofore has been my heart, and therefore have I seldom been deceived: in one brief word, I would have the Beys disposed of; not exactly murdered in their own dwellings as you suggested—the rabble would cry shame in the very act of pillaging their houses. Neither would I have them despatched in the street by night—the Frangis would call me an assassin."

"Would your Highness have them slain in your own house, then?" said Mourad.

"You have said it," replied the Pacha; "I would have every Mameluke of them massacred in the citadel."

Mourad's blood ran cold; the blow he had received was almost forgotten; he felt nothing but horror at the prospect of being involved in a business at which his soul shuddered. But he had too much respect for his head to manifest any repugnance to the deed.

"Why don't you speak?" said the Pacha; "you are thinking, I perceive; I would fain know of what."

"Yes, if it please your Highness. I was thinking," replied our hero, "how difficult it would be to get the wily knaves into the trap, unless indeed you gave them a banquet, and then the physician might assist the cook."

"I have thought of that," replied the Pacha, "but

the number is too great: one might get rid of half-a-dozen enemies at a banquet easily enough; but five or six hundred would be too many to poison at one feast. The difficulty, as you say, is to get the traitors within the citadel; that difficulty you must surmount; for every Mamelûke you bring within these walls, the defterdar shall count you down an ounce of gold. Ali Aga will furnish you with the means of becoming acquainted with the principal chiefs; steal into their bosoms, inform them of the festivities forthcoming at the citadel on the occasion of my son Toussoun Pacha taking the command of the army against the Wahabees, and being invested with the pelisse of dignity. Inform them fully of the grandeur of the ceremony; dwell much on the finely-embroidered dresses, and richly-caparisoned steeds of my followers, who are to be present on the occasion; hint at their eclipsing the Beys themselves in magnificence, and finally, invite them to assist, in full costume, at the ceremony. In the mean time, to prevent suspicion, I intend making a journey to Sues on pretence of seeing the stores embarked for the Hedjaz, which must precede the army. When you are entirely successful in your mission, as, Inshallah! you shall be, lose not a moment in sending me a courier with the intelligence. Remember my happiness and your fortune depend on the result. I have many preparations yet to make for my departure at the dawn—it is time you leave me, but before you do, remember, a prince's secret is like the seal of death on the silent sepulchre,—never to be broken."

CHAPTER XV.

It is the curse of kings to be attended
By slaves that take their humour for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life,
And, on the winking of authority,
To understand a law.

KING JOHN.

"WHY should I feel so much reluctance," said our hero, as he reflected on his conversation with the Pacha, "at embarking in a business which, if I do not undertake, some other person will? True it is, these Beys are not my enemies, and, with a solitary exception, have done me no wrong. I have not offered my services to the Pacha for the purposes of private murder; my desire was to be employed in the face of the world in the open field, even where death, the mother of vultures, hovers over the heads of the combatants. A fortuitous circumstance has thrown me in the way of the Viceroy, the very moment he is plotting murder, and in need of an accomplice. In a moment of rage, I make use of language which is interpreted into the deliberate expression of perfidy; and before I have leisure to recover from my surprise, the perpetration of the treachery is assigned to my hand, and so far from lifting my voice against the business, I find myself involuntarily suggesting the plan. Allah! Illah! the madman in the boat was in the right to talk about the wickedness of the world, and the degradation of human nature. Proceed I must, even against my will; fate will have it so, and who can oppose his destiny? Besides, these Beys have been the oppressors of the country; they are the mortal enemies of the Viceroy, who is now my master; one of them is my enemy. Thank Heaven! I have one honest motive for becoming a traitor."

In this way Mourad sought to quiet the still small voice within, and to persuade himself that as a loyal subject who had the interest of his master at heart,

and as a man of honour who had received an unpardonable insult, he had no right to let remorse or pity interfere with the duty he owed to his sovereign and himself. He soon became acquainted with the Beys; he found them the people in the world the most open to perfidy; a brave, unsuspicious noble minded race, generous to excess, and magnificent to a fault in the fashion of their clothes and the furniture of their houses; but divided amongst themselves into as many factions as there were chiefs, the followers of Bardissy, the sworn foes of those of Elfi and the descendants of Ibrahim, the implacable enemies of the house of Osman. They were bound together by no common bond of brotherhood; the only common feeling that preserved to them the name of a distinct people, was the *esprit du corps* which pride still kept up amongst them. Mourad had sufficient address to ingratiate himself into the favour of the principal chiefs, and more especially into that of Osman Bey, the Mameluke who had struck him in the bazaar.

When his intimacy was sufficient to procure him the confidence of his victims, he spread abroad the news of the approaching festivities at the citadel, and at length published the invitation of his Highness to the chiefs, to assist with all their followers in full costume at the ceremony. With many, the opportunity of showing off their glittering garments and prancing steeds was a sufficiently strong motive to induce them to attend; others were influenced, in accepting the invitation, by the hope of a thorough reconciliation with the Viceroy; but the greater number distrusted his intentions, and expressed their determination not to attend the ceremony. To gain these over, was now the business of perfidy: no effort was left untried to allay suspicion; no oath was left unsworn to dupe credulity with every Turkish protestation of regard. Smooth-faced perfidy and smiling treachery were not idle; the wily Chiaous was late and early at his work; indefatigable in deceit, he threw himself in the path of his victims day after day, and hour after hour, referring as if by accident to the coming festival, and describing in glowing terms the

magnitude of the preparations, and the unequalled splendour of the presents to be distributed amongst the guests.

The presents were weighty arguments with the Beys; the youth and frankness of the Chiaous inspired them with confidence; they conferred together on the propriety of attending the feast; it was decided it would be to insult the Viceroy to refuse the invitation—they signified their intention to the young Chiaous to accept it. That night, Mourad despatched a courier, on the fleetest dromedary of Birket el Hadgi, to the Viceroy, with a letter, divested of all customary forms of compliment—these were the terms:—

"Mourad, the Chiaous, the slave of the Viceroy of El Masr, sends these words to his master: The guests are invited to the feast; and if to have secured the attendance of all of them be to make the host entirely content, his Highness has cause to be happy."

"He writes well," said Mohamed Ali, perusing the laconic epistle; "a fool would have kept me in suspense through two whole sheets of paper. This fellow is a valuable servant, he deserves to be advanced."

The stores and the flotilla were soon abandoned; the Pacha mounted his dromedary, and with a single Arab running by his side, he returned to El Masr, performing a journey across the Desert in sixteen hours, which commonly occupies from three to four days. Mourad was the first person admitted to his presence; he rewarded his zeal with many flattering encomiums; fixed the day for the ceremony; gave him the command of a troop, with the title of Bynbashi, and dismissed him with the command to look well to his soldiers, to see that their arms were in good order, and their cartouches provided with twenty rounds a man of ball-cartridges.

The head of the young Bynbashi was almost turned with joy at his sudden elevation; when he appeared at the citadel in the splendid uniform of his new rank, many a jealous eye was fixed on him, and they who envied his good fortune most were loudest in their con-

gratulations, and earliest in the expressions of their admiration of his gorgeous garments. His soldiers, who hated him in their hearts because he was not an Albanian, kissed a hand they would have willingly cut off; even the ministers condescended to pay visits of ceremony to the young soldier of fortune, and to vie with each other in seeking to secure the favour of the favourite. Mourad behaved to all with the haughtiness which became his dignity; but with all the pride of prosperity, he forgot not the humble bearing which becomes the slave in the presence of his master. He had read, in some old book of Arab ethics, that familiarity with the great is the rock on which humble merit splits; and that it never becomes the inferior, no matter how intimate he may be with a noble patron, to put condescension so far to the proof as to call the son of Kaled, brother.

Mourad now had daily interviews with the Pacha; the greater part of the night preceding the festivities he remained with his Highness. At the dawn, he was again at the palace; he found Mohamed Ali in the same chamber in which he had left him, parading up and down, with his hands behind his back; he looked pale, and his dress was disordered—it was evident he had not been to bed. "Is every thing in readiness?" said he, addressing our hero, in a low voice; "are you sure they will come, all of them come? You are certain of the Boabs who guard the gates—there will be no bungling —no half murders—no defection to be feared in the Delhis? Be sure you see my dromedary saddled, and in readiness without the walls, in the event of a failure. Look to it, young man!"

"On my head be the accomplishment of all your wishes, Effendi," cried our hero; "it is the cause of peace and justice we are embarked in, and the Prophet is on our side; and, with the shadow of his favour on our swords, if it please Allah, we shall not fail."

"Were we going to try the issue of that cause," replied Mohamed Ali, "by another mode of decision, I would not doubt success by the favour of the Prophet or without it."

Mourad very kindly stepped between the Pacha and his conscience, "May it please your Highness," said he, "to spare the effusion of his subjects' blood, (the Viceroy stared,) is the business, or at least it ought to be, of every good prince. By the measure you are now adopting, you are rescuing the haznahs and the harems of your people from the ravages of an insolent band of slaves, whose dynasty has been a curse to the country, and is more hateful to the Apostle than that of the founder of the Shiahs. You are avoiding, as I said before, the effusion of your people's blood, by adopting a measure which will obviate the necessity of future wars. Is this a trifling good, a vain consideration? or is Tarafa a fool, who calls war a fiend, whose flame being once kindled in the country, she rages and blazes forth, and grinds the face of the people, as the mill grinds the corn with its lower stone? and pregnant with mischief, becomes the mother of famine and distress, full-grown monsters, and each deformed as the unsightly camel of Aad."

"There is wisdom in your words," cried Mohamed Ali, thrusting his hand into his bosom, and pulling forth a purse. "There, my young Locman," continued he, "had you propounded ten thousand moral maxims, like those of the wise man, you could not have spoken better. Take the purse, man."

Mourad kissed the coarse large hand that presented it with with more fervour than ever lover saluted the tapering fingers of his mistress, glowing at the tips like the crimson worm of Dahia.

"Now, in the name of Allah," said the Viceroy, "go and make the necessary dispositions, distribute ten purses among the soldiers, and promise as many more if I have reason to be satisfied with their conduct. Acquaint them not with the service I require—keep you about my person, and, at the proper time, you will see me put my finger to my throat; separate, if possible, the few French Mamelukes who are in the service of the Beys from their masters; they are sick of their service, and are favourably disposed towards me. I would have the infidels saved. Keep to the walls,

and when the Kafirs are in the narrowest passages, then give the word, and twice let it be repeated, 'vras, vras!' (kill, kill!")

Mourad was dismissed, the great guns of the citadel were already announcing the arrival of the day of joy, and in another hour the gates of the palace were thrown open to the visiters.

The 1st of March, 1811, one of the most successful acts of perfidy ever attempted, even in Turkey, was performed by Mohamed Ali, the satrap of Modern Egypt. The Mamelukes ascended the citadel; Chakyn Bey, at the head of his house, was the first to dismount at the door of the palace. Osman, Ibrahim, Mazzouk, and all the other chiefs appeared in succession, with their numerous followers, splendidly attired. Never was there a nobler cavalcade beheld than that which was now seen from the windows of the palace winding slowly along the steep avenues of the citadel; their bright swords glittering in the sun, their embroidered garments radiant with gold and silver, and the gorgeous accoutrements of their Arab steeds dazzling the eyes of the spectators. It was a glorious spectacle to all, except to those who had the present before their eyes in the same vista with the future. The Pacha condescended to rise at the entrance of the Beys; and when the principal guests were seated, he placed his hand on his left breast and salaamed them all round.

"May the peace of God be on you!" (were his words); "you are welcome to my house; this is truly a day of happiness; I have no more enemies in the world; all my dear friends are about me; they love me, I am now assured; Allah be their recompense! they are my dutiful children, my affectionate brothers, my excellent friends, praised be the Apostle!"

The Beys said they had lived to see a blessed day, a day of peace and reconciliation. They thanked God for having an opportunity of paying homage to their Prince; and they desired no greater honour than to bask in the sunshine of his favour, and no higher pleasure than to walk in the shadow of his glory.

There was no end to their protestations of love and

loyalty. The Pacha, on the other hand, was not to be outdone in courtesy. He played "the most kind host" to perfection. He assured them generally they might count on his protection; he spoke to them individually about their affairs and families: nothing could exceed his affability. To Chakyn Bey he spoke of his skill in lancing the jereed. He talked to Osman Bey of his dexterity in wielding the sword: of his cutting a helmet through and through with a single stroke. To Ibrahim's mind he recalled the days of his youth; how he stuck on the back of his spirited steed, as if the horse and the rider were one. He made the tears come in the old man's eyes when he spoke of his bright bay steed, from whose shining back, in the words of the poet, the trappings slid, as the dew-drops glide down the sides of slippery marble: a horse ready in turning, quick in pursuing, bold in advancing, firm in backing, and performing every evolution with the strength of a rock, and the swiftness of a mountain torrent. How he trotted like a wolf, and galloped like a fox, with the loins of an antelope, and the thighs of an ostrich; and then he went on to describe his full and flowing mane, and the blood of the swift game which mantled in his neck, like the crimson juice of henna on a light brown hand.

The refreshments were handed round. Some of the Beys kept sipping the coffee, without daring to swallow it. Mohamed Ali observed their suspicions, but he affected not to notice them. Toussoun, the son of the Pacha, was now presented to the company,—a beautiful youth, about sixteen years of age; a fine frank-faced boy, the very reverse in disposition, as well as in appearance, of his scowling brother Ibrahim. Every one admired the manly open features of the little hero, who at so early an age was intrusted with the command of an army of eight thousand men. The ceremony was now performed of investing him with the pelisse of Pacha, and reading the firman.

This being done, the guests rose to depart. The public square in the town was to be the place of the sports of the jereed, and the luti, or wrestling. The Pacha

stood up as they retired, the highest honour it was possible to confer on inferiors. He smiled and smiled over again as one departed after another; but murder was busy with his heart, and all the blood of his veins seemed to have collected and curdled there, for his lips and cheek were pale as ashes.

The visit was finished. Mourad performed the office of master of the ceremonies; he assigned to each the order of his departure. A corps of Delhis opened the march, under Ouzam Ali; then came the Janissary Aga with the Adaklys and Yoldaches; and then followed the guests. Whilst they were mounting their horses, Mourad despatched his soldiers to the different gates to see that they were shut, and kept so till farther orders should be given.

The Mamelukes were now mounted on their high-couraged horses, prancing and curvetting as they returned by the same avenue by which they came. They proceeded through the path leading to the square of Roumelia, and when they came to that narrow part where the road is cut in the solid rock, and where more than two or three cannot pass abreast, Mourad appeared on the walls above, crying with a voice of thunder to the soldiers around him, "Kill! kill!" Instantly a discharge of musketry was poured on the astonished Mamelukes. They pressed on one another so thickly, in attempting to get to the gates through the narrow avenue, that the passage was soon blocked up both with the dead and the living. At length some of them made their way to the gates, but they found them closed. He who had charge of this post, Saleh Kosh, and a troop of Delhis, were stationed on the walls and turrets overhead, keeping up a continual fire on the poor wretches during their fruitless endeavours to break open the doors. As the survivors fled, they galloped over the dead bodies of their comrades; their horses maddened with wounds, and they themselves confounded by the groans of their companions, the yells of the savage soldiery, and the incessant roar of musketry.

The unfortunate Beys now abandoned their horses; they stripped themselves of their cumbrous garments,

and sword in hand returned to the threshold of the palace. But all along the path the soldiers were stationed on the heights, taking unerring aim at their defenceless victims: and when in their despair they rushed to the door of the palace, a thousand muskets were levelled at them from the loop-holes and lattices. The carnage was terrible. The Beys in vain shook their swords at their murderers. They ran up and down like distracted beings, bleeding and half naked, walking over the bodies of the dying and the dead, and every instant increasing the tumulus of slaughter.

Mourad at the head of his troops, now descended from the walls to despatch the survivors, some of whom had taken refuge in the ruins of Saladin's palace.

The spirit of the Mamelukes was almost broken; many were dragged from the ruins and massacred without offering any resistance; but some, amongst whom were Chakyn and Osman Beys, died like men deserving a better fate, sword in hand, and when they fell, it was on the bodies of their enemies.

Mourad had long sought the latter amidst his numerous victims. At length he found him in the ruin, pale and bloody, standing against one of the pillars, and leaning on his sword for support. It was a sight to have struck pity into any bosom save that of an infuriated soldier, whom the sight of blood had maddened into a monster panting only for slaughter, and insatiate with murder.

"Dog of a Mameluke!" cried the pitiless young soldier, as he rushed on the wounded Bey, "that cursed blow you struck me in the bazaar was a fatal one to you and all your tribe. Die, Kafir," he continued, making a thrust of his sword at the breast of the exhausted Mameluke; but weak as he was from loss of blood, Osman warded off the blow, and making one dying effort, he raised the weapon above his head, which he had wielded in a hundred battles. It was a dying effort, but the strength of death was in the blow; it clove down his enemy. He attempted to repeat it, but his hand failed; his limbs tottered; he staggered a few steps, and then fell forward never to rise again.

CHAPTER XVI.

I bleed, sir; but not killed.

OTHELLO.

His enemy had received no mortal injury; the blow had stunned him, his turban was cut through all its folds, and his cheek was laid open to the bone. When he arose, the proud Mameluke was stiff, and stark on the smoking soil, where murder herself reeled over her victims, and death stumbled along like the dim-sighted camel of Tarafa.

"He died too soon," cried Mourad, inflicting a superfluous wound on the body of the Bey; "but, thank Allah! there are still some villains left to dispose of." He and his blood-thirsty companions now sallied forth; they ran like madmen from place to place, cutting down every unfortunate wretch who still survived, and mangling the dead bodies in their fury.

It was terrible to see with what frenzy they thrust their fingers into the gashes of their foes, and smeared their faces with their blood; some even were seen holding the crimson sword between their teeth while they stripped the slain, while others were observed trampling the wounded to death, when their arms were fatigued with carnage.

At length the splendid *cortège* of the morning, the magnificent Mamelukes and their high-couraged horses, were no longer visible; a mass of bleeding mortality presented itself to view; men and horses weltering together on the slippery pavement, the corpse of the proud Bey and the body of his ignoble Seys stretched side by side, disfigured and mutilated, while broken swords and blood-stained garments of the finest tissue of Aleppo were scattered here and there, and in the narrow passage where the massacre commenced, the gore was ankle deep, and a heap of mangled bodies quite blocked up the avenue.

One only of all the gallant cavaliers who came gallop-

ing up that road a few hours ago, was living. Suleman Bey was that survivor of all his race. Mourad discovered him concealing himself behind a column in the hall of Saladin.

"For the soul of your father," cried the unfortunate Bey, throwing himself at the feet of the murderer, "have pity on me; for the honour of your mother," he continued, "have mercy on me! If there be one in the world you love, for the sake of that loved one, bring me before the Pacha; he knows not that I am in this extremity; all the money I have is yours, but this purse is the least part of my treasures: save me, young man, and the wealth of my house is yours; I swear it by your head, by your hand I swear it, by that bright sword which glitters in my eyes, "I'll keep my promise."

Mourad grasped the purse. "You must die," said he, "there is no salvation for you; even were I inclined to spare you, a hundred others are ready to despatch you the instant you leave these walls."

But Mourad was either moved by the obtestation of the supplicant, or the promises he made him. He began to think that the Pacha had too good reasons to be thankful to Mahomed for the extermination of all his enemies, save one who was personally known to his Highness, to be angry at the preservation of that man.

"Follow me, Mamaluke," said he; "I will take you before the Pacha, since you seem so sure of his clemency: remember your promise, for I am now risking my life to attempt the salvation of yours."

The trembling being followed his conductor, shuddering at the sight of the soldiers he had to pass by as they approached the palace. A Delhi laid his red hand on the neck of the prisoner, as our hero led him to the door of the palace.

"What means this?" cried the savage soldier, "has not every Moslem killed his man? why then do you suffer this kafir to live? This must not be; no, by the Prophet! he shall die where he stands!"

"He is my prisoner," replied Mourad; "unhand him instantly, or this day's booty will avail you little."

The Delhi drew his pistol, but before he had time to cock it, Mourad made a thrust at his bosom, which ended the discussion. They reached the palace without farther opposition; the doors were thrown open at the sound of the Bynbashi's well-known voice.

The Viceroy, he was told, was in an upper apartment, whose latticed window commanded a view of the whole scene of bloodshed.

He entered the apartment, followed by the Mameluke. "May it please your Highness," exclaimed our hero, "this is the last of the Beys; he has not the grace to die contentedly like his companions, but has implored the soldiers to fetch him before your Highness." The Bey endeavoured to lay hold of the skirt of the Pacha's garment in the earnestness of his supplication. But the Pacha eluded the attempt: he uttered not a syllable in reply to the suppliant. Mourad watched him well; the Pacha put his finger to his throat: the Mameluke was still in the attitude of entreaty. Suddenly the word "Vras" rushed on his ear; the turban was dragged off his head: one hand of Mourad's was twisted in the tuft of his victim; the other wielded the sword; in an instant the head of the last of the Mamelukes rolled at the feet of Mohamed Ali.

There was a strange contrast in the looks of the prince and his accomplice: the former was pale as death; his white lips quivered, his knees tottered, his soul was disquieted. Mourad, on the other hand, was burning with the strong excitement of a hellish passion, gratified by the full effusion of human blood. His cheeks glowed with the scarlet blush of intoxication; his tumid features were flushed with rage; his eyes were blood-shot: they glared on the crimson stream which flowed from the headless trunk, as if it was an ecstacy to gloat and gaze on the slaughter of his fellow creatures.

"The news!" cried the Pacha, in a hollow tone; "are they killed? all of them cut off? are you sure they're dead?"

Before Mourad had time to answer, Dr. Mendrice entered the apartment, rubbing his hand, and smiling much. "Effendi," he exclaimed, "I bring joyful news to your

Royal Highness; the affair is finished; this is a happy day for our governor."

The Pacha made no reply to the Christian; he asked for a drink of water. He then dismissed the Hakkim, and began to inquire about every particular of the massacre; how such a Bey died, and such a soldier behaved during the carnage. But all the time he spoke, his frame trembled and his voice faltered; but when he asked the number of the slain, and was told four hundred and seventy Mamelukes, and one hundred strangers, grooms and menials of the Beys, were massacred, his flagging spirits seemed to rally.

"Allah Illah!" he exclaimed; the enemies of the Sultan and his Viceroy are swept off the face of El Masr: to you, Mourad, and your brave comrades, I permit the pillage of their houses, for all this day, and till noon next morning. But by this time to-morrow, order must every where prevail."

Mourad thought every moment an hour till the Pacha allowed him to depart, and when he did, he only gave intimation of the Pacha's permission to his own troop. As he descended to the gate, in some places the bodies lay so thick, that he was obliged to walk over them; the doors were thrown open, but none were suffered to enter; and they who an hour ago would have given the world and all its wealth for an exit, were now at rest for ever within the fatal walls of their arch enemy.

Mourad and his myrmidons now hastened to the houses of their victims. They left the greater number of the soldiers employed in stripping the dead bodies. The first house they came to was that of the unfortunate Suliman: the door was demolished; in a few minutes every apartment was filled with a licentious soldiery; even the sacred walls of the harem were profaned by the presence of the plunderers. The shrieking women in vain fled from one room to another; their pursuers were at their heels. The wives and children of the proudest of the Beys were dragged from their hiding-places, before the eyes of a dissolute rabble; their veils torn from their faces in the presence of strangers,—an insult which no Turkish woman would survive; if time and patience af-

forded not stronger motives for living than the Roman lady had leisure to find out, who died for reputation, though not for virtue. Undoubtedly if killing one's-self were the fashion in Turkey, these poor women would not have survived the shame of standing like Christian women without their amsacks in the presence of a multitude of strangers. But the people of the East, in all their troubles, have the Allah Karim philosophy for their support. No matter what be the affliction, they say Allah is merciful, and his will must be done; no matter what the calamity, they say it was written and could not be avoided, and therefore must be endured. In short, people never think of killing themselves; if the misfortune be very great, and human agency have any thing to do with it, they prefer killing one another.

One of the Delhis had burst into a chamber, the door of which had hitherto resisted the attempt of the soldiery to open; a shriek was heard the moment the door was burst open, and then a groan; the Delhi tottered forth weltering in his blood: his own hanger had been plunged into his bosom. The door was again closed and barricadoed in the inside.

The companions of the wounded soldier rushed *en masse* to revenge the dishonourable blow he had received from a woman. Mourad was not yet altogether so brutalized, as to see an unfortunate female given up to the fury of an exasperated horde, without making an effort for her preservation. He pushed through the crowd till he found himself in a line with those who were forcing open the door. To the astonishment of all on entering the apartment, instead of encountering the lightning glance of the enraged Sultana of the harem, preparing her robust arm for another murderous blow, they beheld a poor trembling girl, clinging for support with one hand to the marble fountain in the centre of the room, while with the other she grasped the weapon which was still reeking with the blood of the Delhi. It was a sorry sight to see so young, so beautiful, so helpless a creature raising her feeble hand against the fury of a horde of savages, drunk with rapine, glutted with carnage, and covered with the grumous blood of their victims. The

mixture of terror and determination, of fear and frenzy, which marked the marbled features of the girl, gave something of a supernatural cast to her countenance; and were it not for the tremulous motion of her limbs, a Frangi might have taken her for the statue of a naiad at the brink of a sacred fountain. Even the ruffians to whom atrocity was an excitement as necessary to their being, as the bread of life itself, hung back for a moment, surprised and awe-struck at the sight of the pale spectre of beauty which stood before them, armed with a weapon which trembled in her feeble grasp like an aspen leaf. Some gouts of blood, trickling over the haft as she elevated the point, had stained her white fingers, and still more strikingly contrasted the deadly pallor of her complexion. But there was one who gazed on the apparition, till every surrounding object appeared to be lost on his senses.

"Heavenly powers!" he exclaimed, trying to collect his scattered thoughts, as if from a mass of incongruous images, "it can be no other! that cheek, however pale; that lip, however bloodless; that look, however haggard, I cannot be mistaken in. If the idol of my soul be in existence, and the form I gaze on be of earth, that poor trembler is my beloved Zuleika!"

The soldiery were already gathered round her, squabbling for the possession of the captive, the sword was struck from her feeble hand, and one of the Delhi chiefs seized on her arm, and dragging her towards him swore she was his lawful prize by every law divine and human, By the fetfa of the Mufti, or head of the religion, and by the tiskeree of the Cadileskier, or military judge, he would support his claim to her. The soldiers gave up their claim to the captive: there were other houses to be ravaged, other apartments still to be pillaged; but they growled and murmured against their chief as they retired.

Mourad now rushed forward: the various emotions which agitated his bosom were written in his features; the conflicting passions which harrowed up his soul were visible in his rolling eyes. He sprang at the Delhi's

throat as the latter was in the act of drawing his pistol from his girdle.

"Instantly let her go," he exclaimed, "or call not your soul your own another moment; take your cursed fingers from her person, or the farther profanation of her pure flesh by your unhallowed touch, will bring such ashes on your head, as all the laws, divine and human, which you have spoken of, will not take away."

While he yet addressed his threats to the soldier, the poor girl uttered a loud scream; in the rude soldier who stood before her covered with blood, disfigured by an unsightly wound, and every feature glowing with unnatural excitement, she recognised the object of her young affections, the person of that beloved Mourad whom she had parted with ere guilt and the passions had given the harsh lines of bitter experience to his countenance. Terrible as was the appearance of her lover, and sad as the alteration in his looks, she gazed on him as if her soul was piercing through her eyes, till at length the objects before her appeared to become confused, she uttered a faint shriek, and sank senseless on the floor.

Mourad released the Delhi from his grasp, and ran to the assistance of the fallen girl. As he stooped to raise her up, his opponent seized the opportunity to pull his pistol from his girdle, and to fire on his antagonist while his back was turned towards him. Our hero started with a sudden bound, with the convulsive motion of one who had received some mortal injury. His right hand grasped his sword, but his left was placed over his ribs close to the heart, and in an instant his white antery was died all over with the crimson tide of life. He made one thrust at his treacherous assailant, but it reached him not, and in the attempt he lost his balance and fell motionless on his face. The Delhi lost not a moment in raising up the death-like form of the young woman, and bearing away his victim ere another rival should dispute his prize. In the mean time the house was completely pillaged from top to bottom, and all the marauders departed with their booty. The body of Mourad lay where it had fallen, but not altogether without signs

of returning animation. The blood was still bubbling up through the bosom of the antery; his lips moved as if the thirst of death was on them; his hands were occasionally stirred, and then the long drawn-out yawn of exhaustation followed; he opened his eyes, and stared wildly round him as if he had awakened in a strange place; he endeavoured to rise, the effort was beyond his strength, and after many a fruitless attempt, he was just able to drag his exhausted frame along the floor, leaving a broad streak of gore behind him as he crawled with difficulty from the chamber to the street. There his sad condition soon arrested the attention of the passengers; the young Bynbashi, the favourite of the Pacha, was soon recognised, and all the assistance was given to him which his deplorable state required. He was conveyed on a litter to his own house, and whatever was the motive of his kind friends in summoning the whole faculty of El Masr to his bed-side, in less than an hour every hakkim of any reputation in the city was tormenting the sufferer with all the impertinence of his art.

CHAPTER XVII.

Let no man fix his abode where five advantages are not found; the first a physician, the others wealth, water, a priest, and a magistrate.

VISHNUSARMAN.

THE wounded man was laid on a mattress in the middle of a spacious room. A black slave knelt beside the pillow flapping away the flies, while another was stationed at the foot of the bed, rubbing the cold feet of his master.

The doctors were assembled on either side, nine grave hakkims, each the disciple of a particular system of medicine; but what might not be expected from a consultation which embraced the collective skill of nine nations?

The patient was still bleeding profusely, his counte-

nance was bleached from the hæmorrhage, he yawned frequently, and tossed about his hands till the hakkims on both sides commenced operations, by seizing on either wrist.

A *soi-disant* physician of Padua had possession of the right, which he held with such a supercilious air of superior knowledge, that the rest of the faculty appeared to consider him entitled to precedence; and when he waved his head with a slow and dignified motion three several times, the other doctors beside him deferred with humility to his awful nod, and determined on the prognosis they were to form, before they put a finger on the patient.

The hakkim on the other side of the bed, who headed his dignified *confreres*, was a Hebrew doctor, who wore an enormous seal-skin calpac, such as the doctors of the chosen people alone are allowed to use. He held the pulse for about ten minutes to his ear, and then depositing the sick man's hand on the bed-cloths, he said, "If it please God, he will be well to-morrow."

The Hebrew's was the opposition side of the bed, so all who stood about him exclaimed, "Calaam Thaib, a good word has been spoken," in a triumphant tone.

Every hair of the man of Padua bristled up at the declaration of the impudent Jew, and both he and the Hebrew exchanged glances of scorn and defiance across the bed. The former then pulled a long round piece of stick, like a constable's staff, out of his pocket, at the sight of which, as it was brandished in the air, the Jew doctor and his associates precipitately retreated, while the servants vociferated their entreaties that the hawadgis would come to no blows over the body of their poor master.

"Ignorant blockheads," cried the Paduan, "do you take the stethescope of a physician for the tob of a magistrate? do you not know that all the diseases under heaven are cognizable to a recondite ear through the medium of this acoustic instrument? But why should I speak of the arcana of our art to a misbelieving Jew, who pushes infidelity even to a doubt of the efficacy of an instrument, of which Hippocrates was the inventor?"

The doctors on the opposition side still stood at a respectful distance from the bed; but when they beheld the Frank apply one extremity of the formidable weapon to the breast of the patient, and the other to his own ear, their fears vanished, and they returned to their former stations.

For ten mortal minutes, the friends of the patient were kept in a state of cruel suspense, while the physician of Padua kept his ear to the instrument, listening, as it were, to the complaints of the man's inside. At length, raising his head, he put on a look of more importance than he had yet assumed; he said, "There is assuredly a bullet in this man's body."

"Mashallah!" exclaimed all the doctors on the right, "this is a wonderful instrument;" and, taking hold of it, each in succession poked it into the patient's ribs, and, at each application of it, a groan issued from the lips of the sufferer.

The Paduan, in the mean time, was preparing to harangue his colleagues; and, after half a dozen prefatory hems and hahs, he spoke as follows:

"Hippocrates, the father of physic, laid it down as an axiom that art is long, and life short; and in modern times, Tomasini, the great regenerator of medicine, has made the wonderful discovery, that there is one class of remedies applicable to all sorts of diseases, namely, counter stimulants. To this illustrious professor succeeded another luminary in science, the celebrated Broussais, who found out that the stomach is the centre of the body, and is therefore the seat of all its maladies. Behold the elements of the healing art! Here have we assembled to reduce them to practice. This unfortunate man eventually must die; but God forbid that event should happen without first employing all the satisfactory resources of our art. A ball has pierced his side, and has either wounded his stomach, or it has not. In either case, that central organ must necessarily be the seat and source of all the inflammatory mischief that is to follow. Therefore leeches must be applied abundantly to the central organ; and as a leaden ball is evidently a stimulant in the body, the remedy that is to be applied

must of course be a counter stimulant; therefore, too much tartar emetic cannot be swallowed by the patient. But let me remind you, my learned colleagues, that despatch is the soul of science, and that if you would not see the sick man die without the last consolatory routine of medication, you must lose not a moment in commencing operations."

All the doctors on the right applauded the judicious observations of the Paduan; they were decidedly of his opinion, and they expressed their accordance with his views in terms which would have done honour to a London consultation. But the doctors on the opposition side had never heard that there was such a thing as the dignity of physic to be preserved at the bed-side; so they accordingly manifested their determination to differ with their opposite brethren, by repeated ejaculations of "Staffer Allah! Allah Wakbar!" and other expressions of astonishment, accompanied by appropriate gestures of indignation.

A Zantiote hakkim who stood next the Jew, and who passed for a Frangi, from the circumstance of his wearing a hat, began twirling his moustachios; then fixing his fierce glance on the Paduan, he addressed him in the following terms:—"Who is he who talks of the stomach being the centre of the body? Where has he studied who asserts such an absurdity? Every body knows the city of Jerusalem is the centre of the world, but who is impious enough to deny that the soul is the centre of the body? What is the stomach, which he makes so many words about? Is it not a bag with a couple of apertures, and certain juices whose names are known to every body? what more can be said of it? And who ever heard or read of such things as stimulants and counter stimulants? What man in his senses would talk of putting leeches on a man who was bleeding to death? Matotheo, this is downright madness! The patient is labouring under a green wound, which nothing but the internal and external exhibition of the sovereign electuary of Mithridates can cure; therefore, in the name of the Pania, let it be administered forthwith."

A shrewd-looking Arab, who proved to be a chirur-

geon barber of great eminence, and had sat listening to the conflicting opinions of his infidel colleagues, now delivered his sentiments with the most becoming gravity.

"Praise be to Allah!" said the barber, "who built the heavens without pillars, and spread the earth as a garden, carpeted with verdure and variegated with beautiful plants, whose healing properties are adapted to every disease under the sun! As all the world knows, there are two great maladies incidental to humanity, namely, the disorder of the blood and that of the bile. Here is a man afflicted with the former; a ball makes a hole in his side—blood comes out, and he becomes sick—where the ball is, God best knows—when it will come out, it is not for us to say; but as it is certain that soap is cleansing, and savine drawing, what is more likely to extract the ball than a cerate composed of both? If it please God to give efficacy to the remedy, were it a cannon-ball, instead of a little bullet, that was lodged in the sick man's stomach, it would be sure to be drawn out; therefore, let us give praise to Allah, and put our trust in his Apostle; and, if it be not ordained otherwise, there is no doubt but that the sick man will be made whole."

The Hebrew hakkim, who, having a venerable white beard, was looked upon with some deference by every person present except the Paduan, now took upon himself the task of replying to the different physicians, and of reconciling their discordant sentiments. "If I understand rightly," said he, "the opinions of my worthy colleagues, they are to this effect;—the gentleman opposite, with a hat, would treat the patient with bloot-letting and counter stimulants; our Greek brother recommends the electuary of Mithridates; our Arab friend proposes to effect a cure with soap and savine. I myself am of opinion that, the ball being in the stomach, there is but one means of getting it out, and that is, by dissolving it in the place where it is deposited. Every body knows that metals are soluble in acids; the most precious ores requiring the strongest sorts, the least valuable need only the weakest; therefore, vinegar and water, it is obvious, must do much good. But as each of us seems to have faith in the remedy he has proposed, and as God only

knows which of them is best, it would be wrong to deprive the patient of the services of those who received his money. It is, therefore, my advice, that my worthy colleagues so modify their prescriptions as to admit of the administration of all their remedies."

This proposition was hailed with loud and general applause, and the learned doctors were on the point of carrying their respective plans into effect, when in walked a Chiaous of the Pacha, followed by the hakkim of one of the French consuls of El Masr. The members of the consultation looked at one another exceedingly disconcerted; they flung many a contemptuous glance at the tall, ungainly figure of the youthful interloper. "He has not a hair on his chin," whispered one; "He is more awkward in his gait," said another, "than a short-tethered camel."

"What," cried the Hebrew, "can one like him know of medicine, who has not seen thirty summers, and who has never read a page of Avicenna, nor of Sheik Daoud? But, though he has not seen thirty summers, and has neither gravity nor decorum in appearance, there is still something in his regard which looks like experience. But there is no knowing these infidels; one of their greatest generals passed not long ago through El Masr, who was hardly the size of a Tambourgi; and as for the wise men who were here with the French, not one of the Kafirs had a beard. God help them! they are an unfortunate people."

In the mean time, the Chiaous was beating off the crowd of servants and doctors from the bed-side of the patient. "Away, dogs!" he cried, "and make room for your master, the hakkim of the Konsul Inglis."

"Master, indeed!" cried the man of Padua; "a doctor who gives nothing but calomel to his patients, a drug more poisonous than arsenic itself. Has this sick man the stomach of an Englishman, to digest a corrosive mineral? Body of Bacchus!" he continued, "better would it be for the patient to have another ball in his inside, than one small pill of this calomel doctor's."

"Hush! pessavink," said the Chiaous, "what do you

know of physic? Do I not remember you a matchmaker in Scanderia?"

The Hebrew ventured, likewise, to express his horror of calomel; but the unceremonious Chiaous cut short his observation, by desiring him to pull his calpac over his right ear, and to take care of his left, lest the same misfortune should happen to the hakkim which did to the seraph, or money-changer.

The Zantiote said, this was unworthy language to apply to physicians in the midst of a consultation.

"Take care of yourself, Hawadgi Logotheti," replied the all-knowing Chiaous; "it behooves you to wear a whole coat; the smallest rent might discover the two broad letters on your back; no man is born to escape twice from the galleys."

There was a general silence. The English hakkim, to the horror of the assembled faculty, began to examine the wound with his finger, and to their still greater horror, to pull round the patient on his side, and to grope about his back, where there was no appearance whatever of a wound. A general murmur of disapprobation followed; but when the operator took out a small knife, and was in the act of cutting into the back, the whole faculty cried "Murder!" with one accord. The Chiaous began to brandish his long stick, but the Englishman very quietly bade him let the gentlemen remain unmolested; he did not approve, he said, of armed soldiers interfering in consultations between dissenting doctors. He proceeded to cut down on what he believed to be the ball, and his operation was attended with success; for, to the astonishment of all present, after a second or two, he laid the ball on the bed before the eyes of the faculty. Having dressed the wounds, and given some directions to the servants, he took his leave, without appearing to attach any great importance to the operation he had performed.

The consulting physicians at first looked somewhat disconcerted, but the Paduan set every thing right, by assuring his colleagues that nothing was easier than cutting out a ball, and that any fool was capable of doing as much.

The Hebrew physician, however, who saw nothing very extraordinary in the account of Hannibal's mode of melting down the Alps, had the candour to acknowledge that cutting out a ball was an easier operation than dissolving it in the stomach with vinegar and water.

CHAPTER XVIII.

I am sick of this false world: and will love nought, but even the mere necessities upon it.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

BODILY suffering is so far incompatible with mental, that it is impossible for sickness and sorrow, in any violent degree, to produce two specific simultaneous actions on the same individual. Where either predominate, it reigns alone; indeed, were both to exist together, nature would be unequal to the encounter. During a tedious convalescence of many weeks, Mourad had few intervals from pain, to allow him to think on the past, or to recall the circumstance which led to his misfortune. A time there was, that "when the brains were out the man would die;" but, in the present case, two frightful wounds, each of which looked deep enough for a death to nature, proved insufficient to give a quietus to the patient. But with the cessation of the suffering under which he writhed, came the consciousness of that sickness of the heart which is beyond the province of the physician, and which time only can alleviate.

The image of Zuleika was eternally before him; day and night that pallid spectre of beauty which he beheld in the palace of the Bey haunted his imagination; one moment he believed it was the phantom of his mistress he had gazed on; again the living terror of her look, as she shuddered at the sight of the blood-stained sword which trembled in her hand, convinced him he had beheld his beloved Zuleika, and left no doubt of the reality

of his loss. His emissaries were scattered over the city for the purpose of gaining some intelligence of the Delhi who had carried her away from the Bey's house; but all that could be learned from the soldiers of this chief was, that their master had set out on a pilgrimage to the holy city, and had left all the women of the harem, save one, behind him. Mourad needed no ghost from the grave to tell him who that one was; the repose of a sick bed was no longer tolerable, every moment he lost seemed to separate him still farther from his beloved Zuleika. At length all the remonstrances of the doctor were set at defiance, and all the necessary preparations were made for an immediate departure.

The first use the patient made of his legs was to wait on the Pacha, to procure leave of absence for two or three months. The moment Mohamed Ali set eyes on his young Bynbashi, he noticed the sad alteration in his looks; and, as it is the fashion in Turkey for people to tell their friends how ill they look, as well as how blooming, his Highness condoled with him on the great change for the worse that had taken place in his appearance since he had last beheld him.

"What!" said he, "is it possible you are the same young Rustan I saw so lately full of health and spirits, whose light step would not have hurt the head of a cowslip! whose sparkling eye glanced defiance at half the world, and whose vigorous frame seemed to have been formed for resisting every hardship! Allah be good to us! how soon a young man is brought down! That cut of a sabre has not improved your beauty, but it has given something manly to that boyish face of yours."

"Neither, may it please your Highness," replied the invalid, "has the bullet which traversed my body been very beneficial to my health; but my only consolation is, that I have received my wounds in the service of the most generous master in the universe."

"What is the knave going to ask," cried the Viceroy, in a good-humoured tone, "that he is anticipating my generosity? But be the request what it may, if so poor a Pacha as Mohamed Ali can satisfy your wishes, you shall not go away discontented. You have a right to

ask boldly; your services entitle you to my gratitude, though the last of your wounds was received in your own quarrel, not mine. Like a good dog, you hunted down the fox that vexed the shepherd, and your master fed and fondled you for your pains; but when you wrangled with another mongrel for the bones of your prey, and got bitten in the conflict, you had no business to whine under the footstool of your master, as if he had been the occasion of your disaster. But in whatever service your hurt has happened, we must see and make you some amends for it. What would you have? money, rank, or the palace of a bey for your establishment!"

"None of them, if it please your Highness," rejoined our hero; "the most generous of princes has lavished more money on his servant than he deserves or needs; the high station he enjoys is more than he ever expected to attain; and as for an establishment, the slave of the best of masters is of too low an origin to dream of trusting the peaceful security of humble life within the walls of a palace. (The Pacha smiled.) It is a greater boon than any yet named," continued Mourad, "which I am about to ask; it is no less than your gracious permission to call a villain to account who has robbed me of more than life."

"Ha, ha!" cried the Pacha, "stolen your mistress, I suppose. I do not wonder at your looking like Mejnoun. But who is this Leileh of yours? and what son of a Shitan is he who has meddled with your peace?"

"The Delhi Chief," replied Mourad, "is the villain I speak of; he who traitorously fired on me when my back was turned, and who took advantage of my condition to carry away my betrothed, my long-lost mistress, even that poor girl, Effendi, whose courage in the house of the mameluke, I have been told, your Highness applauded."

"What!" exclaimed the Viceroy, "that brave girl who stabbed the dog of a soldier to the heart, the mistress of my young Bynbashi! Wallah! this is wonderful; the bravest man in my dominions, the lover of the only courageous woman in the world! But how

came she in the harem of the bey? surely your mistress was not the wife of a mameluke?"

"Min Allah!" cried our hero, "Heaven forbid she was the wife of any man! How she came to be found in the harem of this bey, I cannot tell; but her arrival in this country, I have reason to believe, could not have been many days previous to the destruction of the enemies of Allah and your Highness. The cursed Delhi who has heaped all these ashes on my head, and brought desolation on my heart, is now on his way to the blessed city: I have reason to know he has taken his poor victim with him. Oh! Effendi, if the humblest of your servants have ever found any favour in your sight, if the most devoted of your subjects have ever shown any zeal in your service——"

"Enough!" cried Mohamed Ali, interrupting the supplicant; "would to Allah I could get rid of all these lawless Delhis with as much facility as I can of this pious hadgi of theirs! Pursue him when you will; furnish yourself with the garb of a Capidgi bashi; the secretary will provide you with an order for his head; and for that bullet he sent through you, I think I cannot do less than make you heir to his substance, to assist you in providing pillows for your new harem."

Mourad cast himself at the feet of the Viceroy, he compared his munificence to that of Hatem Tai, his greatness to Saleddin's, and the glory of his reign to Haroun El Raschid's. After a thousand protestations of gratitude, he retired, apparently in higher favour with the Pacha than he had been before. Accompanied by a trusty servant, and furnished with the document he had been promised, he mounted his camel and bade adieu to El Masr. It was his first journey in the desert, the first time he had found himself in the midst of a wide wilderness, where nothing was to be seen 'twixt sand and sky, but rolling waves of burning air arising from the arid soil; the first time he had visited those desolate regions of the earth, where none, save the descendants of the wild man, whose hands were lifted against every body's and every body's against him, are to be found: where the oppression of the Pa-

cha, the injustice of the Cadi, the insolence of the soldier, and the perfidy of all, are not to be feared. Sickened as his soul was with the scenes in which he had taken so prominent a part, he enjoyed the solitude of the wilderness more than he had ever done the society of the world, and he almost envied the lot of the independent Bedouin who wandered over the desert at his pleasure, and had nothing to fear from the neighbourhood of vice and wickedness; who pitched his tent under the canopy of heaven, and had no visit to apprehend from the collector of the taxes, and struck the same awning when it pleased him to depart, and no arrears of rent to settle with his landlord at his going.

"By the soul of my father!" cried Mourad, as he caught a distant view of the black tents of a Bedouin tribe dotting the white surface of the desert here and there with specks hardly bigger to the eye than mole-hills; "if it were not for that one beloved object which binds me to the world, here would I set up my future home, and never again enter the haunts of men. Here, at least, would I eat my simple meal of bread and salt, without mingling the fear of poison with my food; enjoy the sweet sleep of security without the luxury of a Persian carpet; make my wardrobe of an Arab blanket; and cease to live in the mortal apprehension of those cursed bills which are eternally coming in uncalled for on all young effendis." While he was dwelling on all the advantages of this simple mode of life, a speck or two appeared in motion on the sand. The guides turned the heads of their camels another way, they quickened their pace, they primed their matchlocks, and they talked about selling their lives dearly to their enemies. The little specks gradually augmented both in size and numbers, at length each appeared to assume a human shape, and in a few minutes a horde of Bedouin robbers stood abreast of the caravan.

The conductors who had talked of selling their lives dearly, were employed in beseeching Mourad to keep his sword in the scabbard, and not to compromise the safety of all by daring to offer any resistance. The Bedouins approached in so peaceable a manner, that it

was impossible to give them other than a friendly greeting; mutual salaam aleikoums, and manifold inquiries after the health of both parties were exchanged, each touched the palm of the other, and then kissed his fortunate fingers a dozen times. At length, the conductors of the camels said they were in a hurry to reach the next well, and must, therefore proceed on their journey. The Bedouins said, God was the father of time, and there was no occasion to fatigue themselves and their camels. They begged to know, (merely to gratify their curiosity,) what things they carried in their sacks, what money they had in their purses, and what portion of each they could conveniently spare to their poor brothers the Bedouins? Mourad stormed, the supplicants remained cool; he swore by every hair in the beard of the Apostle, that an ounce of his provisions, or a paras of his money should not be touched; they simply said, they were very poor Bedouins (Bedowee mesquin kitir,) and where were they to look for bread, except from the stranger who came into their territory? If they went into the towns, were they not forced to pay tribute to the Pacha of the country? And if the people of the Pacha came into their country, why should they not pay gueffer to the Bedouins, who were the children of the wilderness, the lineal descendants of Ishmael? But they came as brothers, not as foes, to beg two or three hundred piastres, and a sack or so of barley, but not to steal them. Min Allah, God forbid! Were not all men the sons of the same mother? Did not all good things come from Allah? and, therefore, had not all men a right to share their bread with him who had none? and, above all, with the Bedouin, who lived in a poor country, where there was neither sowing nor reaping. They, therefore, requested the hawadgi to pull out his purse, merely to take a reasonable becksheesh for the trouble they had had in coming so far to salaam him.

Mourad, instead of courteously complying with his request, put his hand to his pistol, and kept it there, while the Bedouins were so far forgetful of politeness as to whisper in company, and to suffer some expres-

sion to escape of no equivocal nature. They terminated their conference by drawing their rusty swords, and bidding the travellers throw down their arms, and squat themselves on the sands. To all, save our hero, there was no need to repeat the command; the trembling guides were soon on their knees calling for mercy, while the hair-brained young effendi had the madness to fire on the robbers, and the misfortune to wound one of them in the arm. The savage shout which followed the first effusion of blood, was the precursor of a general attack. Our hero was assailed by the entire gang, and, debilitated as he was by his late sufferings, his resistance was worse than unavailing; it only tended to exasperate his merciless assailants. When they got him down, several of them drew their long knives to finish the work they had commenced with the but end of their guns: one fellow was already aiming a deadly blow at the victim, when the chief of the horde knocked the falling weapon aside, and asked his comrades were they mad to cut at the body of a kafir through such fine clothes as he had on? "Have you no consideration," said he, "for such garments as these? would you mangle such a beautiful beneesh as this? cut through an anteree the proudest sheik might not be ashamed to wear? spoil a white cachemere with the brains of a stupid Turk, and daub a pair of sherwals, speck and span new, with as much cloth in the legs of them as will make trowsers for a whole harem of our women? Staffer Allah! have you no discretion? are you like the thick-headed Turks who have no sense of propriety, and who hack their enemies before they strip them? For the sake of your fathers' beards put up your swords, and act like Bedouins who have some regard for decorum. Look to the booty, I say, and settle the price of blood; but in rifling the body, pray remember the silken clothes of the stupid effendis do not stand the dragging and hauling of a fellah's shirt."

The Bedouin robbers endeavoured to show their chief they had still some sense of decorum and propriety; they commenced stripping their victim with the most exemplary gentleness and coolness; nothing

could be more edifying than the suavity and mildness with which they pulled off one garment after another, while the amiable chief folded each in succession, and, as he did so, said an occasional word about temperance, to repress the laudable anxiety of his gang to revenge the wound of their companion.

"Kill him by all means," said he, as he tied up the cachemere turban in a handkerchief, "but not just yet; let every thing be done in order. Take off that leathern belt; it ought to be well lined, and so it is; Allah is most merciful! See what is attached to that black ribbon tied about the neck of the kafir. What! is the dog alive? Does he grasp the string? Ha! there is some gem there more precious than his purse; tear it from the kafir's gripe."

"Never," cried the prostrate Turk, "while there is life in me, will I release that object; if you be Moslems, strike the blow at once, and end my misery."

"The dog talks boldly," exclaimed the chief; "he does not whine, and weep, and beg his paltry life like others of his hated race, who have fallen under our invincible arms: he has the marks, too, of some wounds on his person, no trifles in their way; he has seen swords gleaming over his head before now; he has heard bullets whistling in his ears before yesterday: Wallah el Nebi, he looks too, pale as he is, like a courageous kafir. What think you, my children, if we kill him to-morrow, and not to-day? Besides, we shall have time to think what is best to be done with these miserable Arabs, these effeminate sojourners in high-walled belleds, in towns and cities."

The robbers were all for despatching the Moslem who had the insolence to offer resistance to a Bedouin; and the man who had been wounded, more especially insisted on his right to slay the shedder of blood, who had no means left to pay the ransom. This was an argument that the chief had nothing to reply to; the wounded man had a right to blood, and the offender had no friend to buy him off. But though no expostulations might wrangle the seal of custom from off the Arab bond of vengeance, the chief hit on a proposition

which was fortunate enough, after a long discussion, to be accepted by the avenger. He proposed that the unknown object, which still remained in the grasp of the Turk, in spite of all the endeavours of the troop to wrest it from him, should fall to his share and be accepted in the stead of blood money. That the object, however small, must be of greater value than the purse of gold which had been taken, the chief said was evident from the desperate struggle the young kafir made to retain possession of it: it must either be a gem of inestimable price, or a waraga of more virtue than a charm of Sheik Abdallah's. The eyes of the Bedouin brightened at the prospect of a prize that might enable him to live like the lords of the wilderness, to eat butter with his pilau, and drink coffee after it. His alacrity was so great to get possession of the prize, that the wound he made so much noise about was immediately forgotten; he placed his knee on the chest of his victim, and, seizing on the arm which still grasped the unknown treasure, he struck him several blows on the elbow with the back of his sword; at length, one thrilling knock paralysed every finger of the Moslem—the hand fell motionless from the trinket which had so long been the object of contention, and in an instant it was torn from the owner's neck. Nothing could exceed the impatience of the Bedouin to undo the piece of scarlet silk which bound the envelope; he removed half a dozen satin coverings of various colours in succession, at length he came to one of finer texture than the others, ornamented with gold and silver spangles. "Heaven be propitious!" he exclaimed as he tore the latter open; the eyes of all his comrades were fixed on him, his hands trembled so he could hardly get at the treasure; at length the last fold was turned over. Oh, Mother of Mahomet, what did he behold!—a rose bud and a lily bound together by a tress of hair! For several minutes he stood bewildered, gazing on the withered flowers which lay on his extended palm. At length a shout of laughter recalled him to a full sense of his disappointment; he flung away the worthless object which had caused him so much disappointment, seized his

pinioned victim by the throat, and would have despatched him on the spot had it not been for the interference of his comrades. The loud laughter of the Bedouins would have scandalized any Mussulman community in the wide world, except that of the wilderness. Good humour was elicited, the captive had nothing farther to fear from his enemies, the chief even condescended to assist to set him on his feet. He then threw him a blanket, which he assured him was infinitely less cumbersome than the habiliments he had parted with; another gave him a handkerchief for a head dress, and a third had the generosity to bind it with a black worsted roller which he had taken from his own turban.

"Wallah el Nebi!" cried the chief, "he will make a brave Bedouin: he wants nothing but a gun to make him a hero." And with these words he slung his own matchlock over his shoulder, taking good care first to remove the priming.

Mourad followed the chief to the tents; he ventured to inquire for his guides and servant, and was informed they had been suffered to escape during the time he had the folly to dream of retaining possession of the object which had occupied the attention of the whole party.

CHAPTER XIX.

When the fallen pillars of our tents quiver over our furniture, even then we defend our tribe from the impending ruin.

AMRU.

MOURAD was taken to the chief's own tent; its dimensions were greater than those of any other in the camp, but its furniture was as simple as that of the poorest Bedouin's, and nothing indicated any superiority of rank but the appearance of two Arab horses

picketed at the entrance. The tent was divided into two apartments by a sackcloth screen; that on the left being the chamber of the harem, which consisted of two wives and as many slaves, whose province it was to grind the corn, to take care of the poultry, and to attend to the culinary department. The other apartment was the common divan, where the chief received his visiters; but the soirées over which he presided every evening were held on the outside of the tent immediately opposite the door. The furniture of the divan consisted of a mat, a praying carpet that had been probably stolen from some poor pilgrim, three or four prepared sheep skins for holding water, and one for churning milk, a large copper boiler for dressing rice, a hand-mill for grinding corn. The tent of the Bedouin was the place for Socrates to have made the observation, "Of all the things in this great world, how few do I require!"

While Mourad was kept in suspense as to his fate, he had leisure to form a very different opinion of the Bedouins from that which he possessed a few minutes before he encountered them in the desert. So far from being a happy independent race, subject to no tyranny, liable to no despotism, he found them a disunited, miserable people, slaves of their patriarchal chiefs, who in their turn were tributary vassals to the Sheiks of the principal tribes. Divided into innumerable factions, the hordes of one valley were at variance with those of another, for no earthly reason but that their fathers had been so before them, and that their only inheritance had been a debt of blood.

Some days after Mourad's detention in the camp, the chief informed him that in the public assembly, where his fate had been the subject of deliberation the preceding evening, he had been his friend, and had procured for him such terms as he would have reason to rejoice at. The Pacha of El Masr, he said, had a long arm, which extended even to the wadis of the wilderness, and so long as his tribe remained within the grasp of Mohamed Ali it would be imprudent to provoke his vengeance. Therefore, as they intended to remain where

their camp was then pitched till the pasturage in the neighbourhood was eaten up, they had resolved to keep their prisoner until such time as they had nothing to fear from his complaints to the Pacha. It was in vain that Mourad talked of the pressing nature of his business at Suez; he entreated permission to depart, and vowed to bury the recollection of their plunder in oblivion. The chief told him his doom had been decided on, and it would be impossible to alter what had been pronounced; but he took upon himself so far to modify the sentence as to suffer him to depart after a long expected engagement with a neighbouring tribe had taken place, which was now at hand. It was expected, he said by the tribe, that he would give the assistance of his arm to their cause; and as it was a just and necessary war, he could feel no repugnance at becoming a party to it. Mourad cared little about the justice and necessity of the war; like other heroes, the only justice he dreamt of doing was to his own interests, and the only necessities he consulted were his own individual ones; he made no inquiries about the nature of the quarrel, but he manifested all the alacrity of a Turkish Dalgeti to fight for any cause he was requested to espouse. That evening at sunset, the customary hour of holding their assemblies, the whole tribe was gathered together, and the chief in the midst; each man of any substance carried his mat with him, and, as he sat down, he deposited his weapon, sword or dagger, on the ground before him. When the circle was complete, the chief addressed the assembly in the following words:—God bestowed the wild wilderness on the children of Ismael and their seed for ever for an inheritance; he bestowed not cities and walled towns on his favourite children, neither did he place them in fine houses and clothe them in silken garments, for God hates the effeminate and the voluptuous. In the midst of the wilderness he gave them wadis more beautiful than all the gardens of the world, and in his infinite mercy he scattered wells here and there, so that it is impossible for a Bedouin to doubt that he is the favourite of Heaven, when he cannot wander two days in the desert without meeting with water either fresh or salt. But

as it would be too great a happiness to enjoy such blessings without some mixture of discontent, it has pleased Allah from time to time to cause some unworthy members of the family of Ismael to spring up amongst us, in order to remind us by their mischief we are not living in the gardens of Paradise, where malice has no abode. And now, within sight of our tents, have the ancient enemies of our tribe pitched their camp. For fifty years have we sought an honourable satisfaction for a grievous insult, even for the blood of one of our tribe, shed, as our fathers have informed us, by a dog of the tribe of Hassan. Hitherto have we been unsuccessful in the pursuit of vengeance, but the time is at length come; to-morrow, if it please God, the long account of vengeance shall be finally settled. With Heaven on our side, what have we to fear? is not our tribe more numerous than the stars? Is it not easier to count the sands on the sea shore than the heads of the brave men about? (Mourad looked around him and he found the whole number of the innumerables to be two hundred men.) Who then can doubt of our success? In the name of Allah, this night let us attack them, surprise their tents at midnight, cut the throats of the kafirs while they are asleep, and carry off their cattle and their women, and all their other property before morning. With the assistance of the Prophet, and due attention to our match-locks, the attack will be successful. Our prisoner, the young Turk, who appears to have more brains than the generality of his stupid nation, is desirous of accompanying the expedition; he shall be gratified; though it has not pleased Heaven to have made him a Bedouin, he has the air of a free-born Arab; and, if I mistake not he will be the first to commence the attack. Remember, my children, ours is the cause of virtue; remember that we fight for vengeance, and he who can most injure his enemy is most capable of serving his friend."

The chief ceased speaking, and every one applauded his discourse, especially the last moral maxim he propounded. The mode of attack was the subject of a long discussion, in which Mourad took a part that gained him the confidence of the whole tribe. Amongst other im-

portant suggestions, he pointed out the certainty of an alarm being given at their approach by the dogs, which form the outposts of every Bedouin camp; he therefore proposed getting rid of this danger by carrying the offals of a camel to the windward of the adversary's camp, and when the famished mongrels were busy with the carrion, then to surprise their foes. This delicate stratagem so pleased the Bedouins, they swore had he been born in the desert, he could not have manifested a better understanding or a brighter wit. The evening was occupied in getting the match-locks in order and furbishing the rusty swords. All the grinding stones of the camp were put in requisition; and the same implement which served for preparing the staff of life, served likewise for sharpening the instrument of death. In both occupations the women were the operatives. When the army of the two hundred innumerables was on the point of marching, the chief harangued his tribe in an admirable speech, in which he talked not about honour, glory, or any such absurdity, but he told them they were in want of cattle, and their enemies had plenty, and without slaying these enemies, there was no getting at their possessions. And moreover, they were going as the avengers of blood, and therefore they had justice on their side, and were walking to the fray under the shadow of the Apostle. A pagan might have talked of the protection of Bellona, a giaour of the shield of providence; but it is doubtful if the words of either would have produced so encouraging an effect as those of the robber of the wilderness. It was just midnight when they reached the outskirts of the adversary's camp; our hero's project for taking off the attention of the out party was successful. There was something striking in the appearance of Mourad in his Bedouin accoutrements; he was still pale from the effect of his late illness, but the cicatrix on his cheek gave an expression of fierceness, if not of ferocity, to his features, lit up as they now were with the horrid pleasure of anticipated havoc. The murder of the Mamelukes had brought the first red cup of slaughter to his lips; and having once tasted blood he thirsted for more, and mistook the unnatural cravings of a depraved appe-

tite for the laudable desire of obtaining glory. The insensible influence which a strong mind acquires over a weak one, gave Mourad an ascendency over the Bedouins; they involuntarily abandoned their chief, and flocked round our hero, whom with one voice they besought to lead them against the enemy. Mourad desired nothing better; imposing silence on his host, he advanced at their head with the stealthy pace of midnight robbers, and reached the tents without any alarm having been given.

"Now," cried Mourad to the horde, "is the time for vengeance. In the name of the Prophet, every man to his work, and let the camp be entered with the universal shout of Allah! Illah!"

In an instant the cry of blood was up, and havoc was let loose in every tent. Mourad at the head of his cut-throats, carried desolation into the heart of the encampment; scores of poor wretches, scarcely awake, and stupified with astonishment, were cut down. Every where the sword of Mourad was seen gleaming in the moonlight as he rushed from tent to tent, spreading devastation where he went. But the assailants at length met a check in front of the tent of the adversary's sheik. There some fifty of their tribe had rallied, and though hardly recovered from the terror of the unforeseen attack, they made such desperate resistance, as caused the assailants, who had hitherto been acting on the offensive, to turn their tactics to the defensive. The single arm of Mourad repeatedly turned the fortune of the day, but at length a spear-wound in the arm put him *horse du combat*, and from that moment the success of his party became more than doubtful. The chief, who kept at a convenient distance from the scene of action, was unfortunately espied and taken prisoner. When the Bedouins found themselves without a commander, the disorder became complete, and the motto of each was *sauve qui peut*. Mourad was encompassed by a host of howling Arabs, whose shouts were sufficient to terrify the soul of any one unaccustomed to such a war-whoop. But wounded as he was, he succeeded in fighting his way through the enemy, bear-

ing down a host of his adversaries at every step, and leaving the impression on their minds that they had been vanquished by a superhuman arm. In the mean time the assailants had fled in terrible disorder to their camp, pursued by their foes, and harassed by them at every step. Mourad took an opposite direction, by that part of the camp where the women and children were stationed, awaiting the issue of the conflict; dozens of them fled screaming as he ran past them, some uttered imprecations on his head, others throwing handsful of dust in the air, and shrieking like so many gouls. At the door of one of the tents, the fugitive observed a horse picketed, the accoutrements by his side. To throw the saddle on his back, and the bridle on his neck, was the work of a minute; with his sword he cut the cord which bound his fore-feet to the stake, and, ere his pursuers were at hand, he was mounted on the back of as noble a steed as ever bore a Bedouin over the sands of the desert. For two good hours he never pulled a rein; now and then he looked behind him, and had a distant view of his pursuers; but so far from gaining on him, they became every moment more indistinct, till at length he lost sight of them altogether. All night long he pursued his journey, totally unacquainted with the route, and unprovided with any of the necessaries of life; the fatigue of the conflict and the flight, the want of refreshment for so many hours, had worn him out, and completely exhausted him. Tormented with thirst, he glanced his eye in every direction as he galloped on in search of a well; but the customary verdure, which is the indication of the fountain, was no where to be seen. The sun was now beaming in all its fierceness on the arid soil, and the sultry vapour rolled in waves over the burning sands. The sky for some time had been assuming a lurid yellow tint, and the wind blew from the south as if it issued from the mouth of a heated oven. Gradually the sun became eclipsed, and the heat became intolerable; while the swift simoon every moment bore a new gust of poison from the south, and contaminated the wholesome air with its oppressive breath. The burning sands

were blown about in a thousand whirlwinds, and a suffocating vapour swept over the soil, threatening destruction to every living creature that came within its pestiferous vortex. In vain did Mourad look round him for a shelter; on every side the horizon was bounded by an ocean of agitated sands. He breathed with difficulty, he felt a burning heat within him, but no perspiration moistened the dry skin; his parched tongue clove to his palate, his limbs became enervated; when he dismounted from his panting steed, his exhaustion was so great he could hardly keep his legs. The horse seemed to share the sufferings of the rider; he trembled all over, and snorted as he snuffed up the suffocating air; he seemed almost instinctively to lie down and keep his nose to the sand, in order to escape the sweeping gust of the Kamsin. Mourad lay prostrate beside his steed, his head enveloped in his blanket, and his limbs half buried in the accumulating sands. His thirst became more intolerable, his lips clove together, and the fibres of his parched throat grew more rigid every instant, till at length it seemed as if the whole arid surface was splitting into a thousand fissures. Had the wealth of the universe been his, he would have given it all for one blessed draught of cold water. The pangs of raging thirst momentarily increased, and the intensity of suffering sent a thrill from the bosom to the brain, and threatened the mind with madness. A thousand horrible fancies suggested themselves to his soul: one moment it appeared as if he were tossing on a sea of molten lead; at another instant as if a legion of infernal beings were breathing a burning atmosphere around him; and in the midst of all his sufferings, the horrible consciousness of approaching frenzy was present to his mind. He believed it was written that his unfortunate career was to terminate in the desert; that the journey of his life was to end even where he lay. One moment he prayed to Allah to release him from the torments he endured, the next he uttered incoherent curses on the heads of the Bedouins, and on the father of the Delhi, who carried him into the wilderness. Distraction at length seemed to have taken possession of his

soul; he gashed his arm with his sword, and sucked the streaming blood with all the avidity of a famished maniac. In the madness of the moment, he would probably have proceeded to the commission of some more fatal act, had not nature sunk under the accumulation of such misery, and a state of insensibility ensued. How long he continued in that condition he knew not, but when he came to his senses, he found himself in the midst of a caravan, surrounded by Arabs, and his horse by his side, drinking at a hollow scooped in the sand, and covered with a sheep-skin. His own head and neck he found had been plentifully bathed by the Arabs; and when he awoke, one of them was kneeling by his side, holding a vessel of water to his lips. His blessing was all he could give to his charitable attendant; he put his hand to his girdle, but he recollected the Bedouins had stripped him of every thing."

"Ah, Bedowee!" said the Arab, "these Turks, whose beards are hateful to our souls, are not all kafirs alike; had it not been for my master, Suleiman Aga, you and your poor horse would have been left to perish."

"Suleiman Aga!" cried Mourad, in accents almost unintelligible to the Arab: "Who is he, I beseech you, and whence comes he?'

"He was the Aga of Bournarbashi," replied the Arab; "he is coming from Anatolia, and is proceeding, like a pious hadgi, on a pilgrimage to the holy city. Perhaps you have known some one of his name; but my master it is impossible that you can have known, for he is making the pilgrimage for the first time, and, I fear, for the last, unless it please God to cure him of the fever he caught at Cyprus. For some days after our setting out," continued the Arab, "he was well enough to sit his camel and smoke his pipe all day long, but now he is forced to travel like a woman, in a pannier, and has not asked his totoun-bashi for a pipe the last three days."

"He must be ill indeed," said Mourad, "if he cannot smoke; but how came he to observe me? Was he

the first to see me? and is it to his compassion I owe my life?"

"One of the guides," replied the Arab, "was the first to perceive your horse, and on approaching the spot, to see you extended like a corpse on the sands. It was he who informed the Aga of his finding a horse standing over the dead body of his master, who had probably been suffocated in the late Kamsin. The Aga would not suffer the guide to take away the steed of the poor Bedouin, without ascertaining himself that the last spark of life had departed from the body. Sick as he was himself, from the terrible effects of the suffocating wind, he rode to the spot, and bade me pull the blanket from your face, and pour some water over your parched lips. While I did so, you revived; and the Aga had his tent pitched at a little distance, being worn out with the sufferings he endured during the Kamsin. But how does it happen," continued the Arab, "that you do not talk like the other Bodouins of this desert? Is your tribe of the Hedjaz, that your tongue is so different from that of the tribes of Sahara?"

"No," replied Mourad, "my tribe is not of the Hedjaz; the tents of my people are pitched in the green wadis of Barrh-el-Cham, and our dialect is not that of the Hansirs hereabouts. I am a wandering hakkim of the wilderness, going about to see where I can do good; and, in my beneficent pursuit, it has been my misfortune to have fallen into the hands of a hostile tribe, and I have reason to account myself happy to have escaped their claws, with no worse injury than this spear-wound in my arm. But it grieves me," continued the impostor, "to hear that this kind master of yours, to whose clemency I am so much indebted, should be so ill as you represent him to be. The inhospitable desert is a sad place for a sick man, and even for the healthy it is a melancholy abode; where wealth is scarce, and water is not abundant; where a physician is not to be found to look after the body, nor a priest to be hired to follow the remains. But heaven, notwithstanding, is sufficient for us all; the same shadow of the Apostle, which spreads its blessed influence

on the palace of the prince, overhangs the tent of the Bedouin. But a few minutes ago, the angel of death was hovering over my head, and Providence sent your compassionate master to my succour; and now my benefactor stands in need of a physician, and it has pleased heaven to throw me in his path."

"Wallah el Nebi!" cried the Arab, "these are wonderful words—you a hakkim? you who were just now on the brink of eternity, the healer of the sick? By the beard of the Prophet! if there be any truth in your callam, your speech would be paid with gold. I will run and tell my master we have a hakkim in the desert. Mashallah! praise be to Allah for all his goodness!"

"Go!" exclaimed Mourad, "I am indebted to your master more than I can repay with words; but if it please the Apostle, I will manifest my gratitude by deeds of service."

CHAPTER XX.

It is a great deal better to have a quiet and settled mind, lying upon the ground, than to have much trouble on a bed of gold.

PYTHAGORAS.

THE extraordinary excitement produced by the Arab's intelligence, removed all at once the exhaustion of Mourad, as if by magic. He was no longer the poor pallid wretch, famished and attenuated, he so lately appeared to be; his haggard features brightened up, his dim eyes sparkled, and the limbs that only now seemed to totter under their weight, suddenly acquired an unwonted vigour.

"Praise be to the Prophet!" exclaimed he, "whose propitious influence has preserved me from a thousand deaths, and brought me to the enjoyment of this blessed day to behold the destroyer of my mother's peace, to look upon the robber of my father's life. The long ac-

count of vengeance has been only partially settled; one great item of blood remains to be added before it be finally cast up. Every thing seems to conspire to facilitate revenge, as if the unerring hand of justice directed every step, and put my mortal enemy into my path for the especial purpose of permitting me to wreak destruction on his head. My garb, my late accident, the alteration in my looks, all favour my disguise. Who that beheld me ten years ago, with the bloom of youth, and health, and innocence on my cheek, would now recognise these weather-beaten features, scarred, and disfigured as they are, and furrowed with the lines of every crime and passion? Grant, Holy Prophet! they remain undiscovered; enable me to steal into his heart, and infirm as he is, if there be such a thing as conscience in his breast, I will wring it with every torture of remorse, till he writhe in the agonies of death, and mingle with his last gasp the imprecations of despair."

The Arab put an end to his supplication to the beneficent Apostle, by bringing a summons from the Aga for his immediate attendance. Mourad followed the messenger to the tent of the sick hadgi, pulling his Bedouin head-gear over his brows as he went along, and disposing his Arab blanket on his person so as thoroughly to conceal his figure. On entering the tent of the Aga, it was with difficulty he could repress the emotions which thrilled through his heart; there lay his deadly enemy before him in the character of his preserver, as he had once been in that of father and benefactor, now claiming his services as a hakkim, as he had once done his affections as a child, and destined to find the former no more than the latter claim allowed.

The head of the sick man was enveloped in his Arab cloak, when Mourad approached him. "The peace of Allah be upon you!" said the latter; "the poor Bedouin your clemency has rescued from the brink of the grave, has come to thank you, Effendi, and to lay the proffer of his services at your feet, and, if it be your will to accept them, to restore you to health."

The invalid slowly threw back the covering from his face, and regarded intently the features of the speaker, as if he was desirous of scrutinizing the physiognomy of the hakkim in whose skill he was about to trust his life. Mourad's glance at the same time was fixed on the Aga, and the fear of recognition was merged in the astonishment he felt at observing the alteration in the looks of the ex-governor: his features no longer bluff, his figure no longer portly, and every indication of the rude health of fat, contented ignorance, and insolent authority completely gone. He lay extended on his carpet, shivering beneath a pile of cloaks and blankets, notwithstanding the heat of the tent was such as the attendants could hardly endure. The fine bold features of the proud Moslem were shrunken and collapsed, the fire of his fierce glance was subdued, and the scorn of his full lip was changed into the sad gesture of suffering and complaint.

Mourad could hardly bring himself to believe he was gazing on the dignified figure of the governor of Bournarbashi, but the well known sound of his voice, hollow as it now was, left no doubt as to the identity of the Aga. He addressed our hero in a low tone in his native tongue; but the latter gave him to understand he knew no language but his own, whereon Suleiman put the few words of Arabic he was acquainted with in requisition, and made himself sufficiently intelligible to the hakkim.

"Young man," said he, "if men's faces had any thing to do with their professions, I would have taken you for a soldier rather than a physician; perhaps you are both; and if you excel in either, your friends have reason to praise God for your ability. An indifferent physician may make an excellent soldier, for obvious reasons; but it follows not that a good soldier is sure to make a skilful doctor. However, if you are skilled in the cure of diseases, I have as much need of your succour, as you very lately had of mine. Feel my pulse, tell me what is the matter with me, and whether it be written I am to get over this malady, or to leave

my bones in this detestable wilderness; whatever be the issue, the will of Allah be done in all things!"

Mourad approached the patient; he assumed all the stupid gravity of medical imposition, as he put his fingers on the pulse, and after a long pause he delivered his opinions of the malady in these words:—"Since the beginning of the world, Effendi, in all ages, and in all countries, men have sickened, have been doctored, and have died, and their friends have mourned over their tombs for a few days, and they have been forgotten. But of all the maladies that ever depopulated the earth, a fever in the blood is the hottest of all diseases, and therefore the most fatal. Do not be alarmed, Effendi, for although of the millions who have been swept away, none of them have had more reason to tremble for the awful event, yet what is writ is writ, and if it please God you will yet recover."

The sick man looked aghast at this portentous intelligence.

"The hakkim, Effendi," continued the speaker, "who derives all his knowledge from human studies, may impose on the credulity of fools, and hold the language of delusive hope to the sick man's ear, while he nauseates his stomach with unavailing drugs. The firmament, Effendi, has been my book; an astrological medicine has been my study. During the interval of your servant's absence, I have consulted your horoscope, and not only perused the secret of your destiny, but made myself acquainted with the history of your life."

The dim eyes of the sick man were rivetted on the features of the astrologer. "Juggler!" cried he in a faint voice, "think not to impose upon me with your impudent devices. Feeble as I am, if you are fool enough to think to laugh at my beard, I will undeceive you with a vengeance."

"Effendi," replied our hero, "you are a noble Moslem, I am a poor Bedouin; but for all the substance of your haznah, I would not stoop to tell a lie. If I be mistaken in the interpretation of the stars, the error is not wilful, and my words ought to give you no offence.

If in the horoscope I have cast, I have found tablets writ in blood, and names inscribed thereon of which you have no knowledge, the fault is in the stars which misled me; for what malice have I to gratify in bringing things before you which appear to give you pain?"

"By the soul of your father!" exclaimed Suleiman, "speak the whole truth! What tablets of blood are these you speak of? What names are written on them?"

"It is better, worthy Aga," said Mourad, "you seek to know no further; I did not mean to call up the memory of long forgotten crimes, to rip up the wounds which time has cicatrized, and to torture you on your death-bed with topics which cannot fail to turn your heart's blood into compunctious water-drops. My intention only was to prove to you that my words were those of truth, that the stars were the unerring sources of my knowledge. But farewell, Effendi—I repent of what I have spoken, since it seems to have disturbed you. Heaven grant my injudicious attempt to do you service, tend not no shorten the span of existence which is already drawing to a close, or to shake the few sands which are yet left in the glass of life!"

He turned from the bedside to leave the tent as he ceased speaking; but the terrified invalid, whose death-like aspect during this interview became every moment more apparent, called back the Bedouin, and conjured him by all that was precious to his soul, to terminate his suspense, and tell him the tablets and their inscriptions.

Mourad stood marking with horrible satisfaction the change which had taken place in the appearance of the sick man ever since his entrance; he hesitated for some time to comply with the request of the Aga. At length, after torturing him with innumerable expressions of his consideration for his feelings, and his state of infirmity, he begged him to listen with composure, while he explained to him the mysterious nature of the tablets of his horoscope.

"They were written, Effendi," said he, "as I informed you, in characters of blood. The name of Michelaki

was written upon one, and that of Emineh on another; over each was suspended a sword, pointing to an effigy, beneath which was that of Suleiman of Bournarbashi."

The sick man uttered a loud groan, and fell senseless on his pillow. Mourad gazed on the cold, shrunken features of his victim, with the malignant expression of delight of a triumphant fiend. The servants, who had heard the groan of their master, rushed into the tent: they found the hakkim chafing his cold hands, and apparently as much grieved as themselves at the sudden change which had taken place during their absence. A hundred questions were put to Mourad in a breath, as to the best means to be employed for restoring their poor master; but fortunately, perhaps, for him, the hakkim had no medicine to administer, and the only answer they got was a shake of the head, and a consolatory assurance that God was most merciful! and that what was written in the book of life was not to be wiped out. But the immediate apprehensions of the domestics were removed by the gradual recovery of sense and motion, which at length took place in the patient: he opened his dim eyes, and looked around, with the vacant stare of one awakening from a dream. The Arabs said he was exhausted, and that a dish of his favourite pilau would restore him. A bowl of smoking rice and burnt butter was laid before him; but he waved his hand and turned away, to have it removed from his sight. His pipe-bearer fetched his chiboque; he made an effort to put it to his lips, but the odour of the tobacco was more than he could endure; he threw down the pipe, and asked for cold water; and from that moment the Arabs despaired of his recovery. Mourad kept at a distance from the bed, and when an opportunity was afforded, he slipped unperceived out of the tent. All that night the patient made no inquiry for the doctor; but at the dawn, the latter was summoned to his bedside, and from the exhaustion of his countenance, and the general anxiety of his features, it was easy to perceive he had passed a sleepless night.

"How do you feel, Effendi!" said Mourad, in a tone of solicitude; "I trust you have passed a comfortable

night, and have been more calm and composed than when I left you." As he spoke, he took hold of the damp hand that was tossing on the bed-clothes; the fingers were cold and rigid, and the pulse was hardly perceptible at the wrist. "Terror and remorse," thought Mourad, "have done their work; a little more of each will complete my vengeance."

It was with difficulty Suleiman could answer the inquiry of our hero; his voice had become hollow, and his accents broken, and the first words he articulated showed the fatal impression the prognostic of the astrologer had made on his distempered imagination.

"Hakkim," said he, "is there no hope left? must I surely die?"—Mourad held down his head, and made no reply to the question.

"I understand your silence," continued the sick man: "the die is cast, my doom is fixed, and it only remains for me to meet it as becomes a true believer. At my birth, my being was derived from Allah, and to him it is fitting, after death, that my soul should again return. If my passions have been my master, their reign is at an end; if I have wandered an exile in the wilderness, a stronger arm than the Sultan's has put an end to my disgrace. Death sets the slave at liberty, and carries the banished man home. It opens the door of paradise to the true believer, and ushers him into everlasting joys. The shadow of the Apostle, the smiles of a thousand houries,"—(the features of the dying man brightened up as he proceeded,)—"the fruit of the blessed Tuba, the wine of the sacred fountain, the musk of the delightful bowers, the kiosks of hollow pearls, and the pavement of bright rubies—these, O hakkim! but, above all celestial pleasures, beside the contemplation of the great throne, the company of the immortal maidens who throng around the tent of every Moslem—these, I say, are the rewards which are destined for those who die, like good Moslems, in the faith of Islam."

The exertion of recapitulating the joys of the happy place was too much for the strength of the sick man. He lay quite exhausted for some minutes, and from the agony that was visible in his countenance, it seemed as if the

recollection of the promised blessings of the Koran had failed to reconcile him to his fate. With the unavailing earnestness of a drowning man grasping at a straw, he still clung to the hope of preserving life; and, turning to Mourad, he supplicated for relief in the most abject terms, and besought him, by some exertion of his superhuman knowledge, to rescue him from the grave. Like no small number of his countrymen, he seemed to waver in the doctrines of predestination in the time of extremity, and manifested much more unwillingness to leave the world than nine infidels out of ten would have done, who had no houries to receive them with open arms at the gates of Paradise, no delicious odours and delectable repasts to gratify their senses.

"Alas! Effendi, it would be useless to delude you with the language of hope, when the words of destiny are written, and the decree is unavoidable. But how enviable is it to die like you, with the consolation of a good conscience, torn by no regrets, and tortured by no remorse! How soothing to the spirit, at the moment of its departure from the body, is a consciousness, like yours, of having acted justly by all men, and of deserving the rewards which are promised to all *good* Moslems! Ah! Effendi, how happy is it, like you, to die with all the consolations which a self-approving bosom can afford, the blood of no victim to appear on the hands which are lifted in supplication, the injury of no innocent woman to bury the hopes of the future in the horrors of the past, and the wrongs of no orphan to force their recollection on the sinking heart, and to make a hell-couch of the death-bed!"

The sick man writhed as if the agonies of death had already seized on his vitals; he tossed his tortured frame from side to side, and held up his poor hands with pitiful entreaty, to stop the mouth of his Temmanite consoler. But no entreaty could prevail on the latter to relax in his zeal: he was called on, he said, to fulfil the duties of the friendly office he had undertaken, and through them he must go, whatever was the consequence.

"Yes, Effendi," he continued, "I am bound by my calling to give you all the comfort you stand in need of;

and, thoroughly persuaded as I am of the goodness of your life, I feel no hesitation in pointing out to you the blessings which are reserved for the virtuous. Had you been like some wicked Moslems, stained with crimes, and steeped to the very lips in infamy; branded, perhaps, as a murderer, and stigmatized as a cold-hearted seducer, bringing madness and misery on the head of a poor wretched woman, it might be impious to talk to you of comfort here, or hope hereafter."

The Aga made a dying effort to call his servants to his assistance, but his tongue was paralysed, the cold perspiration of death was trickling over his forehead: but his tormentor affected to take no notice of his condition; and as his faculties seemed to fail him, he stooped over the death-bed, and poured his soul-harrowing words into the ears of the expiring man.

"The horoscope," continued he, "spoke of murder and dishonour; your name was written on the tablet of the murderer, and the names of Michelaki and Emineh on those of the victims. But the stars were mistaken which furnished the astharlab; it never could be that Suleiman Aga was the author of such villany as the blood-red tablets imputed to him? Were it so, who would condescend to hold communion with such a miscreant? who would not spit upon the beard of the assassin, and throw the burning ashes of hatred on the head of the destroyer of peace and purity? Who would not laugh at his distress when anguish wrung his breast? who would not rejoice at his despair when he shuddered, on his death-bed, at the prospect of eternity? and who would not expect to hear the imprecations of remorse mingled with the last accents of mortal apprehension, which rattled in his throat and quivered on his lips?"

Suleiman no longer manifested any outward signs of internal torture; the death-film was fast spreading over the fixed eye-balls, and the rigid muscles of the drawn features were only moved by the convulsive twitches of the last agony. If there were one ray of pity in the bosom of the tormentor, the spectacle of his dying victim might have made a pause in vengeance: but no human feelings seemed to actuate his breast; he prosecuted his

unrelenting purpose to the last gasp; and, a few minutes before the wretched man expired, he abandoned the tone of irony that had hitherto been his weapon, and finished his deadly work with the avowal of his name.

"Yes!" he exclaimed, putting his mouth close to the ear of the expiring Aga, "Mourad, the son of Michelaki, the child of Emineh, is sent by unerring justice to agonise the last moments of the murderer, to dash every hope of peace and happiness from his prospect."

The last death-throe followed the terrible denunciation of the speaker; a faint motion of the lips, and a moan, hardly audible even to his enemy, terminated the struggle.

CHAPTER XXI.

Away with me all you whose souls abhor
The uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house,
For I am stifled with the smell of sin.

KING JOHN.

THE vehemence with which Mourad clapped his hands and called for assistance, soon brought the whole caravan about the tent of the deceased hadgi.

"Ah, my good friends!" cried he to the servants, "you have lost a noble master; the Aga is dead, and all goodness is gone with him. There is no stability in the world: last week the man was in health, yesterday he was in life, and to-day he is a corpse. As the dew-drop trembles on the leaf of the lotus, so totters life on the brink of eternity. Alas, my friends! man's breath is like water poured out of a bardac, the earth swallows it up, and it never appears more. Ah, what a lesson for mortality is this spectacle before us! what a warning to all of us to walk like good Moslems, in the presence of the Apostle! But, alas! nobody thinks of an hereafter!

the infant is so long unconscious of his being; the boy is so long taken up with his pastime; the stripling is so much engaged with his passions; the old man is so occupied with his infirmities, that no one has leisure to bestow a thought on the Supreme Being."

"Wallah callaam thab!" exclaimed the Arabs; "this is a wise saying of the stranger, he speaks like an Imam."

"The poor Aga was destined to leave his bones in the desert, and the decree is duly accomplished; it only remains for the sheik of the caravan to take possession of his effects, and to prepare the body for the tomb."

The most experienced of the Arabs accordingly stepped forward; one tied the great toes together, another pressed down the eyelids with his thumbs, a third crammed cotton into the ears and mouth, and another having removed the apparel, commenced rubbing the body with sand; an allowable ablution in the wilderness where no water can be spared for the purpose.

As the caravan was setting out that evening, the burial was performed even while the corpse was yet warm; the Arabs scraped up a few handsful of sand; the remains of the poor Aga were deposited in the hollow, and the Sheik of the caravan having pronounced the profession of faith over the corpse, the sand was thrown over it, and in a few hours the funeral attendants were proceeding on their journey, as heedless of the hadgi they had left behind, as if such a person as Suleiman of Bournarbashi had never existed. One man only of the host forgot not the ceremony he had witnessed; the scene of the death-bed was present to his mind, and if lightness of step and levity of look be any criterion of the emotions of the heart, it would seem that the horrors he had beheld had given little pain to the breast of Mourad. Next morning he parted with the caravan, and finding that Suez was only four hours distant, he imitated the economy of the camel, by laying in a good stock of water for the journey, and followed the route pointed out by the guides, which he was in no danger of mistaking, as he found stones piled in the sand at intervals of a league or so, till he reached his

destination. It was with difficulty he could procure a lodging in the town; two caravans of pilgrims had been waiting there for several weeks the departure of the fleet for Jedda, so that every khan in Suez was occupied by the hadgis. Mourad rejoiced at the circumstance, great as was his trouble to find accommodation for himself and his steed. He lost no time in making inquiries for the Delhi he was in pursuit of; and to his no small satisfaction he found that the Delhi was still in the town, detained, like the other pilgrims, by contrary winds.

The warrant he had received from the Pacha for the head of his enemy he had succeeded in rescuing from the hands of the Bedouins, and for security he had sewed it in the crown of his skull-cap. He was still in his Bedouin costume when he presented himself before the divan of the Governor, and solicited a private audience.

The Governor hesitated much before he complied with the entreaty; he did not altogether like the appearance of the stranger; and when Mourad produced the document, bearing the signature of the Pacha, the colour fled from his cheek, and he trembled from head to foot, as if he fancied his own death-warrant was in the hands of a disguised Capidgi-bashi. Mourad observed his consternation, and he hastened to remove it, by whispering in the ear of the affrighted officer, that the order was only for the head of one of the hadgis in the town, whose name and rank he mentioned in a still lower voice, in order to prevent any untimely disclosure. The Governor breathed as if his soul was again his own; he took the paper in his hand; he read it over with a beaming eye of satisfaction, and when he found the title of byn-bashi was prefixed to Mourad's name, and that the Bedouin was even a greater man than a Capidgi-bashi, he lavished a thousand demonstrations of respect, and vowed all the heads of the hadgis in Suez were at the disposal of the Pacha and his illustrious byn-bashi.

"It was not," he said, "the first hadgi he had taken off, nor the first man in disgrace who had been

sent to make the pilgrimage to Mecca, but had got no further than Suez. Do you want his head?" said he to his visiter, "or is it immaterial to you how he is despatched?"

"His life is all I want," replied Mourad, "and the possession of the woman he has stolen from El Masr."

"Then nothing is more easily accomplished than his death," said the Governor: "at sunset I will invite him to the divan; I am intimate with him, and as we have smoked many pipes together, he will not fail to attend the summons. The coffee shall be well drugged, and unless he has ten men's lives in his bosom, he will sleep more soundly to-morrow than he has ever done. You must be present, and be sure to attend, even as you are now attired, at the asser."

Mourad took his leave of the governor and returned to his lodgings, where he found a courier in waiting, who had been despatched to him from El Masr, with a letter from the friend who had the charge of his affairs. It informed him, that after his departure the female friend with whom Zuleika had resided had been discovered, and that upon making an inquiry at her abode, to the astonishment of the applicant, it was ascertained that Zeleika, so far from having accompanied the Delhi, was no longer in his power, and had been an inmate in her kinswoman's harem from the period of his departure from El Masr; that the health of the poor maiden, which had long been declining, had become so much impaired by the terror she had endured, that her friends were alarmed for her safety. It finished by acquainting him that the woman who accompanied the Delhi, and who had been taken for Zuleika, was a Christian slave from the country of the Roumi.

Mourad was all amazement at the intelligence; a host of conflicting emotions agitated his bosom; the knowledge that his beloved Zuleika was in a place of safety brought tears of pleasure to his eyes, but they were frozen in the lids when he thought of the sufferings she had undergone, and the shock, perhaps a fatal one, they had produced on a delicate constitution.

He cursed the madness which had urged him on an

unprofitable journey, when prudence might have enabled him to have discovered the object of his search, and to have bestowed on her all the soothing attentions which her declining health required.

That night he resolved to return to El Masr; the Delhi was to be disposed of, and the woman who accompanied him was to be seen, in order to be thoroughly assured of the truth of the communication he had received, before he returned to the capital.

But ere the appointed hour arrived for meeting the Governor, he began to regret having put the death-warrant of the Delhi into his hands, and to think of the means of putting money in his purse without taking the life of his victim. How Zuleika had obtained her freedom he knew not; whether she had been ransomed, or generously given up to her friends; but however she had obtained her liberty, the merit of the manumission pleaded more powerfully in the Delhi's behalf, then the recollection of the treacherous wound he had given did against him.

The muezzins were announcing the hour of sunset prayer from the mosques, when Mourad returned to the house of the Governor; he found the Delhi sitting with his host, discoursing familiarly, and smoking their chibouques like two bosom friends.

The Governor greeted the Bedouin at his entrance with a friendly salaam; he bade him sit on his right hand, and presented him with his own pipe; an honour which the Delhi could not comprehend his motive for paying to a Bedouin. The darkness of the chamber prevented the visiters of the Governor from distinguishing each other's features. The conversation turned on arms, and the Governor asked the Delhi for a sight of his pistols, which, from the look of them, he had no doubt, he said, were real English. The pistols were immediately produced, and the Governor took care to shake the priming out of the pans as he examined them and then returned them to the owner. He then procured a sight of the sabre, which he managed, as if accidentally, to keep possession of while he commenced a learned harangue on the superiority of Damascus

blades. In the mean time the Delhi had riveted his eyes on the features of Mourad, and putting back the window-shutter beside him, which had been half closed, he stared more intently than ever at the Bedouin, and after a short pause, he asked him the last news from El Masr?

The Governor did not give Mourad time to answer the question:—

"What, Hadgi," said he, "are you mad, to ask a Bedouin of the wilderness about the walled town of El Masr? This poor Arab is a friend of mine, who has never been out of the desert, except now and then in a city like Suez, which stands in the midst of it: what, then, can he know of the news of El Masr?"

"Effendi," said the Hadgi, as the coffee was brought into the apartment; "I feel a sudden indisposition. I will retire for half an hour, and return, if it please God. I feel worse than you can imagine. I pray you to excuse me; I will return very shortly, I assure you."

"It is a sudden illness, Hadgi," said the Governor, as the Delhi rose to depart; "sit down, I command you. Do you call yourself my friend, and think of leaving my house when refreshment is at the door? Staffer Allah! this is not courteous, be seated, and when you have taken a cup of coffee, depart in God's name, if you will."

The fingers of the Delhi were fumbling about his pistols, and when he found both pans deprived of their priming, and observed his sword still in the hands of the Governor, it was evident, from the inquietude of his look; that he suspected every thing was not right.

"Indeed, Effendi," cried he, "I am so ill, I cannot possibly remain;" and without waiting for a reply, he approached the door with a rapid step.

The Governor clapped his hands thrice, and the door was instantly pulled to, and locked on the outside; the only attendant who remained within was the slave who held the fatal coffee on a salver.

The aspect of the swarthy executioner was enough to turn the hot blood cold of the victim who encoun-

tered his sinister regard. He was an elderly negro, deformed in his person, and disfigured in his countenance, with several scars across his cheek, in the way the Dongola tribes are wont to score the features of their children. Art had done much in giving ferocity to his features, and Nature assisted the expression, by giving him an obliquity of vision, which made his countenance so repugnant, as to render it painful to regard him.

While the Delhi stood midway between the door and the divan, pale as a corpse, and his quivering lips unconsciously apart, the monster of a negro repeatedly came smirking before him, presenting the poisoned cup, and elevating his shrill voice, to remind him that the coffee was getting cold.

"Drink it, man," cried the Governor; "what are you afraid of; if I wanted your life, what is there to prevent me bidding a soldier cut your throat, or to hinder me from beckoning to that negro to twist his cord about your neck? Drink, man; have we not eat and drank together, smoked and laughed together, before now? Why, then, do you insult me by these unworthy suspicions? Wallah-el-Nebi, my good Hadgi, by Allah and the Prophet! you have nothing to apprehend."

The Delhi looked at the Governor, then at Mourad, and then at the negro; and when he withdrew his glance from the last, every horrible suspicion, which terrified his soul, was converted into an appalling certainty. The perspiration poured down his forehead; he drew his sleeve across his brow, and then shaking his impotent hand at Mourad, he cried out in a trembling tone —"Blood-seeking kafir, disguised as you are, I know you; silent as you sit there, I read your murderous mission in your looks."

"Then, if you do so," cried the Governor, "secrecy is superfluous. Behold the Pacha's order for your head! behold the signature of the Viceroy of the Sultan, and if you are a good Moslem, and would gain the crown of martyrdom, which awaits every Mussulman who bows submissively to the mandate of his So-

vereign, you will yield like a child of Islam to the decree which destiny has pronounced, and refrain from an opposition to the divine will, which can serve no purpose. In the name of Allah, and by the authority of the Prince, I command you instantly to drink the cup which is presented to you."

The unfortunate Delhi threw himself at the feet of the Governor. "Spare me, Effendi," he exclaimed; "I conjure you by all that is precious to your soul—by the hospitality I have received in your house—by the bread and salt I have eaten under your roof—by the words of friendship we have spoken together—by all that binds man to his fellow-creature, save me, I beseech you."

"Alas!" cried the Governor, "it is ever the fortune of friendship to be repaid with ingratitude. When I received this order for your head, instead of suffering it to be mangled by the hands of a brutal executioner, I devised this gentlest mode of ridding you of the load of life, and had you been a reasonable man you would have drunk this coffee, gone home and died, and never suffered one pang of anguish. But now you force me to be cruel; you crawl about my feet, and cling to my beneesh, and oblige me to call in the soldiers to drag you hence, and despatch you with unseemly wounds in the public court-yard. Then, since you will have it so, your blood be on your own head!"

The Governor was in the act of clapping his hands to call in the attendants, when the wretched man raised himself from the ground, and besought the Governor to stop for a moment. He said he submitted to his fate; he was a Moslem, and knew the precepts of the law, and his dependance was on its promises." He took the fatal document out of the hands of the Governor, pressed it to his lips, he raised it to his forehead, and said he obeyed it.

The horrid negro came grinning with the salver to the victim, he stirred up the cup with the handle of his knife, he talked about the sugar going to the bottom, and his fears that the coffee had become cold. While the poor

Delhi was shuddering at the sight of it, the recollection of his family flashed across his mind; he addressed a last entreaty to his murderer, that the money he had about him might be given to his poor wife. He had two little boys, he said, in El Masr, and they had no friend in the wide world to protect or assist them when he was gone. The Governor protested his widow should have the last para he possessed, and every article of his attire, even to his sherwals.

"Then all is over with me!" exclaimed the Delhi, taking the fatal cup from the hands of the negro. "Bismillahi allrahmand allraheimi!" he cried aloud, raising the cup to his lips, "In the name of the most clement and merciful Creator!"

"Pause, man!" exclaimed Mourad, descending from the divan on which he had hitherto remained immoveable; give back the cup to the slave;" and then addressing himself to the Governor, he said, "Since this man, Effendi, is your friend, I am willing if it be possible, to preserve his life. I have a proposition to make to him; I pray you let me retire with him to an adjoining chamber to talk over the matter."

The Governor looked highly displeased at Mourad's interruption. He said it could not be; the Pacha had sent him the order to execute, and he was answerable for it, and therefore its execution was indispensable. He talked very big about his authority, and his determination to suffer no man to trifle with it.

"Look you, Effendi," replied Mourad: "the Delhi can inform you how I stand in the favour of Mohamed Ali; he can tell you it would have been as easy a matter for me to bring an order for your head, as for that of your friend the hadgi. It is my intention to defer the fate of this man till I have some conversation with him, and wo be to him who presumes to interfere with my pleasure."

The Governor lowered his tone all at once; he declared he meant to give no offence to the byn-bashi, Heaven forbid! Whether it was his pleasure that the Delhi should live or die, no one in his house should dare

to gainsay his commands. Indeed, if his friend the Delhi could be spared, it would afford him inexpressible delight; his only fear was the displeasure of the Pacha.

"My deeds be on my head," cried Mourad; "none but me are answerable for them. Follow me," cried he to the Delhi, "to the adjoining chamber; the Effendi will preserve us from intrusion for the few minutes we remain there."

Mourad and the Delhi entered an alcove at the bottom of the apartment. When the former had closed the door, he bade his victim listen with attention to the proposition he had to offer him. "I do not want your blood," said he, "one act of your life has entitled you to some consideration. The wound your treacherous hand inflicted would entitle me to the price of blood, and all the substance of your tribe would be a poor compensation for the sufferings I have undergone; but I leave you to wonder hereafter at the moderation of my demand, when for the boon of life I ask nothing but the paltry girdle which encircles you. There is no time to waste words; a single objection seals your doom; I wait for your decision."

The Delhi tore open his dress with more alacrity than ever a man did who was about parting with his purse; he unbuckled his girdle and presented it to Mourad, who thrust it into his bosom, so well satisfied with its weight that he thought not of exacting any farther ransom. He then quitted the apartment, and entering the divan, he informed the Governor that the Delhi and he had come to an amicable understanding, and that there would be no necessity for the services of the negro.

The Delhi entreated, before the most compassionate of byn-bashis left the house, that the warrant might be destroyed of which he was the honoured bearer.

The Governor hemmed and hawed, and fiddled with the document, and talked of the present his negro and his Capigi bashi would expect for the trouble they had had.

The poor Delhi stood aghast, but Mourad relieved his anxiety by taking upon him to arrange the matter.

"I verily believe, Effendi," said he, "this hadgi is as poor as a santon, and cannot afford to make the present

which he certainly ought to make, if he had the means. Perhaps I can better afford to make some little offering worthy of your excellency's servants;" and with that he extracted a handful of gold pieces from the girdle which had just come into his possession, and counted down two hundred piastres on the sofa, which he begged the Governor to accept for the trouble his servants had been occasioned.

The Governor behaved with all the courteousness that could be expected from so dignified a personage; he pocketed the money, and presented the warrant to Mourad, who destroyed it in the face of the Delhi. Before he retired, he put one question to him concerning the woman who accompanied him, and on receiving the assurance that she was of the sect and country which his friend's letter had represented her to be, he took leave of the Governor and his friend, and before an hour was on the high road to El Masr.

CHAPTER XXII.

Hail, grisly monarch of the grave!
I greet thee as becomes a slave;
As one who's subject to thy law—
All thanks to her he never saw—
No matter, hail! for still thou art
The solace of the broken heart,
The final refuge of poor mortals,
Who seek lost peace within thy portals.
The wise sink calmly on thy breast,
The weary fly to thee for rest;
The wretched woo thee to their bed,
To ease the tortured heart and head,
And with no fears invest the grave,
The shroud, the coffin, or the cave.

The Babaresque.

Zuleika's existence, from the period of Mourad's departure from her father's house, had been one long scene of suffering. The mysterious disappearance of Achmet,

the robbery of the Aga's hasnah, the girl's close intimacy with the fugitive, and the confidential terms of their acquaintance, were combined by the malice of Yussuf's mother, and made the groundwork of Suleiman's suspicions.

Deprived of her father's favour, she was exposed to every indignity that the malignity of a bad old woman could devise. Day after day she endured the torture of hearing the name of her dear Mourad reviled by every inmate of the harem. Even those who had once called themselves his friends were loudest in expressing their indignation at his guilt. Zuleika denied it not, she listened in silence to their invectives, and when they who smiled on him in prosperity, and made light of all his faults, filled his empty place with the ashes of contempt, and affected to speak with horror of his crimes, she subdued the resentment of her swelling bosom, and fled to her own chamber, "to hide her face and weep."

Her health and spirits were already impaired, but the delusive hope was still the support of her existence, that Mourad's truth and constancy were beyond the power of time or absence to destroy. Months passed away without bringing a word of intelligence of him; every santon who passed through the village, every wandering dervish who visited the khan, she expected was the bearer of some tidings of her lover, but none arrived. If the suspicion flashed across her mind that she had been forgotten, or that her affections had been trifled with, her generous bosom refused to entertain the thought, and her fond heart furnished some plausible excuse for his silence. Perhaps he had sent word to her, and the message had miscarried; illness, perhaps, had prevented him from relieving her anxiety: in short, any thing was better to imagine or believe than that she had ceased to be the sole mistress of his heart.

The affairs of the Aga, in the mean time, had taken an unfortunate turn; the sudden and unforeseen vicissitudes, to which all Turkish governors are liable, happened to him. He became less punctual than he had been in sending presents to the Porte; his friends waxed cold; the taxes were doubled on his district; the collector of

the Miri complained of the defalcation of his tribute; the Sultan remonstrated; excuses were made, and eventually the Governor was deposed, the imperial seal put on his effects, and a pilgrimage to the Holy City kindly recommended, for the good of his soul's health.

This gentle mode of sending a Governor into exile was too well known to Suleiman to leave any doubt on his mind as to his disgrace. His establishment was broken up, and his own soldiers, who were retained for his successor, assisted in ejecting both him and his harem.

It was only a short time before this latter event had taken place, that the Dervish Ali made his appearance at the khan, and in his medical capacity was called to the sick-bed of Zuleika. For several days his attentions were lavished on the invalid, and probably to the influence of the Goddess Beltha, the patient was indebted for the kindness of the hakkim; but it would be doing an injustice to the Dervish, not to acknowledge that very little transpired in his interviews with the fair patient, of which he did not inform Mourad in his letter.

When the ruined Aga was driven from his government, some five-and-twenty purses were all he was able to save from the wreck of his fortune. Deserted by his servants, abandoned by his wives, one of whom had returned to her parents, another gone to her son; Suleiman sought a refuge in the interior of the country. He had sent Zuleika to the coast to embark for El Masr, where a kinsman of hers had offered her an asylum. Some of the little money he possessed, was employed in procuring a remission of his sentence; he supplicated to be permitted to remain in the village, where he had taken up his abode; and it was only after the expiration of two years, that he received a definitive answer to his petition, and one that was a refusal of its prayer.

Long ere this, Zuleika had arrived in Egypt, and was settled in the house of a fond and indulgent relative; the health of the poor girl had been gradually improving; kind treatment had done much to restore her peace, and the prospect of seeing her beloved Mourad, had tended still more to cheer her drooping spirits. She knew that he was in the same country with her, and that thought

alone was a consolation; but the arrival of the ill-starred dervish in El Masr put an end to all her hopes. The marriage of Mourad with the Armenian's widow was no longer a secret. The propagation of bad news is the business of the imbecile, or the amusement of the malevolent; whisper but the faintest sound of evil, and it flies with the velocity of the swift simoom, which converts every particle of sand into a poison, and withers every object that comes within its unwholesome influence.

Poor Zuleika was soon made acquainted with even more than was sufficient to make a fond woman wretched; her affections had been unworthily bestowed, but it was too late to profit by the conviction of that calamity. The deceiver had been the idol of her heart, he was still the object of her solicitude, the source of all her unavailing sorrows. She sought not to tear his image from her breast, it was too firmly fixed there; but she endeavoured to conceal the fatal attachment in the ruins of a broken heart, though she found it more difficult to combat a fatal passion, than to struggle with her grief, and to mingle with the gay when her bosom was completely wretched. In the presence of her young associates, when she put on the mien of gladness, had he who wronged her beheld her heart, he might have wept over its desolation. If her kinswoman observed her dejection, she said she would endeavour to be happy, and her beautiful countenance was lit up for a moment with a transitory ray; but it proceeded not from the sunshine of the heart, and a faint smile came mantling over her pale cheek, but it was only a ripple on the surface of expiring hope. But to the wretched, the task of keeping up the false appearance of content is a labour which no strength is long able to resist. Zuleika's health sunk rapidly, the last degree of wretchedness was now hers, it was even beyond that of the victim

"Who doats yet doubts, suspects yet strongly loves."

Women can make much allowance for the indiscretions, nay, the crimes of those they love; and the more the world frowns on the object of their choice, the

closer do they cling to the fallen idol. But when they have reason to believe that the deceiver has only tampered with their hearts, to triumph over their weakness, the shock may eventually sunder the ties which their affection makes a part of their existence; but it is questionable if all at once their sentiments undergo a revolution, which justifies the assertion that

> "Earth has no rage like love to hatred turn'd,
> Nor hell a fury like a woman scorn'd."

Zuleika, indeed, felt that no species of unkindness is so cruel as the contemptuous indifference and forgetfulness of a faithless lover, but her passions were too feeble, or her feelings too feminine, to mingle indignation with her regrets. Her kinswoman, who had long observed the melancholy which preyed upon her mind, did every thing in her power to divert her thoughts from the unworthy object who engrossed them. She was aware of her intimacy with Mourad, and she had made herself acquainted with his movements; she knew of his being in the favour of the prince, and rumour had represented the young minion, as the companion of dissolute fakirs, and the associate of profligate almes, who nightly present the painted sepulchres of their beauty to the public gaze in the disorderly suburbs of the city. The good woman grieved for the poor girl who had been robbed of her peace by such a wretch; she tried every means to banish the recollection of him from the breast of Zuleika. She gave her all the amusements which the society of her friends could afford her, and it was only on the fatal morning of the massacre of the Mamelukes, that she forced her to accept an invitation from the women of Suleiman Bey, to spend the day in their harem.

The horrible scene which took place when the house of the murdered Bey was given up to the fury of a licentious soldiery terminated in the encounter which occurred in the chamber where Zuleika had fled for refuge, when the figure of Mourad in the midst of the pitiless horde was presented to her eyes. A single glance at the blood-stained hands and infuriated fea-

tures of that Mourad whose youthful figure and ingenuous countenance were engraven on her heart, sent back to her fluttering bosom every drop of blood which trickled through her veins; but when she beheld the deadly weapon levelled at his person, and saw him reel a few steps forward and then fall senseless on the floor, one piercing shriek of such thrilling agony as never issued except from a broken heart, was heard, and all that followed, in mercy to the sufferer, was shut out from her senses.

When she awoke to the horrors of existence, she found herself in a strange apartment, but the first words she uttered were a blessing on the name of the Apostle; for the first person she beheld was her kinswoman bending over her couch, chafing her cold temples, and soothing her with the assurance that all would soon be well, and in a few hours that she would be in her own house.

The poor old lady was trembling all over; the terror which had taken possession of her soul on hearing of the slaughter in the citadel was still visible in her countenance. She had rushed from her abode at the first intelligence of the event, and hoped to be in time to have rescued Zuleika from the peril of being found in the harem of a Mameluke, but the soldiers were in the house before she arrived, and while in her madness she was endeavouring to force her way through them, she beheld the brutal Delhi bearing away the inanimate form of her young kinswoman. She followed him through the streets screaming for her child, and calling on the passengers to save a free-born Moslem woman from the hands of a drunken soldier. In her frenzy she laid hold of the girl, and vowed she would never relinquish her grasp while she had life. The maiden, she repeated, was a free-born Moslem woman, and neither a Mameluke's wife nor daughter. She succeeded in effecting her purpose by drawing the attention of the rabble to the act of lawless violence committed on the person of a female and a fellow-citizen. Hundreds of people flocked round the disputants. In every country the mob generally take the side of jus-

tice; they did so in the present case, and nothing was heard but cries of Shame! shame! down with the Delhi! rescue the young woman from the drunken soldier! and in a few minutes the tumult became general.

The Delhi drew his pistol; he levelled it at the head of the poor woman, who was still clinging to her child, endeavouring to drag her from his grasp; but, luckily for her, it was the same pistol he had discharged at Mourad, and before he had leisure to pull the other from his belt he was surrounded by the multitude, and, after a desperate struggle, his victim was dragged from him and carried into an adjoining house.

There it was, on coming to herself, she found her relative watching over her, whose only apprehension now was some further attempt of the Delhi's to regain his prize. It was thought prudent to obtain the protection of the guard to remove her to her home, and when that measure was taken, at the expense of some fifty piastres, (for the protection of the law, like the entertainment of a tavern, is afforded to every man in Turkey who is able to pay for it,) Zuleika was conveyed in safety to the house of her kinswoman. But all the attention of that kind woman, and all the consolation which friendship and affection could bestow, failed to restore the drooping girl.

From that day of terror she never raised her head. But many a long month before it, her health had been undermined by that insidious malady which imperceptibly consumes the sufferer, without leaving on the features the rude impression of the destroyer's hand.

No one about her apprehended any danger; the pallor of her cheek and the dejection of her countenance were ascribed to some trivial cause, while her own conviction rendered every gloomy suggestion of her sunken spirits a supernatural foreboding of approaching death. Sorrow and disappointment had taken possession of her heart; but sorrow of itself hath never, perhaps, destroyed life, and people "have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love." That grief was hers which leaves every organ susceptible of disease, and determines it to the weakest, where the seeds of the trea-

cherous malady are sown, which mental excitement is only required to develope; to use a figurative expression, she was broken-hearted.

Her decline was unaccompanied by any delusive hope of amendment, and the rapidity of its progress was now but too visible to the eyes of her afflicted friend. But still the stranger saw nothing in her appearance to create alarm; the scarlet hue which mocks the hopes of the sufferer's friends, was on her cheek, but it was too bright, too circumscribed, too sudden in its appearance, and too evanescent when it came, for the glow of health; it was the hectic tint of hopeless illness. The clearness of her complexion was more remarkable than ever, but it was that pearly white whose waxen transparency allows the small blue veins beneath it to be seen meandering here and there, and which gives that peculiar expression of unearthly loveliness to the countenance which consumption borrows at the last, when the fading light of the soul's sunset has given something to the face of heaven. Even to life's close, the serenity of her wan features remained undisturbed, and in the midst of her sufferings the gentleness of her spirit prevailed over her anguish; and even when the angel of death was hovering over her couch, she was a spectre of beauty, of more melancholy interest than fancy ever created or enshrined. Patience might have borrowed her mien to chasten the regard of Sorrow, and Meekness might have taken the Religion of her look to sanctify the glance of Pity on the sepulchre of Hope.

During her entire illness, the name of Mourad only once escaped her lips; his image was eternally before her eyes, not as she had beheld him in the house of the Mameluke, in the midst of cut-throats, stained with blood, disfigured with wounds, and flushed with the horrible drunkenness of human carnage, but as she had first known him, beautiful in person, gentle in disposition, and every impulse of a generous bosom glowing on his youthful cheek. If the two pictures presented themselves to her imagination, she tore the former from her view, and sought to persuade herself that the Mourad of her early days, the playmate of her childhood, the friend of

her youth, the beloved object of her matured affection, was not the individual whose infuriated features she had shuddered at beholding in the house of the Mameluke.

She had promised her kinswoman to think not of the unworthy object of her love; she talked not of him, and the poor old woman believed he was forgotten; but the day preceding her dissolution, she called her weeping relative to her side, and pointed to a lute which hung beside her bed. "This, my dear friend," said she, "was the gift of Mourad; it is all I have belonging to him; his love has been long lost. This little instrument has been my only solace in many a long day of misery; its soft tones served to remind me of the sweet voice of my dear Mourad, and in his absence I have sung over and over to its music the songs he loved to hear. When he was present, it was seldom from my side, and when he left me, I still made a companion of my melancholy lute. But it has been long neglected; the chords are broken, one is only left to be torn asunder, fit emblem of my poor heart; the sweet music of its peace is destroyed, and only one rude breath is wanting to sunder the last string and make eternal silence. When I am at rest I would have it given to him who gave it me: tell him it never left my sight since I possessed it; that if any thing were wanting to call back the happy days of our youth, this early token of his love—love, did I say, fool! fool! I believed it to be such, and it recalled a thousand endearing recollections to my bosom. Tell him, to the last moment of my life I loved him; and when others spoke harshly of him, that I held my tongue; when they uttered imprecations on his falsehood, that I cursed him not; when they talked of my wrongs in the language of indignation, that I vented my grief in no complaint; and when they reviled his beloved name, that I wished them far away. Tell him the wretchedness of years was insufficient to alter my affection; tell him, my dear friend, I was broken-hearted; but had he been at my death-bed, the ashes of my hopes should have fallen at his feet, for my last act should have been to call a blessing on his head. I conjure you to tell him his poor forgotten Zuleika, in all her misery, suffered no reproach to escape

her lips, and with her dying breath bestowed on him her full forgiveness. I had much to say, but oh——"

"Alas, my child!" cried the poor old woman, interrupting the exhausted girl, "you are weak and weary; and to-morrow, if it please God, you will be better, and will tell me all."

"If it please God," replied the dying girl in a solemn voice, "to-morrow, I shall be better; but to-morrow, the tongue that now falters, will be motionless forever. To-morrow, my dear friend, the hands which now press you to my bosom will be clasped in death, and the pulse you now feel throbbing at my heart, responding to every grateful emotion of my soul, will beat no more. You have been all kindness to the last. A thousand thanks are swelling in my breast—deep, deep, my beloved friend, past utterance; but words are unnecessary, they are here in my heart's core, and earth has no power to draw them forth!"

"Oh, my sweet child," exclaimed her distracted relative, "for the sake of Allah, do not fatigue your poor head just now. If not to-morrow, by and by, my darling Zuleika, you will be more composed, and have more strength to talk to me." The faintness of the smile which came over the settled features of the sufferer, was a dagger to the last hope of her poor kinswoman. She still stood by her bed-side, endeavouring to repress her tears, and seeking to conceal her agitation from the dear girl, whose dying glance was fixed on her countenance. Oh! it was a sad spectacle, to behold the invalid rivetting her death-look on the venerable face of her poor friend, contrasting, as it were, the constrained tranquillity of her look with the overwhelming trouble of her bosom. For several minutes the old woman preserved the calmness of her look; the tear only suffused the eye, but did not trickle over the cheek; the lips only quivered, but the accents of sorrow were subdued; there was something struggling for utterance in her throat, but it was only the exertion of gulping down the sighs, whose suppression almost choked her. But the struggle at length ceased; Nature triumphed over the vain effort to stifle her emotions—the wretched woman's grief burst forth—the vio-

lence of her sorrow bore down all restraint—a loud convulsive cry broke from her lips—the tears gushed from her lids—the servants spoke of the necessity of commanding her feelings—they advised her to be calm. Fools! like all the vain counsellors of their kind, they knew not that the anguish of her soul was no longer under the dominion of her reason; but one who had the understanding to abstain from arguing with her grief, led her from the chamber and remained with her, without augmenting her distress, by the common-place expressions of insulting pity, or impertinent consolation.

When the vehemence of her grief had somewhat subsided, she returned to the chamber, and took her station at the bedside: she did so in time to witness the closing scene. The last moments of the poor girl were free from suffering; their tranquillity accorded with the gentleness of her bosom; no violent struggle convulsed her sweet features; no agonizing throe troubled the serenity of her countenance; the liquid softness of her eye remained unchanged, even when the death film had dimmed its lustre, and the cold white marble of her cheek retained all its purity long after the hectic flush had ceased to animate it. The attendants still saw no symptoms of approaching dissolution; it was only the aged woman, who had been at many a parting scene, and who watched every alteration in the fading countenance of her child, and who noticed every change in the clammy coldness of her hand, who knew that the last breath was fluttering on her lips.

The ill-judged solicitude of the domestics only aggravated the affliction of the mourner. If the lamp flickered in the draft, it was not the wing of the gloomy angel which dimmed the light; if a sound during the night startled the drowsy ear of the attendants, it was the shriek of no goul, nor the scream of the ill-omened bird, which flutters over the house of a departing spirit. If the eyes of their mistress were fixed on the death-struck features of the slumbering girl, the half-closed eyelids, with the pearly white alone in view, however appalling the appearance, was not always a certain sign of death. If the icy fingers played with

the bed-clothes, it was only a momentary motion of the hand—if the cold dew-drops of dissolution glittered on her brow, it was only a gentle perspiration, that would do her good; and now and then, if the breathing became hard, and respiration rattled in the throat, it was nothing, it would go off when she awoke. She awoke, but it did not go off; she looked around her, with the wild stare of one awakening from a confused dream; but the symptoms of death did not disappear. To the last, the settled calm on her lovely features was unruffled; long before she ceased to exist, not a fibre of the heart appeared to move; not a moan escaped her breast; and once only her pale lips quivered, her sweet mouth stirred, and the mourners listened, but they heard no sound. As she awoke from the slumber of insensibility which generally precedes dissolution, the wildness of her regard gradually disappeared, and all the wonted meekness of her look returned: she gazed around her till her eye fell on the dejected features of her kinswoman; she laid her cold hand on the trembling fingers of the old woman; she pressed them between hers; the servants thought she smiled, but the last cold tear of life trickled over her cheek, when she withdrew her heavy eyes from the face of her kind friend. The lute she had spoken of was the last object her dying glance encountered. She gazed on the broken instrument till the fading lustre of her eye grew dim and dimmer every moment, and the moisture, which had hardly time to become a tear, suffused the ball, and spread into a film, and shut out the last earthly object on which she looked. Her attenuated hands sunk on her bosom, and when the last breath of life was mingled with universal air, the cold fingers were found firmly clasped over her heart, as if the feeble effort were made to prevent its bursting.

Without a struggle or a moan, her gentle spirit soared to the realms of purity and peace, where the wronged are no longer wretched, and the broken-hearted are at rest; where the innocence of every country, and the virtue of every clime are enshrined in the various forms of one chosen people, and where the

chaste daughters of the Brahmin, the Sufi, and the Sheik, are gathered together in one community of love.

The deathless spirit never abandoned a fairer tenement, nor left "a mortal paradise of such sweet flesh," so little faded after death. The last long sleep of all, seemed to those who gazed upon the corpse, like the light slumbers of an infant; and the more they looked, the more they appeared to doubt the appalling certainty of death. The remains were placed on a bier, in the middle of the chamber, decked in all the finery of an Oriental toilet. Horrible mockery of the vanity of life! and the mourners, who stood round, rending their garments, throwing ashes on their heads, and filling the house with their unavailing lamentations, paused in their sad occupation to gaze on the inanimate form of the ill-fated Zuleika. The living aspect of loveliness had not yet left the marble features of her corpse; their freshness even caused the last sad duty to be deferred; for death was altogether swallowed up in beauty.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Ham. What is he whose grief
Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wand'ring stars and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded heavens? this is I,
Hamlet the Dane.
Laert. The devil take thy soul!

HAMLET.

THE victim of an ill-fated passion was carried to the tomb; the white-robed mourners followed in procession, wringing their hands and rending the air with their lamentations. When the bier was set down in the cemetery and the body deposited in the grave, every voice was hushed, and the sound of the first heap of earth that was thrown on the corpse was watched for

in breathless silence by all around. A stranger to the funeral attendants, who stood by the grave-side, and appeared unmoved during the solemn process of lifting the still corpse from the shell, and then lowering it into the grave; who had taken no part in the general lamentation, who had shed no tear when all were weeping, who had breathed no sigh when all were sobbing, nor moved a muscle when the commotion of grief convulsed the features and agitated the frame of every mourner, was seen to shudder when the first clod was thrown on the corpse. The horrible sound of the chapless skulls which rattled on the body seemed to thrill through his soul. The murmur of grief ran through the mourners; a thousand exclamations of sorrow were uttered, but he spake not; a thousand thrilling cries were screamed around him, but he was mute; and some of the women threw ashes in the air, and called imprecations on the head of the villain who brought so much beauty to decay, and so much goodness to an early grave; but his lips moved at last, and he gave a loud amen to all their curses.

"Ah, hawadgi," said an elderly woman near him, who seemed pleased to find a stranger take an interest in the fate of her young friend, "if you had known the poor maiden you would say no malediction was bad enough to bestow on the marass who made her heart miserable. She was beautiful as the bright moon, hawadgi; her bosom was all purity; the innocent gazel was not more gentle than poor Zuleika; it was not in her nature to give the pain of a sharp word to any human being. Oh! hawadgi, if you, who knew her not, stand trembling by her grave, as if the cold hand of sorrow had seized upon your heart, what must they feel who were acquainted with her worth, and knew all her wretchedness?

"It was a sad sight, hawadgi, to see so beautiful a being sinking under the sickness of a broken heart, yet keeping the secret of her ill-starred passion to herself. So closely was it locked up in her bosom that no one suspected the cause of her dejection. She talked not like other women, of love; hers was too deep for

utterance: the weed, hawadgi, floats on the surface of the water, but the pearl is found at the bottom of the sea. Are you ill, hawadgi, that such a deadly paleness spreads over your countenance, and the blood seems to turn to ashes on your lips? Speak in the name of Allah! the perspiration is trickling over your wan features; surely you must be ill?"

"I feel rather unwell," replied the stranger, in a feeble tone; "I have come off a long journey, and am weary; your words, too, have affected me a little, but it is only a momentary faintness: did you say she loved that wretched being who robbed her of her peace—loved him to the last?"

"Oh, yes," said the mourner, "she loved him too well to have the power of tearing him from her heart, even when she found that in the rose she pressed to her bosom she laid a scorpion to her breast. It is said 'the venomous insect, by associating with a flower, is carried to the breast of beauty;' poor Zuleika found the fatal truth of the observation."

Grief is voluble; the good woman's tongue ran on till the burial was finished, and the last straggler was retiring from the grave-yard. Little did she imagine that the person to whom she addressed her animadversions on the conduct of poor Zuleika's faithless lover was the subject of them. At length, after torturing the wretched man with the detail of all her sufferings, with the enumeration of all her virtues, and the catalogue of all his vices, she went her way.

Mourad was now left to his own bitter reflections; the last of the mourners had disappeared, and the mortal anguish which filled his soul burst forth from its confinement and gushed in torrents from his eyes. He flung his wretched body on the new-made grave; called in his frenzy on the name of Zuleika; pressed his lips to the rank soil, and prayed to Allah to terminate his miserable existence on the spot where he then lay.

A more wretched being was not on the surface of the earth; if grief left one fibre of his heart untorn, remorse seized upon it, and wrung it till the very core was agonised. "Yes, my beloved Zuleika," he cried in his

despair, "your friends were right to curse me; let their maledictions fall, they cannot make me more afflicted than I am; fate has no ill in store to add to my distress."

It was midnight before the real mourner quitted the grave of his mistress. Had the friends of the deceased beheld the wretched man, as he dragged his tottering limbs from the grave of all his hopes, they might have spared their curses, have marked the anguish which was written on his brow, and felt that a single imprecation was superfluous.

Months passed away, and the same settled gloom continued to overhang the features of Mourad; years even elapsed, and the fixed melancholy of his pale cheek remained unaltered. He had attained the age of thirty, that most soul-trying period of existence, which opens the second act of life, and terminates the first of love: That first sad era of reflection, when poetry and enthusiasm are no longer the persons of the drama; when reason and experience tread the stage, and fancy flutters from a scene where feelings are exchanged for facts, where man "has neither youth nor age, but, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep, dreaming upon both:" That sure forerunner of the sear and yellow leaf, when we endeavour to compensate the loss of the sunshine of our summer with the mitigated and mellowed beams of life-opening autumn, and lay the flattering unction of growing wisdom to our souls, when often the vain boast is but the pride of manhood palliating grief at the obsequies of early ardour.

It is the period when prudence and the passions go to war; when reason is not always an unwounded victor, nor romance completely worsted without leaving the memory of the spear and casque behind: when the character is finally formed; when circumstances confirm the qualities which education has created; when he who has long wavered between vice and virtue, makes his election; when the sensitive man, whose experience has been his curse, loathes what he once loved, has most reason to dread the alternative, and to beware, lest misanthropy influence his choice.

Mourad's state of mind, at the period we have alluded to, was such as to render every previous imperfection of his nature, even that which was incipient, a fixed passion, the fruitful source of crime and sorrow. He felt as if the world and the world's law were his enemy; and the law of Islam, which he had hitherto professed to reverence, began to cease to have a claim to his respect. He had, unfortunately, made the acquaintance of a young and opulent Levantine, who filled the office of Consul in Damietta, and who was considered by his people, and even by the Turks, to be a paragon of learning and philosophy. His knowledge of European tongues in all discussions gave him a vast ascendancy over his illiterate countrymen. Not only the poems of Hafiz furnished him with the infidel notions of the Sufis, but he had all the sceptical opinions of Voltaire, Volney, and Dupin, at his fingers.

At the age of nineteen he had found himself passing from the unruffled stream of youth to the great ocean of life, in as bouyant a bark as was ever freighted, with sanguine hopes and joyous prospects; but discretion was not at the prow, nor religion at the helm, and ultimately the wreck was total. The qualities which constitute what the world calls a youth of promise, were so many perils in his path. Signor —— had every thing to recommend him to society: a pleasing person, a plausible manner, and a talented mind. It was his misfortune to have been brought up with the idea that education consists of a competent knowledge of European tongues, and some slight smattering of the exact sciences; but the only light that was thrown on his moral principles was the feeble ray of superficial philosophy, which served to show the superstition of his sect, and involved in its gloom the light of Christianity itself. The dictates of honour he held to be independent of the doctrines of religion; both were distinct; the former only he believed to be intuitive, and that nothing but education was wanting to regulate its laws. He talked of the necessity of an educated man being a moral one, and spoke of religion as a mere adjunct to the bowstring, or courbash.

But the scholar, forsooth, required no such check; the poems of his favourite Sufi authors; the metaphysical disquisitions of his French philosophers, were sufficient to develope his innate morality. For the direction of his honour, the sneering suggestions of human knowledge were preferable to the simple precepts of the Book of Ali; albeit the one was universal in its application, while the other applied only to the limited number of the learned.

His company was sought by the principal Turkish inhabitants of the town, and even at the table of the Moslem governor it was no uncommon thing to hear the privileged rayah broaching opinions which compromised the truth of "the perspicuous volume" of his host's belief. The introduction of theological subjects into general conversation, a common-place profanity, which none but the vulgar are guilty of in European countries, is habitual in Levantine society. The divan is converted into a metaphysical Areopagus, and decency forbids not the infliction of the sceptic's sneer and the profligate's ribaldry on the female ear.

One evening, at an Arab *conversazione* in El Masr, the young Consul was enlightening the minds of a groupe of Levantine auditors on the subject of priest-craft and superstition, when Mourad, who had been listening to the discussion for some time, ventured to dissent from one of the propositions of the speaker.

"Effendi," said the Consul, "you are not in a position to form a judgment on the subject; you know but one system of religion, you read but one book, you commune with the people of but one sect; you have the Koran by heart, but the learning which embodies the philosophy of Greece and Rome is to you as a sealed book. Truth, Effendi, is universal in its nature, and not partial, and is to be sought after accordingly; and when found by slow and painful steps, the interests of mankind demand its dissemination. One day or other its influence must prevail over the earth, and he deserves best of his fellow men who most endeavours to hasten the arrival of that glorious period. Inshallah, Effendi! the day shall come, even in our time,

when the unfettered Reason shall walk abroad in its native majesty, and the light of Truth shall irradiate the earth, concentrate its beams on the walls of superstition, and consume the structure which no light was sufficient to illume."

"My reading," answered Mourad, "is too limited, hawadgi, to furnish me with arguments on a subject which presents difficulties even to the enlightened. But there is one book I am conversant with, which to my bosom carries the evidence of truth, and the conviction of it constitutes my sole happiness here, and is the foundation of my hopes hereafter. If I have reason on my side, it can serve you nothing to undermine my happiness; and, if my belief be a delusion, no cruelty can be more refined than to shake me in my faith, and awaken me from a dream of pleasure for the vain purpose of turning its images to ashes on my heart. The books whose philosophy you applaud, I know nothing about; but were I to read them, which God forbid I should! it would be with the strong impression on my mind that truth is to be found in one book only, while error pervades a thousand volumes.

"Falsehood, hawadgi, is flippant in its nature; like a foolish bird, it hops from tree to tree, and when it fancies it has perched on the blessed Tuba of truth, it finds itself tottering on the boughs of Instability, swinging with every wind from side to side, and chirping the note of assertion which it mistakes for fact.

"But unskilled as I am in the learning of books, I am not altogether inexperienced in the knowledge of life; and consulting that experience, if I ask myself in what community I have found the largest proportion of worth and honesty, I must say it was not in that of the unbelieving Sufis. But on higher grounds than the qualities of human beings the child of Islam rests his hopes, and from higher sources than the learning of your philosophers he derives the principles which regulate his conduct in the world. The sentiments of his morality, Effendi, are his shield and his support; when that human honour you have spoken of proves but a poor protection against the temptations of vice,

and but a broken reed in the day of danger and adversity."

"All this sounds very well," replied the Consul, "but turn your eyes to the four corners of El Masr, and every where the aching sight has to encounter the withering aspect of superstition, the blood-shot eye-ball of fanaticism, and the miserable consequences of priest-craft."

"I have heard even the Sufis say," replied Mourad, "that it was unfair to involve the principles of things in their abuses. Is the glorious law of Islam to be condemned for a ritual error? Is religion to be struck at through the sides of superstition? Are the abuses that may have crept into a creed to be made the weapons of an attack against the law itself? Staffer Allah, hawadgi! this would be to say a man's house should be pulled down, and his head deprived of the shelter of a roof, because the swallows had bespattered the windows which let in the light."

The Consul was either too polite to prosecute the controversy, or his arguments were too weak even for an illiterate Turk. But he had too good an opinion of his opponent's reason to have recourse to ridicule, and it only remained to adopt the dernier resource of defeated argument; he shifted the discourse.

Mourad was encouraged by what he deemed the success of his first encounter with the Consul, to prosecute the discussion whenever an opportunity offered. In the course of their arguments difficulties were sometimes started which he was unable to explain. A doubt or two of the truth of opinions he before held sacred crept into his mind; the misgivings of the truth became the conviction of error, and once unsettled in his belief, a single flaw in the vessel of his faith let in the entire torrent of infidelity on his soul.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Ch. Just. Well, the truth is, Sir John, you live in great infamy.
Fal. He that buckles him in my belt cannot live in less.
Henry IV.

MOURAD continued to enjoy the favour of the viceroy, till an unfortunate circumstance arose, which interrupted the good understanding that had hitherto prevailed between them. Our hero had accompanied Ibrahim Pacha to the Delta, on a tour which he was then making through the provinces. In one of the towns, the Pacha had a conference with a Levantine Christian, the Malim Galli, who filled the office of Controller of Finance, and had been in high favour with Mohamed Ali since the period of his succeeding Gogary, the former controller, whom the Pacha had disgraced, and caused to refund five thousand purses to the State.

Ibrahim Pacha had a secret enmity to the Malim; he suspected him of assisting his brother Toussoun in supplanting him in the favour of his father, and that suspicion was a sufficient motive for getting rid of his interference.

Mourad was with the Pacha when the Malim entered the apartment of the divan, to pay his homage to the son of his master. The moment Mourad set eyes upon him, he recognized the brother of the Armenian's widow, who had assisted in chasing him from his sister's house. He was aware that murder was busy with Ibrahim's thoughts; he knew what was passing in the despot's bosom, and while he smiled and salaamed the poor Malim, he marked the scowling expression of his eye, and the perfidious sunshine on the features, which seemed to brighten up with pleasure at seeing an old friend.

In spite of Mourad's altered appearance, the Malim stared at him for some time, as if his face was familiar to him, and at length he asked him if he had not the pleasure of addressing an Effendi who had been acquainted with an Armenian family in Scanderia.

Mourad replied impatiently, that he had no acquaintances amongst Christians.

The Malim begged the Effendi's pardon; he meant to give him no offence, and he was sorry for having mistaken him for an adventurer who had crawled into the favour of the Prince, and who only needed to be exposed to be sent out of the country.

The conversation was beginning to take a disagreeable turn, when Ibrahim relieved the embarrassment of the Byn-bashi, by dismissing the Malim, with the command to return in an hour, when he should be more at leisure to talk with him.

The Malim made his obeisance and retired, and the moment he left the chamber, Mourad entered into a topic, which he knew was then uppermost in Ibrahim's mind.

"Wallah, Effendi!" cried he, "these Christians will soon ride over the true believers, if your illustrious father continues to aggrandize the kafirs as he does. If an office is to be filled up, a Christian is sure to be put into it; if a cargo of beans is to be sold, a Frangi is sure to be the purchaser; if a machine is spoken off in El Masr, that is used in England, it is sure to be brought to Scanderia. Allah knows where it will end! Your worthy father thinks of nothing but Franguestan and the abominations of its people."

"I know," replied Ibrahim, "I hate the infidels no less than you; I hold their customs in no less detestation; and were I the Viceroy of El Masr, I would send every giaour of them out of Egypt. My father knows it, and he has made a war, for no other purpose than to keep me out of the country. I have my own suspicions of the dog of an unbeliever, who put it into his head to remove me from his presence, and it will go hard with me if I do not trample on the neck of the kelp for his presumption."

"I have my suspicions, too, Effendi," exclaimed Mourad; "and I am no true believer, if that rayah, who but now left your presence, is not the man who has stepped between you and the favour of your father. That Malim, Effendi, is he who has induced the Viceroy to send you from El Masr; who has represented you as a son

who only wanted a pretext for becoming a rebel. He is your mortal enemy, Effendi—a dog without faith, a kafir without a belief, and if he be suffered to live, Allah defend you from the wrath of the Viceroy!"

"Fear not for me," replied the Pacha: "I only wish that his neck was that of Christendom, that one blow might exterminate the unbelievers."

The entrance of the chibouque bashi put an end to the conversation, and in a short time afterwards Malim Galli made his appearance.

He was received as before, with smiles and courteous greetings; and after the Pacha had conversed with him familiarly for a considerable time, he rose to depart, and his back was no sooner turned, than Ibrahim pulled out his pistol, and shot the unfortunate Malim through the body.

The report of the pistol brought the servants to the apartment; the Pacha was sitting on his divan, with the pistol in his hand, as composedly as if nothing extraordinary had occurred; while Mourad was standing over the corpse, with his sword unsheathed, but its service was not required. It was not Ibrahim's first aim at a human target; the ball had passed through the Malim's heart. He had been looked up to as the chief man of his nation; and the sensation excited by his death was so great, that Ibrahim thought proper to return to El Masr the following morning.

It was several weeks before he dared to present himself before his father. At the first intelligence of the murder, the rage of the Viceroy knew no bounds. The deceased Malim had been one of his greatest favourites, and many supposed that the life of Ibrahim would have been sacrificed to the clamours of the dead man's relatives; but Ibrahim's friends eventually succeeded in pacifying his father; the murderer was forgiven; but his accomplice, for such Mourad was accounted, had too many enemies about the Viceroy to allow of his being ever again taken into favour; he was ordered, on pain of death, to quit El Masr within three days. His services, the day

of the massacre of the Mamelukes, had not been entirely forgotten; to the partial recollection of them he was indebted for the preservation of his life and property.

Mourad was not unprepared for the sentence; it was the very mildest he had a right to expect, and he hardly regretted being compelled to leave a country, which he was already sick of, and whose scenes recalled none but painful recollections to his mind. He employed the brief time allowed him in disposing of his effects: he was rich in worldly goods, the property of the Delhi, the spoils of the Mamelukes: his pay as Byn-bashi furnished him with wealth, but in the treasure of a contented mind, he was the poorest of the sons of men. The first ship he found ready for sea at Scanderia was an Austrian vessel, bound for Constantinople. The world was now all before him, and it was a matter of indifference to which part of it he bent his steps. He once thought of visiting the countries of Franguestan; but the horror of sojourning for any length of time with so "unclean and benighted a people" was too great to be overcome. Shaken as he was in the truth of his religion, the believers in another were still hateful to his soul; he laughed at the beard of his Apostle, and yet he was ready to shed the last drop of his heart's blood in the cause of Islam. This is a paradox, which we leave to metaphysicians to explain; we only know that he ceased to consider the Koran a sacred volume, and that he felt an involuntary inclination to cut the throat of any infidel who uttered a syllable against the law of Islam. Perhaps the mortal enmity he entertained was against names, and not things. God best knows! He embarked aboard the Austrian vessel; there were only two other passengers, one was a female, the other was the Dervish Ali.

Mourad's astonishment at beholding the latter was only surpassed by the terror of the Dervish at beholding him. A feeling of resentment gave an angry expression to his features, as he gazed on the wretch who had intruded into his harem; but when his ridiculous appearance presented itself to his view, at the moment he received the shock of the water-melon on his jaw, with the pulp of

its broken fragments spattered over his visage, he could not help smiling at the absurdity of the scene. The poor Dervish was now pulling his conical bonnet over his brows, drawing his "torn garment" about his jaws, and endeavouring, as much as possible, to conceal his features from our hero, while he kept conversing with the young woman who had accompanied him on board, and under whose special protection she appeared to have been placed.

Mourad at length approached him. "So, Dervish," said he, "this is the way you treat your old friends; pull your cap over your eyes, and your kirkah about your person, and refuse to say as much as Salaam aleikoum, to one who is under so great an obligation to you as I am. Wallah-el-Nebi! this is most unkind; I should not have expected so little regard from one who has showed so much for my wife." The latter word was spoken in a low voice; but the Dervish heard it distinctly.

"Effendi," said the votary of Beltha, "if you have any consideration for the morals of a young woman, who has been committed to my charge, make no profane allusions in her hearing. I protest by my order—(it is a sacred oath, Effendi)—I visited your wife solely in my medical capacity; and the planet, whose worship you probably imagine me devoted to, has nothing whatever to do with the healing art."

"I am bound," said Mourad, "to believe whatever a man of your sanctity asserts, and am willing to forget the past, and, if I find you deserving of forgiveness, to grant it to you. We are bound on the same voyage, shut up in the same ship; we are both Moslems, and are encompassed by unbelievers, and it behooves us to agree as well as we can while we are together. Allah forbid I should offend the morals of a young woman committed to the charge of so reverend a Dervish! fear not, my friend, I will not say a word about my wife in her presence, not a sound about the melon, not a syllable about your jaw. Min Allah! I have promised to forget these things; but I pray thee enlighten my mind a little on the subject of the dam-

sel who accompanies you. What worthy man's wife or daughter is she? and how, in the name of the planet Beltha, came she to be intrusted to your care?"

"The sun is in the zenith," cried the pupil of Abou Rassed, "and the hour is a propitious one for telling a secret to a friend. Know, then, the damsel who accompanies me is the daughter of a barber in El Masr, and is proceeding to Stamboul to be married to a shaver of heads, who had been formerly an assistant of her father's, and is now a barber on his own account in the capital.

"I became acquainted with the father in his own shop; I frequented it for years; he was intimate with every hair in my beard, and I was familiar with every star in his horoscope. He had been awaiting an opportunity to send his daughter to her intended spouse for many weeks, and when he heard of my approaching departure, he naturally thought he could not pitch upon a fitter person to take care of the young maiden than myself. He begged of me with so much earnestness to see her taken care of on the voyage, and delivered over in safety to her husband, that I could not find it in my heart to refuse the old man, and here she is under my superintendence, and I assure you I have no little trouble in keeping these kafirs of sailors from peeping under her veil; and as for her attendant, I have given up all hope of keeping her face unseen by the infidels. You would scarcely believe it, Effendi, but I actually found her giggling this morning with one of these wretches without skirts to their garments. I bade her look to her amsak, but she laughed in my face, and told me to take care of my own kirkah. Alas! Effendi, there is no morality in the world."

"How long is it, my good friend," said Mourad, "since your spirit has become afflicted at the immorality of woman kind? Is it since you left Scanderia, or was it previous to your acquaintance with my wife?"

"Effendi!" replied the Dervish, "a profane jest is hateful to my ears, a broken promise is not less displeasing to my soul; you just now told me you would bury your wife in oblivion, and here now do I find

you raking up her bones and throwing her ashes on my head. For the sake of the Prophet, no more of her remains.

"If the star of my youth had an affinity for the planet Beltha, and was one of her satellites, the sun has made many revolutions since that period, and time, the father of knowledge, has taught me that immorality is the root of all evil."

Mourad felt for his purse, and when he found it was safe, he left the Dervish and went below. The following night Mourad was awoke by a tumultuous noise on deck; the loud voice of the Dervish prevailed over all the others; on hastening to the spot he found the unfortunate Dervish without his kirkah, in the midst of a crowd of boisterous sailors, who were tormenting and jeering him with a thousand threats and taunts. It was long before Mourad could ascertain the cause of the disturbance; at length he ascertained that the Dervish had been discovered making a most unseasonable visit to the berth of the servant who waited on the lady. Some were for keel-hawling the offender, others for tarring his bald head, but the general voice seemed to be for shaving him with a rusty hoop, an operation which was actually commenced when Mourad went to his assistance.

The Captain had the humanity to second our hero in rescuing the terrified Dervish from the hands of his persecutors, and when Mourad succeeded in getting him out of their clutches, as he led him to the cabin, it was impossible to behold a more perfect personification of a condemned culprit. That night Mourad had the charity to ask him no questions; but the following morning, when he spoke to him on the subject, he put on the bold look of impudence which he was accustomed to pass off for that of innocence, and talked of bringing the knaves to justice who had dragged him out of his bed for no earthly reason.

"I was grieved," said Mourad, "to see them treat a Dervish with such indignity, but I must say it appeared rather strange that there should have been so unprovoked an attack made on you. Might you not

have been walking in your sleep? have you never heard of people doing so?"

"Undoubtedly," replied the Dervish; "I have heard of sleep-walkers, and now I begin to think it may have happened that I was rambling in my slumbers. I have a sort of confused recollection of a dream, in which I was perambulating the cabin, and in trying to make my way on deck, had stumbled against the door of the state-room where the women's berths are."

"Ah, Dervish Ali, Dervish Ali!" exclaimed Mourad, "the star of your nativity has a greater affinity than ever for the planet of profligacy; your horoscope is composed of a thousand comets, and each is governed by the Acadtein, or two-tailed dragon, whose constellation is the terror of all the daughters of Howa."

The Dervish was about to defend himself from the charge of profligacy on astrological grounds, but Mourad had not the courtesy to stay to listen to his defence. The Dervish saw with regret there was likely to be no opportunity to exculpate himself in the eyes of our hero: the voyage was already drawing to a close; five days of favourable weather had brought them in sight of Stamboul, and on the morning of the sixth day they were at anchor in the harbour.

There was a time when the beauty of such a prospect as now met his eyes would have filled his bosom with delight; there was a time when the magnificence of such a city, the smoothness of such a sea, the serenity of such a sky, and the loveliness of such a shore, would have brought the glow of admiration to his cheek, the tear of rapture to his eye, and sent the thrill of pleasure through his heart. But innocent pleasures had long ceased to gratify the vitiated taste of Mourad; crime had put "rancours into the vessel of his peace;" sorrow had become his guest, and when there was nothing left to feed on, apathy had taken possession of his breast.

CHAPTER XXV.

Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.

MACBETH.

MOURAD took up his abode at a khan, at no great distance from the place where he landed, after parting with the Dervish, who promised to call on him in a few days. He found himself set down in a large city, in the midst of strangers, without a friend or relative, without any occupation but his own melancholy thoughts, without a reflection unmingled with regret or remorse.

As he sauntered through the bazaars, the bustling passengers elbowed him as they hurried by, and the busy merchants jostled him on one side and another, as they proceeded on their various avocations. It seemed to him as if he was the only man in existence without an occupation; he envied the lot of the lowest mechanic he beheld who earned his bread by his honest industry, and he determined on seeking some employment which might relieve him from the misery of his own thoughts.

He turned over and over in his mind the advantages and disadvantages of a variety of avocations, but he found it difficult to come to a determination; he had nobody to advise with, nobody to counsel him; he had no friend in the wide world, and he oftentimes wondered why it pleased Heaven to leave one so unconnected with all around him on the surface of the earth.

He was wandering one day in this melancholy mood through the suburbs of the Greek quarter, when he observed a rayah standing at a door, whose face was familiar to him. He stood for some time staring at the man, endeavouring to call to mind where he had seen him; he thought it was a face he had known in boy-

hood; he walked up and down before the house, fixing his keen eye on the old man every time he passed him, till at length the recollection flashed all at once on his mind, that the individual before him was no other than the Greek rayah of Bournarbashi, who had made him acquainted with the history of his father many a long year before.

The Greek appeared to be disconcerted at the sight of the stranger who approached; he was about retiring into his house, when Mourad addressed him by name, and requested him to give him a few minutes' conversation.

"Do you not know me, my good friend?" said he. "Have time and affliction laid their hands so heavily on my head, that you cannot recognise the features of your townsman? Have you no recollection of that little Mourad who used to visit your dwelling, and who was the playmate of your children? Have you entirely forgotten the boy who was called the son of Suleiman of Bournarbashi?"

"No, Effendi," replied the Greek. "I have not forgotten the sweet child, who saved my poor boy from Yussuf's hanjar. I have a full recollection of the features of Michelaki's son; I remember the lovely infant I so often saw in the arms of the unfortunate Emineh; but you cannot persuade me, Effendi, that you are the son of my ill-fated countryman! No, no, Effendi, the boy I speak of was beautiful as an angel; his little features were all softness and innocence, and the smile on his pretty lips was so full of gentleness and benignity, that every one loved him, and augured well of his manhood. Do not be angry with me, Effendi, because I cannot give credit to your words; but, indeed, the child I speak of was so unlike you, that I cannot imagine a century of calamity could effect so great a change."

"The last year," replied Mourad, "has been that century to me; sorrow and its companion sickness wrinkle the brow and sear the cheek more even than age and infirmity. There was a day when I might not have brooked your doubts and denial of my name; but

I have learned to be patient, and since you refuse to recognise me, I leave your door, and will give you no farther annoyance."

"Stop, Effendi!" cried the old man; "if indeed you be the person you say you are, and your knowledge of me and my family now assures me that you are, pardon me, I pray you, for not knowing you at first; but indeed you are altered, very much altered, Effendi: toil and travel, I suppose, have withered the bloom of youth, but comfort and repose, if it please God, will again revive it. But step into the house, Effendi; small as it is, the son of Michelaki is welcome to my dwelling, and fortunate is the accident which has given his shadow to my threshold."

Mourad followed the Greek to his apartment; and when they were seated, he began to inquire after the different people he had known in the village. It was only ten years since he had left it, and to his astonishment he heard that hardly one of those he had been acquainted with were still remaining there.

The iron grasp of despotism had brought many to ruin; the hope of bettering their fortunes had induced some to fix their abode elsewhere, but death had removed the greatest number to the everlasting home of all. Yussuf, he was informed, had quitted Smyrna some years ago, and was established in Stamboul. He had quarrelled with his father-in-law, and had been separated from his wife; his friends had contrived, however, to prevail on the father-in-law to use his interest to procure for him the office of lieutenant to the chief executioner in Stamboul.

This information surprised Mourad a good deal, and disconcerted him not a little; he was too well acquainted with the malignity of Yussuf's disposition not to see the danger of being discovered by him. The plunder of the khan, however remote the period, would furnish sufficient matter for his enemy to work out his destruction.

But Mourad had to listen to intelligence of a more appalling nature than any which had only the apprehension of peril for its terror. He had to hear the

history of his unfortunate mother, of whose fate he had hitherto been in ignorance; and while the Greek related the particulars of her sad story, the horror of the wretched listener beggared all description. Amazement was depicted on every feature; he sat motionless on the divan; his hands clasped over his head, his staring eyeballs riveted on the speaker, and his bloodless lips unconsciously apart.

"It was only after your departure," said the Greek, "that any thing certain was known of the fate of Emineh. The ruins of Chiblak had been long said to be the haunt of gouls and spectres, and the bravest of the soldiers of the Aga trembled to be overtaken by nightfall in their vicinity. Hundréds of people asserted that even before dusk a supernatural being had been seen issuing from the tombs, and gliding amongst the broken columns, shrieking a terrific song, and tearing up the mound with her lank fingers.

"I disbelieved the story; but one night that I had occasion to pass through the ruins, I beheld the spectre. The moon was shining strongly on the features, which I shuddered at beholding; haggard as they were, and pale and ghastly as those of an emaciated corpse, I thought I knew them. Wild as the accents which issued from her lips, and broken as the voice which gave vent to her distraction, I fancied I had heard the sound before. My knees tottered under me, while I gazed on the wretched being; I saw her throw ashes on her head, and pile the earth over a stone, till it assumed the size and shape of the surrounding graves, and then I saw her kneel beside it, and heard her say it was the grave of her infant, her murdered infant.

"I marked the wildness of her gestures as she waved her hand over the tomb, and bade the gouls, who were prowling in the grave-yard, to keep away from her infant. My heart died within me at the sight of a human creature subdued to such a lowliness. I recognised her at last; she was a poor maniac, driven mad by wretchedness. I remembered her young and beautiful, timid as a fawn, and no less gentle. I remembered her in the fanaal, ere she had become a wife; the Phrosynè

of her time, followed by princes, courted by the great, and idolized by all. I contrasted the delicacy of her beauty at that period with her present woe-begone aspect, seared by sun and storm. Oh, Effendi, I do not wonder that you groan! Need I tell you who that forlorn creature was? Need I harrow up your soul, by coupling the dearest name in life with the greatest load of human misery? Need I say, the wreck of reason and loveliness on which I gazed was all that remained of the once beautiful Emineh?

"You are a man, Effendi, and must endeavour to bear your affliction like a man. I will open the casement a little, and by and by, if it please God, you will feel better. I will say no more for the present on this sad subject, but to-morrow I will tell you all."

Mourad's hand was extended, as if the action had been meant to be accompanied by a command to proceed; but no word followed. The gulping of an inarticulate sound was heard, but the waving of the hand communicated the desire which the agonized Moslem was unable to utter.

"Well," continued the Greek, "if you are resolved to hear it all, I will proceed. When the words of the poor creature left no doubt upon my mind of her being the wife of Michelaki, I approached the spot where she was standing: I called to her by name; I told her I was the friend of her husband; but the only answer I received was a shriek, which thrilled my very heart. She fled with the velocity of the wind, and disappeared amidst the ruins. After stopping a considerable time on the spot where I had lost sight of her, in the vain hope of again beholding her, I returned to the village. Months passed away, and I heard nothing more of the poor creature; but on going one morning to a village, some four hours distant from our district, I observed her sitting in the grave-yard at the entrance of the town.

"I was glad to find she made no effort to avoid me when I approached, and that she appeared much more composed than when I had last seen her; but when I examined her features more attentively, there was a

deathlike expression in her countenance, and a glassy stare in her dim eyes, which I had not observed when I last saw her. I spoke to her in our language; the sound of it seemed to do her good. I told her to be of good cheer,—that I was her friend. She smiled at the word, but it was a smile, Effendi, to turn the words of comfort to ashes on one's lips. I asked her if she had any recollection of me? She said she recollected no one but her infant. I spoke to her of returning with me to her friends: she said she had no friends. I inquired for her home; but she told me she had no home. I said I would take her to mine, and I would sooth her sorrows, and my wife would cherish her, and my boy would give her comfort, and she would get well, if it pleased God, and she would be happy—she burst into a flood of tears. I was glad to see her weep; for I was sure it was many a long day since she shed a tear, and I thought it would do her good to weep, and that it was a sure sign of returning reason. It was the sign of returning reason, but it was also the symptom of approaching death: it was the date of the interval in misery between madness and dissolution; it was the period of the lighting-up of the fading mind previous to its last long night.

"I asked her to endeavour to rise, and accompany me to the village, where some assistance should be procured for her. She made an effort to get up, but her feeble limbs refused their office. I awaited impatiently the approach of some passenger, to assist me to convey her to the town, fearful of her expiring where she lay. I besought her to inform me, though she had no settled habitation, where she had found a shelter the preceding night. She pointed to the graves around her. I asked her if she had had no other abode during the winter? and she replied, no other. 'But how, in the name of Allah! my poor Emineh,' said I, 'how have you managed to subsist? where have you found bread? and who has been your benefactor?' She lifted her dim eyes to Heaven; she pointed to a few beans which lay beside her. I could not help weeping; the tears poured down my cheeks, they fell on the cold hand which I held in mine.

She looked at me with surprise, and asked me, did I pity her? I said, from the very bottom of my soul I pitied her. She told me she had nothing to give me for my kindness, but God would repay me. She would thank me, she said, but what were the thanks of a poor forlorn wretch like her?

"My heart bled for her; I tried to encourage her, but the words died away on my lips. At length an Imam of a neighbouring mosque passed by. 'Reverend Effendi!' I exclaimed, 'for the sake of your mother's soul, assist me to carry this sick woman to the town; if she is left here any longer, she will certainly perish.'

"'She is a rayah, I suppose, like yourself,' replied the Imam; 'since you interest yourself about her, you had better get one of the unbelievers of your people to help her. It is not for a divine to profane his hands with the touch of an infidel.'

"The unfeeling priest passed on. A grandee rode by on horseback, followed by several running grooms. I ran to his side, and kissed his stirrup. 'Effendi, I cried, 'yonder poor creature, who is sitting on that grave, is in the agonies of death. By the magnificence of your house! send one of your servants to assist me in bearing her hence.'

"The great man never deigned to look me in the face; he condescended not to give me a reply, and went his way.

"Shortly after a poor fakir came by the grave-yard; the beggar looked full of misery, but he was humming a love-song as he walked along.

"'Peace be on you, companion!' said I; 'here is a sick woman who cannot move, it would be a charity of you to give your aid to take her to a house.'

"'Willingly,' said the beggar; 'this desolate place is a sad abode for a sick woman; if you think a crust of bread and a draught of water will do her good, I can give you both; I wish I had something better to offer her.'

"'God bless you!' said I; 'when the proud priest is in the bosom of Eblis, when the unfeeling rich man

is in the lowest chamber of hell, your kindness will be found recorded in the book above. Your crust of bread it is needless to present to her, the draught of water may refresh her parched lips.'

"We raised her, Effendi, but she was unable to put a foot under her; we conveyed her to the village, where I procured a lodging for her, and I remained with her the few hours she was in existence. I said every thing I thought that was likely to give her any comfort. I told her you were not dead, as she imagined, but that you were in a distant country, and, if rumour erred not, that your footsteps had been fortunate.

"Oh, Effendi, how she fixed her dying glance upon me, when I said these words! How she struggled to speak to me! and when the faltering accents did find their way to her lips, what heart-rending tones were hers!

"'Alive!' said she; 'did you say he was alive? my beautiful boy, the child in whom my soul was wrapped! the smiling infant that was torn from my bosom! Did you say he was not murdered? Tell me, by the God of mercy! tell me, is my child in life?'

"'He is, Emineh,' said I; 'he is grown in strength and stature; the little shoot has flourished, and become a plant, and the blossom has not belied the promise of the opening bud.'

"'Thanks!' cried the dying woman, 'a thousand thanks to Heaven! I thought he had been dead; how I came to think so, I know not—my mind is all confusion—it was a dream, I suppose, of grief and madness. When I made my home in the cold grave-yard, I fancied I was on the spot where my child was buried; and when the passengers shuddered at my haggard features, I felt as if I was unfit for the habitations of men. When the cravings of famine compelled me to visit the neighbouring villages, I have some recollection of the words that were spoken to me. Some said I was mad when I talked of the child's murder; others called me the associate of gouls when I returned to the tombs; and some even made a mockery of my grief, and bade me show them how I danced with the gibbering spec-

tres of the grave. God help me! if I was not mad, their cruelty was enough to make me so. If the boy lives, as you say he does, should you ever see him, tell him, I conjure you, how his poor mother loved him, even to distraction; tell him, in all her misery, his image was in her desolate heart; in all her madness, that her ravings were of him alone.'

"Try to be calm, Effendi; the anguish of your countenance terrifies my soul. For the sake of the Madonna! ask me not to proceed."

"Speak on, man," cried Mourad, endeavouring to look composed; "my countenance deceives you. I am not moved,—oh, no, I can hear all you have to say, and be calm—calm as the grave, my good friend, where the heart festers, and no complaint quivers on the lip."

"Heaven give you patience!" replied the Greek, "you have much need of it. How much ashes has the villany of one man brought on the head of you and yours!

"The effort the poor creature had made to speak so exhausted her, that she lay all the evening without speech or motion; we put wine repeatedly to her lips, and it appeared to revive her for a time, but towards nightfall she became unable to swallow, and the coldness gradually went on, extending from the extremities of the body, and when I put my hand on her poor head, it was like a mass of ice. It chilled my very soul; I felt it stealing over my fingers and creeping along my veins till my arm ached, and my whole frame shivered with the electrifying chilliness of death.

"Her breathing was not quickened during the struggle, the decay of nature had been too gradual to admit of any violent suffering in the last moments; her hands never stirred, her lips never moved, no pang convulsed her features. I put my finger to her wrist repeatedly, but I could feel no throb. I laid my hand on her temples, but there was no pulsation: for the last half-hour I felt a fluttering motion about the heart, it was the vibration of the last chord of life; every moment it became feebler and feebler, till at last, such was the faintness of its thrill, that I lost it altogether. She gasped

a little, and heaved a long-drawn sigh, and all was silent as the grave. I thought I could still perceive a faint fluttering at the heart, but I was deceived; I put a feather to her lips, but it never moved; the women who stood round the bed asked me if it was over. I touched the cold hand, and it was stiff and motionless. I retired from the bed-side, the spectators still lingered at a little distance, and were afraid to approach; I told them she was no more!

"The following day, I collected a little money amongst the Greek inhabitants of the village, and in the evening we deposited the remains of your poor mother in the tomb."

The sad story was finished. Even he who narrated it was himself in some parts almost inarticulate with grief. He sobbed aloud when he ceased speaking; but the listener neither sighed, nor wept, nor sobbed: he asked for a little cold water; he arose, he took hold of the hand of the kind-hearted rayah, and pressed it to his heart.

"Do not leave me thus," exclaimed the Greek; "for the sake of the Madonna! speak to me; promise me, before you leave the house, to let the violence of your anguish lead you to the commission of no mad act. Speak to me, I conjure you, if it be only one word, to assure me this lamentable story has not affected you too deeply, and deprived you of all command over your feelings."

"Fear nothing for me," replied Mourad. "I leave you only to seek the solitude of my own chamber; it best befits me just now. To-morrow, if it please God, I will come to you to thank you for all your kindness. If I could pray, I would call down the blessings of Heaven upon your head."

He turned away from the rayah, and left the house.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!

LEAR.

YUSSUF's reputation as a headsman stood as high in Stamboul as that of the chief executioner himself. In his quality of lieutenant to the latter, he had much more frequent opportunities of exercising his skill than he could have possibly had in Smyrna. A day seldom passed over without furnishing an execution either in private or in public, and as the chief was somewhat advanced in years, he left the disposal of such poor wretches as porters, galangis, Jews, and Christians to his worthy lieutenant, who acquitted him of his task much better than his father-in-law had anticipated.

The dignity of Yussuf's appearance had much to do with his reputation. Since the period of his departure from Bournarbashi, he had become not only robust, but for a man of his age, corpulent; and the placid expression of his handsome features, united with the imposing gravity of his demeanour, ensured him the respect which never fails to be shown to an Effendi of a portly figure and a face of apathy. When he was a candidate for the office of lieutenant, he thought his appointment would leave him nothing more to desire on earth. He had been rid of his wife some weeks before; but when he had the good fortune to obtain the office which was the object of his ambition, he began to think that something more than bastinadoing feet was essential to his happiness, and when he was permitted to cut off heads of vulgar culprits, he pined after the still higher privilege of decapitating pachas and governors.

He feared that his master was immortal, and would never afford him an opportunity of stepping into his shoes. Yussuf was the very quintescence of a Turkish Effendi; he was good-looking, indolent, ignorant, and superstitious; he was the very man for Lady Mary Wortley Montague to prefer to Sir Isaac Newton. He had

consulted every astrologer of any repute in the capital concerning the probability of his succession to the sword of his master: amongst the number was Abou Rassed, who still derived his bread from the sacred giam.

Of all those he had consulted, he had the best opinion of the Zabian's knowledge; and on the recovery of his master from a recent attack of illness, he proceeded to his favourite astrologer, to ascertain the probability of another malady supervening more serious than the last.

Abou Rassed received the Lieutenant with all the respect due to the high rank of his visiter. The old man was nearly doubled by age, but his faculties were still vigorous, and his features were those of a venerable age, so well in him appeared "the constant service of the antique world." Yussuf observed a Dervish about leaving the apartment as he entered, but, after regarding him for some seconds, he addressed Yussuf in a familiar tone of voice, and asked him if he had not the felicity of speaking to the son of Suleiman, of Bournarbashi? When he received an answer in the affirmative, he called to the Effendi's mind his having seen him in the khan, when he attended his sister Zuleika. The Dervish was all smiles when he addressed the Lieutenant, but the latter condescended not to wreathe his countenance with a single one, or to manifest any sign of recognition. The Dervish, however, was not easily rebuffed: he mentioned every circumstance which ought to have recalled him to the Effendi's mind; he talked of his voyage to Egypt, and of his acquaintance with his brother Mourad; and he finished by stating how fortunate he had been in having so amiable a companion for his homeward voyage.

The gravity of the slothful features of Yussuf was instantly discomposed. The name of Mourad seemed to awaken every slumbering fiend in his bosom; he began to make inquiries after the health of the Dervish; he hoped he had been fortunate in his travels, and prosperous in his undertakings. He trusted he would be condescending enough to visit his poor house, and to eat his pilau with him, whenever it was convenient to him.

The Dervish was overpowered by the excessive kindness of the Lieutenant; he promised to avail himself of his courteous invitation, and he could not help thinking how much handsomer a man was Yussuf than his brother; how much more affable, and how much better-dressed an Effendi.

"Poor Mourad!" said the Lieutenant, addressing the Dervish in a very affectionate tone of voice, "how many a long year has elapsed since I beheld him! I hope he has preserved his health, and looks well and happy."

"His body's health," replied the Dervish, "is unimpaired; but his soul's health, I fear, is mortally injured. Many griefs have preyed upon his heart, and spread dejection on his pallid features."

"Ah!" cried Yussuf, affecting not to understand the observation of the Dervish, "I was always apprehensive that he would find the burning sun and broiling sands of El Masr prejudicial to his health; but, thank Allah! he has returned, we must do our best to restore him to his strength; but I take it unkindly of him not to have made mine the first house he entered in Stamboul. I suppose he is lodged in some khan in the neighbourhood. Where, pray, may I make inquiries for him?"

"Ali Dervish," said Abou Rassed, in a loud voice, "it was but last night I consulted the sacred giam, as you begged me to do for you; and as this Effendi may be in a hurry to depart, I will tell you the words I read in the cup of fate, and entreat you to leave me for the present.

"By six qualities," says the proverb, "may a fool be known. I read them in the giam, and I saw your name beneath it. Anger without cause; change without motive; inquiry without an object, are the three first; but the three last are the most important. They are, speech without profit; familiarity with strangers; and incapacity to discriminate between a friend and a foe."

Yussuf scowled; but the Zabian heeded him not.

"Go, Dervish," said he, "and God's peace be with you! Remember the giam; listen to its words, and be silent if you would be wise."

The Dervish uttered not another syllable, but left the room, while Yussuf in vain called after him to return; but he returned not.

"I thought," said Abou Rassed, as he closed the door after him, "I should never have got rid of that profligate calendar. It grieved me to hear you ask him to your house. He would not give a piastre to dine with a Mufti, unless there was a bottle of rakee after dinner; he drinks like a fish, Effendi; and when he is drunk, the profanity of his discourse is truly awful."

Yussuf appeared to be satisfied with the explanation he had just heard for the motive of the astrologer's interference. He cursed it in his heart; but he still hoped the Dervish would call on him, and even if he did not, he thought there would be little difficulty in making out the khan where Mourad lodged.

"I cannot stay long with you to-day, father," said Yussuf; "but, I pray you, consult my horoscope, and tell me when am I to attain the object of my wishes."

"It is soon done, my son," said the Zabian, pulling down a large map, covered over with stars, from the shelf, which he spread on the carpet. He then put on a pair of green spectacles, took a long rod in his hand, and walked round the map several times, his eyes fixed on the chart as he went round it, and his wand travelling from one star to another, till at length it rested on an orb in the centre. "Ambition, my son," said Abou Rassed, "is your idol, and here is its altar, smoking with the blood of a thousand sacrifices. The slippery steps to it are surrounded by all these difficulties, numberless as they are; but of the many who attempt the summit none are more likely to attain it than you are." Yussuf's features brightened up at the promise. "But there is one little obstacle, which even now is rising in your path; but, Heaven forbid that animosity should interfere with ambition! and yet I fear it may. Here are two stars twinkling in the same constellation, and yet they have no affinity for each other. They do not

sympathise, Effendi. To what this configuration of the heavenly bodies refers, you best know; the warning is obvious. Whatever be the nature of the encounter that is intended, the danger is imminent."

Yussuf listened attentively to the words of the old man; and when he removed the chart which lay before him, the former appeared to be a good deal agitated, and, when he rose to depart, his spirits seemed to quail under the keen eye of the astrologer.

He had not been gone above a minute, before the Dervish entered the apartment.

"Ah! my friend Ali," said Abou Rassed, "all the lessons I have given you in celestial science have failed to make you a man of intelligence. How many a foolish word has brought ruin on an innocent man's head! how much more mischief does folly do in the world than downright malice! If there was any speculation in your eyes, could you not read the words of mortal enmity that were written in the features of that man of blood, when you mentioned the name of your unfortunate companion? Who he is, or what he is, I neither know nor care; but you have brought him into trouble, and if you are an honest man, you will not fail to endeavour to defeat the mischief which your imprudence is likely to produce. I tell you, Dervish, there is murder in the thoughts of that Effendi who has just now left us. Do not smile, man; I am not now talking of stars or giams; for fifty years my book has been the human heart; its study has been my only solace, its knowledge has been my razkallah, my daily bread, and ill have I employed my time if I know not the working of every passion which agitates the breast, and gleams in the countenance."

The Dervish was too well acquainted with his master's knowledge of human nature to dispute his words. He promised to lose not a moment in putting his companion on his guard, and he left the house for the purpose of going to his abode.

Yussuf, in the mean time, had obtained an interview with the chief executioner, and was informing him of the arrival in Stamboul of the robber who had plundered

his father of all his wealth, who had murdered the Comptroller of the Customs of Canea, who had profaned the sanctity of the harem, and robbed the widow of his victim of her last paras.

The executioner was not ignorant of these circumstances. The story of the robbery and the murder had made a great deal of noise at the time; and though the period of their commission was too remote for the memory of Turkish justice, it was not too long for that of vengeance. The executioner said, "If men were to be put in jeopardy for robberies and murders committed ten years ago, the fee simple of no man's head would be worth the purchase."

The unwonted vehemence, however, of Yussuf's manner, and the earnestness of his supplication to be permitted to bring the offender to justice, disposed the executioner to oblige his lieutenant, by consenting to the apprehension of his enemy.

He inquired of Yussuf what he wished to have done with the knave? whether he desired to have him bowstrung or beheaded, or meant only to extort his riches as a ransom?

Yussuf said, the head of the villain was what he wanted, and he implored his master, by every one of the ninety-nine attributes of Allah, to make him happy, and to use his influence with the Cadi to have the culprit condemned to death.

The indulgent executioner promised to interest himself in his behalf; he told him he might count on the condemnation of his enemy, and if it was any personal gratification to him, that he might perform the execution.

Yussuf's eyes sparkled with delight at the prospect of trampling on the neck of his hated rival. He thanked his master over and over for his great kindness, and kissed the hem of his garment with such humility as became an abject slave. He was permitted to take six of his official attendants to apprehend the culprit, and Yussuf lost no time in starting with his blood-hounds, to discover, if possible, the inn where he lodged. He searched several caravanserais to no purpose, at length

he stumbled on the right one; he was shown into the apartment of Mourad; he stationed his attendants at the door, and entered the chamber. He found a wretched man, with a care worn aspect, full of misery, and furrowed with the early lines of sorrow, sitting on a carpet in a gloomy corner of the room, his hands clasped over his knees, his head sunk on his breast, and a wild expression in his regard like the fixed stare of intoxication. He lifted up his head when the stranger entered the apartment, he looked at him for a moment, and then withdrew his eyes, as if he was heedless of his presence.

Yussuf could hardly believe that the person he looked on was the object of his search; he addressed him by name, and the reply left him no longer in doubt of Mourad's identity.

Previous to his entrance, he had informed the attendants, that the signal for their appearance should be his greeting the culprit with a friendly salutation. He approached his victim. "Well, Mourad," said he, "will you not raise your head to look on an old friend who comes to see you after so long an absence? will you not greet the companion of your youth with an embrace?" And with these words he assisted his victim to rise, and pressed him to his heart.

The fellows who were stationed at the door immediately burst into the room. In a moment, the unfortunate Mourad was seized, his arms were pinioned, and cords tied round his wrists. But there was no necessity for the restraint; the poor wretch stood mute and motionless in the midst of them: his knees tottering under him, and his head downcast, he appeared totally unconscious of what was going forward. Yussuf stared at him with astonishment; the servants stood aloof: some said he was drunk, others that he was famished, but an old man who had gazed on him in silence for several minutes, said he was sick, and he knew nothing of the plague, if that was not the disorder of the prisoner.

Yussuf's cheeks and lips became like ashes at the the word. "Plague! did you say?" he exclaimed;

"look at the kafir well, and tell me, by your beard, is that his malady?"

"As sure," said the old man, "as you pressed him to your bosom, the plague is on him; for all the riches of your tribe, I would not have laid a finger on him."

Yussuf's soul was filled with the terror of the infectious malady. While the old man spoke, he stood aghast, leaning on the shoulder of one of his attendants trembling from head to foot. In the mean time, the sick man's limbs were tottering under him; at length they seemed to fail him altogether—he staggered a few steps and then sunk on the floor.

"Had he fifty plagues on his person," cried Yussuf in a tremulous voice, "he should not escape me! If none of you will stand forward and lift the robber from the earth, though the breath of his nostrils reek with contamination, I will raise him and bear him hence; if all of you are such impious Moslems as to fly in the face of Heaven, and seek to avoid that which destiny has ordained to come to pass, the hell-couch of the infidels is too good a bed for you."

The old man was the spokesman of the party; he told the young Effendi, that precaution was not impiety; that it was the act of a madman to stand under a falling house; and that the blessed Prophet had said, there was no necessity to rush into the midst of a conflagration. "What was the use," he said, "of carrying a wretch to a dungeon, who would die quietly in his own dwelling within three days, without troubling any human being? What was the necessity of carrying a pestiferous disease into a crowded gaol?

"He prayed Heaven its ravages would not extend to the Effendi's house; but he trembled," he said, "for the result of his imprudence: it was an unfortunate greeting. Who, that had the use of his two eyes, could fail to see the deadly characters of the most terrible of all maladies written in the livid features of the wretch he had folded to his heart? Did you not observe, Effendi," continued the torturer, "the wildness of his lurid eye, the leaden hue of his complexion, the quivering motion of his ashy lip; and how in the name of Allah! with such horrors staring you in the

face, could you throw yourself into his arms? Oh! Effendi, it was ill-done of you, and it will be a great mercy if you escape the peril you have rushed in the midst of."

Yussuf stood breathless with consternation: the mortal anxiety of his countenance was visible to every eye; the warning of the astrologer was present to his mind, his words were so many appalling terrors to his heart. He still was in the chamber, and every breath he drew he felt as if it came warm from the contaminating lips of the wretch before him, and was loaded with the effluvia of the noisome malady. His heart sickened with apprehension; he was alone in the apartment; the old man besought him, from the door way to leave the place of peril; he gave one scowling glance at the unfortunate being who lay extended on the floor and quitted the room.

"Shall we go, Effendi?" said the old man, "from this devoted house, over which the angel of death is flapping his sable wings? shall we leave this pest-house Effendi about whose windows the ravens are hovering, and the horrible vulture, with blood stained beak and grumous claws, is spreading the shade of his monstrous wings?"

"Peace, man!" exclaimed Yussuf, "your words are those of terror. If the sight of a sick man have turned the stream of life into geled water, fly while you have a foot to stand upon; but here will I remain, till I procure the assistance of those who have the souls of men, and whose spirits will not quail when I command them to bear that villain to a dungeon."

"If you are resolved on taking him," replied the old man, "the common porters who convey the sick wretches to the pest-house of the Seven Towers, will be the fittest persons to bear him to his dungeon. Shall we send for them Effendi?"

"Do so,' said Yussuf, "and let it be done quickly." One of the attendants was despatched for the fellows, whose horrible avocation is undertaken by none but the very dregs of the Bagnio. Yussuf was seated on the step of the door waiting their arrival; every moment appeared an age of torment till they ap-

peared; his only chance of escaping the contagion, depended, he believed, on changing his apparel and visiting the bath.

At length the messenger returned with those he had been sent for; two such cut throats never gave the hellish character of atrocity to the human countenance. Drunkenness and profanity were written in every broad disgusting line of their visages, and all the detestable familiarity of vulgar infamy was apparent in their address. "Allah defend my soul!" said Yussuf, in a voice almost audible enough for the ears of those around him, "from the horror of ever encountering the sight of these wretches on the bed of sickness! Heaven preserve me from the touch of their appalling hands! Merciful powers, save me from the terrors of the gloomy walls, where none who enter, again go forth! Prophet of the faithful! let me walk under thy shadow; and be thy protection my shield from danger, my shelter from the falling arrows of the pestilence which flies aloft and turns the breath of life into a poison."

"Where is the man who is to be carried hence?" said one of the fellows, addressing himself to Yussuf, "and where would you have him brought?" Yussuf shuddered at the sound of the gruff voice; he could not bring his heart to sustain the stare of the bold eye which was fixed upon him; his look was involuntarily averted from the fellow's hideous face, when he told him the prisoner was to be taken to the Bagnio.

A growl of surprise was the reply. "What, take a dying man to a dungeon! it is our business to carry people with the plague to the pest-house; but no matter where we go, so long as we are paid for our trouble. Do you think he will die on the road? if so, we are entitled to double pay for carrying a corpse."

"Dogs!" cried Yussuf, "bear off your burden, and cease your clamour."

"Dogs as we are," muttered the fellow who had before spoken, "we have dragged the body of a greater Effendi than any here, before now, to the sea shore." Yussuf shuddered: had the speaker stood another mo-

ment before him, in all probability he would have had a bullet through his head; but he had the prudence to follow his scowling companion into the apartment where the unfortunate Mourad lay. When they rudely seized on his arms and pulled him up, he looked wildly around him; his brain was all confusion, he knew not where he was, or who surrounded him; but, as they led him to the door, trailing his feet after him, his heavy eyelids sinking every moment, and his head nodding at every step, he seemed to make an effort to rouse his stupified senses. He stared like one bewildered at the strange faces he saw about him; his glance at length encountered the person of Yussuf: for a minute, his dim eye was riveted on his countenance; his death-like features brightened up, a faint blush of redness passed over his cheek, his eyebrows became contracted, and from the dark space between them thunderbolts appeared to issue.

He stood firmer on his legs than he had done before; his head became erect; all of a sudden he rushed from the hold of the two fellows who stood beside him, and sprang at Yussuf's throat: every nerve was strung with the excitement of the moment, the strength of death was in his grasp, his fingers continued clawed into the neck of his enemy, and there he stood in breathless frenzy, shaking every fibre of the trembler in his grasp, and defying the strength of all the attendants to tear his hands from the throat of his adversary.

It was a shocking spectacle. The terrified Yussuf was screaming to those about him to save him from the madman; the horror of his look was even more appalling than the frenzy of Mourad's; and it was only after the desperate struggle had endured for many minutes, that the strength of the assailant began to fail; his limbs trembled, his features shrank, and his enfeebled hands at last relaxed their hold; and when the servants were tearing him from their master, he still breathed defiance at his foe, and spat upon his person, as he was dragged from him.

No sooner were the arms of Yussuf set at liberty, than he grasped his pistol; but the servants stepped between him and his victim, while the latter sunk exhaust-

ed into the arms of the two ruffians who stood by him, and was carried to the prison of the Bagnio, followed by the old man, to whose charge he was committed.

Yussuf hastened to his own house, terrified with the apprehension of the contaminating touch from which he had just escaped. Every symptom he had ever heard of that terrible disorder was present to his imagination; every sound he had ever heard of the subtlety of its contagion came to his recollection; and if any thing was wanting to complete the mortal agony of fear, the supernatural warning of the astrologer filled up the measure of his distress.

CHAPTER XXVII.

——— The circling sky,
The wide enlivening air is full of fate;
And struck by turns in solitary pangs,
They fall unblest, untended, and unmourn'd.

THOMSON.

THE gaoler of the Bagnio grumbled a curse on the head of the prosecutor, who sent him such a prisoner within his walls. He made some difficulty about admitting him; but when he heard the name of the lieutenant of the chief executioner, all his scruples vanished; the fear of engendering a plague in the prison was nothing to the apprehension of losing the favour of the executioner.

Poor Mourad was carried to a dungeon, in which eighteen wretches were confined, crowded together in a room about thirty feet square; many without a mat to lay their bones on, or a rug to cover their naked limbs; some were chained to the wall, others to their comrades. They were of different countries, confined for different crimes; they had only one thing in common, and that was misery. Mourad had been in a state of insensibility from the moment of his removal from the khan to that of his arrival in the prison. He now lay extended on his back, his eyes fixed constantly on the ceiling; all the

excitement of fever in his features without its glow; all the anxiety of a deadly malady in his countenance, without the power of giving utterance to his distress. The feeble pulse and laboured breathing of a strangled circulation, proclaimed the nature of his disease to the hakkim who visited the prison; while the leaden cheek and livid lip, and glaring eye, left little doubt on the minds of his fellow prisoners, that the sick man's disorder was the plague. But the consternation of the poor wretches was at its height, when the unequivocal symptoms of the disease manifested themselves; when the plague-spot glowed in the pale flesh, and the purple-streak extended from it to the place where the poison was concentrated.

The sufferer still lay without sense or motion; the oppression of the disorder had prostrated the strength of Nature, and vitality struggled unequally and ineffectually with the despotism of Death's prime minister. But the second day of his abode in that place of wretchedness, the torpor of the mind diminished; he gazed at the miserable objects who surrounded him; he listened to the clanking of their chains; he repeated their imprecations; he tossed to and fro, and, like him who was "smote with sore boils from the sole of his foot unto his crown," he cursed his day, for "the arrows of the Almighty were within him, the poison whereof drinketh up the spirit." The leaden hue of his features now assumed a crimson tint; his eyes became bloodshot; he clenched his fingers, and muttered incessantly to himself; and at nightfall the fury of his delirium was at its height. He screamed for water till his parched tongue clove to his palate; but there was none to give him. He asked, in the name of the Prophet, for one blessed drop to cool his burning mouth; but he asked in vain. He called on the God of Islam, to let the dew of heaven moisten his baked lip; but his prayer was drowned in the imprecations of the wretches whose rest he interfered with. In his frenzy, he crawled from the ground, dashed his aching head against the wall, and groaned with agony. All night long his lamentable howl was heard, and in the morning he was found on the damp pavement, disfigured with blood, and the remnant of his tattered garments in his

grasp. It was a sad spectacle: even the wretches, whose hearts were familiar with atrocity, and accustomed to misery in all its horrid shapes, pitied their unfortunate fellow-prisoner, and assisted to carry him back to the mat he had quitted in the night. The third day passed over, and he still was in existence; and, in the course of that day, an old man entered the dungeon, whose long white beard and venerable figure excited a feeling of deferential awe in the bosoms of the prisoners: he was followed by a dervish of a very different appearance, who pointed to the spot where Mourad lay. The old man approached him; he gazed on the haggard visage of the sick man: he said the features of his young happy days must have been much altered to be what they then were; they were not altogether those of a villain, but many unpropitious planets had shed their disastrous influence upon them. He turned to the dervish: "This is the man," said he, "you told me was the son of a dear friend. Behold what you have brought him to. It was ill done of you, my son, to bring a sick man to such a chamber."

"Reproaches are needless," said the dervish; "my own heart furnishes a thousand. I repent of my folly, Abou Rassed, and I wish, from the bottom of my soul, I had gone when you told me, to warn the son of my poor friend of the peril I had brought him into."

The old man put his hand into his bosom, and pulled out his purse. "Take this money, my friend," said he, "and use more diligence than you did when I last gave you a commission; purchase a carpet for the poor fellow to lie on, and some covering to throw over him. While you are away, I will endeavour to procure for him the attendance of one of his fellow-prisoners; a few piastres are a strong enforcement of the duties of humanity."

When the dervish was gone, the old man took a phial from his sleeve, and put it to the mouth of the sick man. Whatever it contained, it was swallowed with avidity, and the last drop of it was drained before it was taken from his lips. In a little time, it seemed to do him good; he moved his limbs, but his senses still remained obscured, and he returned no answer to any question that

was put to him. The dervish returned in a much shorter time than Abou Rassed expected, with the articles he had sent him for. The latter then distributed a few piastres amongst the prisoners who stood about him, and told them he would not forget them on the morrow, if they paid some attention to their poor companion. The rug was immediately spread, Mourad placed on it, and a large vessel of sherbet put by his side.

The eyes of the good old man glistened with satisfaction, when he imagined he perceived some little improvement in his patient; and after recommending him over and over to the kindness of one who had promised to take charge of him, he left the place.

The patient appeared much more tranquil during the day, but the delirium returned at the same hour precisely it had set in the preceding night; but his attendant watched over him, and frequently gave him to drink, and in the morning, though the violence of his disorder was unabated, it was unaccompanied by the extreme exhaustion of the day before.

At noon, Abou Rassed made his appearance, but unattended by the Dervish, whose friendship, perhaps, was not proof against the fear of infection. The cordial was repeated, and a few piastres more were given to the attendant before the old man took his leave.—That night the delirium did not return, and there was a moisture on the hands and forehead which gave some hope of his amendment to the attendant, who had hitherto little expectation of his recovery.

But the morning was ushered in with a scene of horror in the dungeon, which turned the blood cold of every wretched being within its walls, whose senses were yet alive to the terror of the doom that awaited him. Moans and lamentations were heard in every corner of the dungeon; seven of its inmates were infected with the plague; the groans of the sick were mingled with the cries of those who were reserved for a later death: of the two, the fate of the latter was the worst, for the horrors they had to witness rendered life more appalling than the tomb.

They knocked at the door of their dungeon, and be-

sought the gaoler to let them forth; they supplicated to be taken from the place of terror; they prayed, they wept, they beat the door like madmen, and when the gaoler inquired into the cause of their clamour, and was told the plague was raging in the crowded dungeon, they were told the plague must end in the place where it commenced, and till it did, no human being should cross the threshold.

No language can give an adequate idea of the despair of the poor wretches; they tore their garments, flung themselves on the floor, and filled the dungeon with their cries. Every time their miserable pittance of bread and water was put through the wicket, the same appalling scene took place; and when night came, four of the poor wretches more were added to the sick.

A melancholy night it was as ever passed over the heads of human beings; nothing was heard but piteous moans and frenzied shrieks, the cries of the parched throat, and the ravings of the burning brain; and all the theme was Water! water!

No man dreamed of assisting his companion, his own individual pangs, whether those of pain or terror, absorbed his thoughts; the supplications of the sick were drowned in curses; hideous laughter was occasionally mingled with the shrieks of pain; and the small shrill voice of mortal anguish was heard at intervals during the night, followed by the inarticulate accents of the low thick muttering of madness.

When the morning dawned on the walls of the prison, and some feeble rays found a passage to the dungeon through the narrow aperture in the door, which was called a window, a sorry sight presented itself to view; the floor was covered with extended bodies; hideous gestures disfigured the features of some, convulsed throes distorted the limbs of others, exhaustion had suspended the faculties of many, their sufferings—no! they slumbered, but even in their sleep they writhed in anguish. Three of them slept well, they breathed no more; and noisome animals were already crawling over their remains.

It was noon before a wretch was stirring, and when

the sufferers did awake, it was to the renewal of all the horrors of the preceding day; before sun-set, nine other devoted beings were marked for death; their mien was ghastly as that of their companions, the hand and seal of fate was on their foreheads. From this time, the closeness of the dungeon every hour became more dreadful; the pestiferous breath of the surviving was mingled with the effluvia from the dead, and the empoisoned exhalation was condensed on the damp walls, and was seen trickling down in drops of poison to the ground. Days passed over, and the pestilence raged with increased fury; "the hand of the Most High was out-stretched, and the people were smote, and they were cut off from the earth;" victim followed victim with terrible rapidity, and in nine days, five miserable men were in existence. Surrounded by the loathsome bodies of their companions, they breathed, but that was all; their looks were exanimate as those of their dead comrades; their eyes were sunken, their cheeks were hollow, their tongues were swollen, their black baked lips were streaked with gore, their aspects were horrible to one another.

Mourad was one of the unfortunate survivors: the poor man who attended on him at the commencement of the disorder, paid him unremitting attention, but he was at length attacked; and, like the sick Machaon, he needed the help he gave another. For the last three days, the wretched Mourad was left destitute of sustenance; the water jar was in sight, but not within his reach; his hand many a time was extended towards it, his dim eye was riveted on it, he attempted to rise, but it was a hopeless effort. He uttered no complaint; the voice of lamentation was no longer heard in the dungeon, the silence of death was there; want was present, but the stillness of inanition prevailed; and if a sound was heard, it was the name of Allah, or the feeble moan which the death-pang wrung from the sufferer. Another morning sent its rays through the grated window of the dungeon; another dawn lit up the chamber of death, and presented the livid mass of mortality which reeked around to the eyes of the surviving sufferers.

But it was the last which was ever to send its light to Mourad—it was the final day of life's long misery—it was the farewell beam to his dejected visage, and it shone upon him as if its parting light was meant to bless him. Sunset came, and he still was living; the rays of another morning broke upon his features, but they were fixed for ever; its beams played over his lips, but they moved no more; its light fell on his lids, but the orbs beneath were wrapped in darkness; its heat struck on his breast, but the heart it held was cold as ice. There lay the remains of the once buoyant Mourad, the earthly tenement of his daring spirit, the mortal coil of pride and passion. No one stood over his corpse to recal his crimes, no weeping friend was there to soften down the obloquy they had incurred. But if there were none to palliate his faults, there still were none to revive his errors; there were none to exaggerate or extenuate his crimes—none to say his depravity was unredeemed by a single virtue; and none to make allowance for the controlling influence of a vicious education, directed in after-life by the tide of circumstances, perhaps no less than by the current of the passions.

Death might well stumble in the dungeon of the Bagnio; like the dim-sighted camel of Aad, the victims of his tyranny were thickly scattered around, horror was accumulated on horror, and when the monster in human shape, who kept his fellow men immured in that terrible dungeon till the poison of the putrid atmosphere found its way through the prison, opened the doors, two miserable beings were in life, and when they were dragged forth, one poor wretch died on the threshold.

The disease extended no farther. The prudent conduct of the gaoler was represented to the Sultan; his Highness began to entertain some hopes of carrying his plans of reform into effect: this was the first attempt at quarantine; it was a European custom, and as it worked well, it was one of the great reforms to which Turkey was to owe her regeneration. The noise of it even reached the country of the Frangis; the British statesmen hailed the auspicious omen as an indication of energy in

the Porte; the resolution of the Sultan was praised, and that highly too, and the prime minister of the Giaours talked of the carcass of Thrace becoming a phœnix, out of whose ashes the triumphant Crescent was to rise, and expressed a hope of soon congratulating Christianity on the event.

The minister was applauded by all parties; the energetic Sultan and his amiable people had, somehow or other, become great favourites in England; nothing went down with the public but encomiums on Turkey. The men made a miserable attempt at a Turkish beard; they suffered their whiskers to encompass their chins, and when they looked like Jews, they fancied they were more hirsute than the Grand Seignor. Even the ladies forgot their horror of husbands with four wives, and consulted the most recondite quartos touching the fashion of Turkish sleeves. Heaven knows where it would have ended, had not an untoward and unforeseen event arisen which it would be a misprison of treason to notice here.

Suffice it to say, in the country of those infidels who have the honour to supply the subjects of the Grand Turk with penknives, there is a fashion in opinions as well as in attire, and he who outrages the novelty of either, is in danger of being hooted out of all genteel society.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Thus far with rough and all unable pen,
Our bending author hath pursued his story,
In little room confining little men,
Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.
KING HENRY V.

ABOU RASSED daily visited the prison during the illness of Mourad, but was denied admission to his dungeon; and when he was no more, he even sought permission to bury his remains, and was refused.

The Dervish had related to him the particulars of his

early history, and its recital had interested the old man warmly in the fate of the poor fellow. He reproached the imprudent Dervish repeatedly with the ruin he had brought on him, and with his cruelty in refusing to apprize him of his danger.

The Dervish made many excuses for his conduct, but none of them redeemed him in the opinion of Abou Rassed. The only motive he could give for not going to him, when he had promised to do so, was his apprehension of having offended the young man some days before. "He had met him," he said, "in the bazaars, strolling from one place to another, more dejected in his appearance than he had ever seen him. His dress was in disorder, and such was the exhaustion of his look, that he seemed not to have slept for many nights before. When I inquired what was the matter with him, he said, nothing ailed him; he was happier than he had been for a long time; he was entirely content. I thought he did not look so. I told him what I thought, but he was not pleased."

"Fool!" said he, "what has the heart to do with looks? Cannot the murderer smile when his thoughts are deadly? Cannot the sorrowful man give laughter to his lip when his soul is troubled? Cannot the traitor give sparkling truth to his regard, when he is plotting against his friend's peace? 'Away, Dervish!' said he, 'you know nothing of humanity.'

"There was a wildness in his glance which I had never before observed. I thought he had been among the theriakis; but I was wrong in thinking so. I said I would not leave him in such a state as I then found him; I besought him to allow me to accompany him. He appeared to be moved by my attention.

"'No, my friend,' said he, 'I am not going home; I do not need your assistance; I am not intoxicated; my health is unimpaired, but all is not well with my peace. I have had ill news of late; but I will endeavour to forget it, and when we meet again, you will find me an altered man.'

"We did meet, Abou Rassed, and I found him indeed an altered man; it was a terrible alteration. I cautioned

him to avoid the crowded places in which I had lately found him. He made no reply; he left me; and when I saw him next, the pestilence was on him.'

"Poor young man!" said Abou Rassed, that intelligence he talked of was news of no common calamity; but he is at rest. No calamity can now come near him; no evil news can give him farther pain. I wish you had made me acquainted with him at an earlier period, I might have been able to have rescued him from the baneful influence of his evil star; I might have given him counsel to have guided him in his trials, and comfort to have sustained him in the midst of his afflictions."

While the good old man was thus expressing his regret at not having been able to be serviceable to the ill-fated Mourad, he was summoned to Yussuf's dwelling. He lost no time in repairing to his house; he was ushered into his chamber, and there he found him laid on a mattress in the middle of the room, and surrounded by numerous attendants. There was no kind neighbour by the bedside, no "troops of friends" in the anti-chamber; the servants looked happy, and those who stood behind their master were jesting with their comrades. The door leading to the harem was ajar; the giggling of women was heard. Abou Rassed thought he heard a prayer for the sick man's death.

"He is not dangerously ill, I hope?" whispered the old man to one of the attendants.

"He in danger!" replied the smiling groom; "Oh, no, the favourites of the Shitan are always long-lived." The astrologer raised his eyes to Heaven. "He in danger!" continued the menial, "if there were an execution to-morrow, he would be stirring at the dawn."

"Allah defend me;" thought Abou Rassed, "from such a sick bed! He gazed on the invalid,—the anxiety of his regard was striking; he glanced at the attendants,—they all looked joyous. On every countenance the sick man threw his eyes there was gladness. When the cup was put to his lips, it was pushed with violence; when the flies were flapped from his face, it was done with such rudeness as to startle the unfortunate man every time he dropped asleep.

At length he observed the astrologer. "Abou Rassed," said he, turning to the astrologer, "if you have a word of comfort to give me, speak it, I beseech you; but if you have none to offer, leave me to my misery. Do not talk to me of what I have done; it is in vain to remind me of that which you warned me to avoid. If I have erred, I am sorely punished; the affliction I feared more than death itself is on me."

"Min Allâh!" said Abou Rassed, "God forbid that I should upbraid you! your own reflections render reproof superfluous. How long have you been ill, Effendi?"

"Since the fatal day," replied Yussuf, "when I clasped a wretch in my embrace who had the plague upon him. I knew it not at the time; but when I was informed of the peril I encountered, I felt his hot breath still glowing on my cheek; the touch of his burning hand became perceptible to my heart; I trembled for the result: my blood melted into water; I prayed to the Apostle to defend me from infection. But I felt the contamination of his touch in my vitals; the sensation of his hot breath, as if it issued from a furnace, on my face, never left me; the more I endeavoured to escape from the terrible apprehension of pestilence, the more was I pursued by the appalling phantom. Its livid aspect was ever present to my mind; its loathsome form met me at every step; it was the subject of my dreams, the theme of my discourse; every faculty of my soul was absorbed in the mortal apprehension of the plague. The fear of madness; the terror of being abandoned by my friends; the dread of not having a draught of water to slake my thirst—these have preyed upon me, till the horrible certainty of the disease has come at last. Look on me with pity—rescue me, I conjure you, from the horrors of my state—save me, I beseech you, from the sufferings, which I fear, are reserved for me."

"Calm yourself, my son," replied Abou Rassed; "the plague is not always a mortal malady, and every fever that burns in the blood is not a pestilence. Are you sure you have the plague?"

"As sure," cried the patient, "as that this throbbing head, these aching limbs are mine. The hakkim has been

here, and every symptom he described, I feel; he doubted at first, but when I told him how immediately I was attacked, after coming in contact with the disease; when I informed him how my limbs tottered, how I reeled like a drunken man, he shook his head; he did not tell me with his lips that I was infected, but I read his opinion in his awful look."

Abou Rassed made no reply for some minutes; his keen eye ran over the features of the patient; he felt his wrist, and the result of his examination was the conviction that terror was the malady of the Effendi, and not plague.

The hakkim, however, had declared it to be the latter, and it was not for him to dispute the word of a physician; he merely hinted at the possibility of his being mistaken. The sick man manifested much impatience; he told the astrologer he knew his disease too well, and it was not to doubt, but to overcome it, if it were possible, that he sent for him.

"Well, then," said Abou Rassed, somewhat piqued by the latter observation; "since it is the plague, it can be no other malady, and Allah, in his mercy bring you through it! I would be glad to know what medicine the hakkim has ordered you to take?"

"He has prescribed for me," replied Yussuf, "the customary remedy of a dish full of caviare in the four-and-twenty hours."

Abou Rassed turned up his eyes; he thought the inordinate dose was sufficient to make a hale man sick; he imagined no other but the stomach of a Greek could support such a remedy.

"Answer me, Abou Rassed!" exclaimed Yussuf, in a tremulous voice, "am I to recover? or is this terrible malady to bring me to the grave?"

"You ought to recover," replied the astrologer, "and if it please God, you may; but before I give a definite answer, I must consult your horoscope, and see what destiny has decreed for you."

"If there be any thing good to tell me," cried Yussuf, "the sooner you return the better; but if you have no hopes to give me, never come near me more."

"I will obey your words, Effendi," replied Abou Rassed, "but remember it is not for the man who reads the stars to control their influence; an astrologer may learn your fate, Effendi, without being able to prevent its accomplishment."

The old man took his leave; the interview had not apparently raised the Effendi in his opinon, for he manifested little alacrity in consulting the horoscope of the patient. Three days passed over, but he did not return; and it was only on the fourth, when he received a message to attend him, that he reluctantly obeyed the summons. He found the attendants in great confusion, the grave-faced hakkim at the bed-side, and the unfortunate patient, in a low delirium, which he was informed had succeeded a violent paroxysm of fever. His appearance was very much altered since the period of Abou Rassed's last seeing him, and the great anxiety of his countenance showed that some serious malady had seized upon him. The old man questioned the hakkim concerning the disease, but it was long before the technicalities of art became sufficiently intelligible to common sense, to allow the doctor's meaning to be got at.

One time he said the disorder was plague, at another that it was only a fever in the blood; and when Abou Rassed suggested the idea of its being a malignant fever, the poor doctor was obliged to concur in his opinion, but he premised, at the same time, that the diseases only differed in degree, and that caviare was applicable to both.

"Star of medical science!" said Abou Rassed, "suffer me to offer an opinion, if it be not impertinent to do so, before so learned a physician. I believe that fear was the first malady of the Effendi, and that his body became sick through the medium of his imagination. Imagination! great hakkim, does miracles in medicine; it gives more efficacy to physic than many of the faculty are aware of; it is the seat of more maladies than the sick can be convinced of. What doctor ever made a cure who possessed not the confidence of his patient? and when cured, was it the physic which

effected the recovery? No! it was the patient's belief that the physic was to cure him. The first impression, in this case, was made on the imagination; you attacked it with caviare; the effect of your remedy was to turn the disease of the mind to the body much earlier than it might otherwise have appeared there, and to aggravate its symptoms. In short, learned hakkim, it is my opinion, that the Effendi is mortally sick, and that a cart-load of caviare cannot save him."

The doctor waxed wroth at the old man's presumption; but as he acknowledged having mistaken the patient's complaint, he thought it most prudent to hold his tongue.

Abou Rassed's prognostic turned out to be a correct one; the more caviare the unfortunate patient swallowed, the more sick he became. The low delirium never ceased, the prostration of strength continued, the symptoms gradually increased in violence, and on the fifteenth day of his disorder, he expired.

There was little lamentation made over his remains; he was hated by his servants, he was detested in his harem, and little respected in his neighbourhood.

After his decease, the first act of his followers was to pillage his effects, and the little that was left was sold at a public auction, to defray the expenses of his funeral.

Abou Rassed continued in the enjoyment of health, and in the possession of his faculties, to a good old age; he consulted his giam, he conversed with the planets, he made horoscopes and astrolabes to the last day of his existence; and when he was gathered to his people, the Sun was his kebla; for in spite of all the endeavours of his friend the Dervish to convert him to the faith of the true believers, he died as he had lived—a Pagan.

The Dervish returned to his convent, where, in a short time, the fame of his virtues attracted the attention of all the good Moslem, men and women, in the vicinity. As years advanced, the influence of the Goddess Beltha ceased to hold dominion over his heart. He became remarkable for decorum and gravity; the respectability of his conduct gained him the highest

station in his convent; in a very little time he had the reputation of doing miracles; the convent was besieged with pious supplicants from morning till night, old ladies suing for charms to preserve them in the good graces of their lords, young damsels begging amulets to ensure the affections of gay deceiving Effendis; and poor women in the prime of widowhood, supplicating the prayers of the good Dervish for a new establishment. In short, nothing could exceed his reputation for sanctity; had he cut up his kirkah, the shreds of it would have fetched at least a dozen purses. The most wonderful cures that were ever performed by a Dervish, he had the credit of making; cripples hung up their crutches in the hall of the convent; young women who had been afflicted with headachs, drove nails into the wall, with tresses of hair hanging from them; while others, who had not been blessed with families for many years, sent valuable presents to the superior. The good people in the neighbourhood only waited for his death, to build a great tomb, with a cupola over his remains, to make him a saint. His name was destined to flourish in the Turkish calendar, and when at last he gave the worthy people an opportunity of showing their respect for his eminent sanctity, there was not a woman of any piety in Stamboul, who did not contribute her piastre to the erection of the tomb of Dervish Ali.

When it was completed, thousands of devotees flocked to it. The interior was filled with presents; a guardian was appointed to it, and amply paid for reciting his praises: there never was such a saint in Turkey as Dervish Ali. The votary of Beltha was transformed into the saint of Islam:—there is but one step in Stamboul between the ridiculous and the sublime; the Dervish had made it, and his apotheosis was perfect.

To those who have accompanied "the Mussulman" so far, some apology is due for the tedium of the journey; the road, peradventure, has not been always smooth, nor the prospect pleasant. Fatigue may have exhausted "the patient horse of toil and travel;" the

feebleness of the companion of the way may have unfortunately recalled the vigour of an old acquaintance who travelled the same route, and the comparison may have been invidious; how could it be otherwise? the distance between "The Greek" and all his followers is immeasureable.

THE END.